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German Literature

By

Wolfgang Menzel.

SLATED FROM THE GERMAN, WITH NOTES
BY THOMAS GORDON.

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PREFACE.

THE name of Wolfgang Menzel is now become so familiar to the British public, as that of an acute and searching critic, that but little apology will be required for giving forth, in an English garb, that work upon which his eminence as a critic is chiefly based. His German Literature is, or ought to be, well known to every student of German. Comprising within the space of four small volumes a panorama of all the principal tendencies and characteristics of one of the most voluminous literatures of Europe, it is of peculiar value to the intelligent and informed reader, inasmuch as it simply shows forth the living soul of the literature, rejecting everything secondary or of minor importance. And to *this* reader it is of *especial* worth, since, presupposing a certain acquaintance,—neither very great nor very systematic, it is true,—with its subject, it does not weary and disgust him by entering into a tiresome examination of trifling minutiæ. Seldom

or never criticising any single work of an author, unless it be in *some way* peculiarly distinguished, he seizes upon his spirit, and considers his writings as one great whole. The same system, if it may be so called, is pursued with regard to authors. Omitting none who can lay any claim to originality of genius, nay, granting to every such name a large space, it passes lightly over those who are mere imitators, regardless of what may be their talents for imitation. His work therefore is not, neither does it profess to be, a History of German Literature. The performance of such a work has been attempted, and with various degrees of success, by several Germans of literary distinction; by Wachler, by Eichhorn, by Franz Horn, by Gervinus, &c. It is rather what one of his English reviewers has termed it, a "characteristic of the literature of Germany." As such, it will, I hope, be of much use to those among us who have obtained a desultory and smattering acquaintance with the subject,—a position in which every mere English reader must, it is to be supposed, stand; for there is no work in our language which could impart to him this knowledge. Taylor's Historic Survey of German Poetry, the only English work which *attempts* anything like a complete account of the subject, is far, very far, from being what its title-page purports it to be; though it must be confessed the author says that "a *complete* History of German Poetry is hardly within reach of his local command of library," and therefore, perhaps, we ought not to expect too much from it. Still it

contains much that is valuable, especially in the way of biographies of individual poets, &c.; but its pages are so filled up with masses of irrelevant matter, so disfigured with mistakes, and so overburdened with masses of useless[1] translations, that it well merited the opinion pronounced upon it by the Edinburgh Reviewer (Mr. Carlyle), who said, "The truth is, this Historic Survey has not anything historical in it, but is a mere aggregate of Dissertations, Translations, Notices, and Notes, bound together, indeed, by the circumstance that they are all about German poetry, 'about it and about it;' also by the sequence of time, and still more strongly by the bookbinder's packthread; but by no other sufficient tie whatever. The authentic title, were not some mercantile varnish allowable in such cases, might be,—General Jail-delivery of all Publications and Manuscripts, original or translated, composed or borrowed, on the Subject of German Poetry; by, &c." From its very nature, moreover, it is altogether useless as a work on the *general* literature of Germany; *prose works*, that is, according to Mr. Taylor, works not in rhyme, being systematically and almost invariably excluded from all notice.

Our Reviews, especially the Edinburgh, Foreign, and Foreign Quarterly; and, among our monthlies, Blackwood, Fraser, and the Dublin University, have, in the absence of any regular

[1] This will by no means apply to Mr. Taylor's own translations, which are really excellent. It will be sufficient to be reminded of those of Bürger's Lenore, Goethe's Iphigenia, Lessing's Nathan, &c.

work on the subject, done most to promote the spread of its knowledge in Britain[2]. Their labours, however, are, and must necessarily be, devoid of all claim to system, so that admitting, as I do to the fullest extent, the worth of their excellent articles, they are such that they do not in any way interfere with Menzel's work; nay, they will rather serve as auxiliaries in the study, inasmuch as they will afford means of distinguishing the points of resemblance and contrast in the national minds, by making their readers acquainted with the similar or different views entertained regarding individual authors, by home and foreign critics.

The field to be occupied by this Translation is, therefore, I conceive, altogether vacant; so that I hope it will fill up a desideratum in our literature; in what way it will fill it up, it is not for me *here* to judge. The voices of those on this side the Channel[3], who have already spoken on this point,

[2] Unquestionably the most important work on German Literature in our language, is the collection of the articles contributed by Mr. Carlyle to our various periodicals, and now reprinted in a collected form. Probably two thirds of them are devoted to this subject. In these, the principal names of Germany pass in succession before him, and are spoken of with all that originality and genius for which he is distinguished, and with a fervour which shows that his heart was with his pen.

[3] Menzel's *Deutsche Literatur* has been several times reviewed in England, and always very favourably. The following I have met with, which are, so far as I know, the only notices: Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. xvi. no. 31. pp. 1—26; Edinburgh Review, vol. lxiii. no. 128. pp. 442—469; Eclectic Review (new series), 1837, vols. i. and ii. The Eclectic con-

have borne the most decided testimony in its favour,—testimony which I hope will not be belied by the translation.

Thinking that my readers might, probably, wish to know something of the author whose work they were reading, I have compiled, from the Conversations-Lexicon and other sources, the following short sketch of Menzel's life and literary labours.

Wolfgang Menzel was born at Waldenburg, in Silesia, on the 21st of June, 1798. His father dying when he was young, he continued to live with his mother till 1814, when he went to the Elizabethanum, a gymnasium at Breslau, where he remained till 1818. The years 1818—20 he spent at the universities of Bonn and Jena. During this period, so pregnant with events of the last importance to German students, he was no undistinguished character. Imbued with feelings of ardent liberalism, and a leading member of the *Burschenschaft* of Jena, he attracted the attention of government so much, that, in 1820, he found it advisable to leave Germany and go to

tains six or eight articles, almost entirely occupied with translations, principally of portions of the first volume of Menzel. These I have compared with my own; and to them, as well as to the translated passages contained in the Edinburgh and Foreign Quarterly, I have to express my acknowledgments for several expressions adopted.

Switzerland[4], where he became first teacher in the public school of Aarau. While in this situation, he published his first work, *Streckverse* (Heidelberg, 1823), which was distinguished by the luxuriant richness and by the originality of the views, which its author entertained of life and art, as well as by its poetical spirit. It attracted

[4] The following characteristic passage is extracted from the Recollections of Ernst Muench:—

"It was upon another fine summer's day that, going to invite my friend Steingass to a walk, I saw an unknown figure sitting at his study table. This was a powerful young man, of slender form and swarthy complexion, with a pair of keenly penetrating eyes; his long black hair parted on his forehead, and cut after the fashion of the Black Forest. His beard was long, according to the fashion of the *Turners;* and he was clad in the shortest black old-German coat I had ever seen. Long did the young man sit before me, uttering nothing but the most indispensable answers, and absorbed in the map of Switzerland. My friend soon appeared, and introduced him to me as Herr Wolfgang Menzel, of Waldenburg, near Breslau, formerly *Vorturner* at Jena and *Bursch* at Bonn, who had thought it prudent to withdraw himself from the immediate presence of the Prussian government, and seek his personal safety in that classic land of liberty, Switzerland.

"I now learned much of the sacred legend of Menzel's early achievements; of his feuds with the Breslau Menzel, Carl Adolph (the historian), with whom he is not unfrequently confounded, but with whom he disowns all kindred; of his dissensions with his parents, who opposed his literary career; of the hard fate of his youth, whence arises the harshness of his manly mind; of his audacious attack upon Goethe's lofty aristocratic supremacy at Weimar, &c. I soon discovered that he was, indeed, an overbearing companion, with whom it was not every one that could live, but richly endowed with intellect, and of a very decided character; in short, that he really was of the wood out of which, if they themselves mar it not, illustrious men are carved."

considerable attention, and won for Menzel the friendship of many of the literati of Germany, the most valued and distinguished of whom was Jean Paul. His next work was his European Leaves (*Europäischen Blätter*, Zürich, 1824), in which he commenced his unsparing, relentless, and exterminating war against the hollow formality which then pervaded poetry, as well as against the praise-bespattered nullities (*Nullitäten*) of German Literature. In this work, too, do we find the first beginnings of that attack upon Goethe and his school, which was carried on with full vigour and animosity in his German Literature. The views contained in these papers drew upon him many attacks, not only from the thoroughgoing adherents of Goethe, but even on the part of his more moderate admirers. He was the first of any note who came *boldly* and argumentatively forward in opposition to Goethe, who then bore undisputed sway in the German world of letters. Novalis, Tieck, and the Schlegels had, it is true, borne testimony on æsthetical grounds against some individual works of Goethe. The former, especially in his Fragments[5], edited by Tieck and Schlegel, and published by them after his death, attacks Wilhelm Meister as an altogether "prosaic and modern work." Characterizing Goethe as the "Wedgewood of German Literature," he argues that his taste was one altogether "acquired by the exercise of his intellect," and

[5] An extract from this work is given in a note to the chapter on Goethe, vol. iii. p. 328.

that it is merely "the method of treatment, the melody of style, which enchains us to this work." An opponent of a totally different character was Börne. Disdaining the use of argument, rejecting the weapons of wit and satire, he pours out upon Goethe the vials of bitter abuse. Descending to the realm of personality, he heaps upon the "old man" epithet after epithet of hatred and contempt[6]. Menzel's attack presents a complete contrast to that of Börne. Rendering honour where he conceived honour to be due, he hesitated not to declare openly his honest and conscientious opinion, regardless of the opposition it might meet with from the public. Mingling argument with wit and sarcastic raillery, he has formed a line of attack upon Goethe, much of which has remained, even until this day, impregnable to the assaults of the adorers of the "many-sided master of German Literature." It cannot

[6] The translation of the following passage was copied from some English reviewer of Börne; I do not know exactly where. It may serve as a specimen of Börne's attack, though no doubt it is a violent one.

"This man is a perfect pattern of baseness. One may search the history of the world without finding his equal. It is ridiculous in people to couple Schiller and Goethe as they do Voltaire and Rousseau. Goethe is as much worse than Voltaire as Rousseau is better than Schiller. Goethe was always the servant of despots; his satire is wisely directed against the weak; he pays his court to the great. This Goethe is a very cancer in the German body; and the worst is, that every one takes the disease for the perfection of health; places Mephistophiles on the altar, and hails him as the prince of poets. His proper title should be, the prince of despots."

be denied that he has, in many points, attempted too much, and has laid to the charge of Goethe accusations of which he is altogether innocent. But this is not greatly to be wondered at. The first who refused to bow the knee, and enraged at what he conceived to be the blind folly and superstition of those around him, it cannot surprise us that the iconoclastic spirit should break forth, and that, in his zeal to cast down the Hollow, False, and Immoral, he should destroy much of what was really beautiful and lovely.

The literary world of Germany had hitherto been divided into two contending and opposing parties, the one maintaining the supremacy of Schiller, the other that of Goethe; though it must be confessed, there were some who gave but little heed to the claims of either. The opponents of Schiller had long made head under the banner of August Wilhelm Schlegel[7], who has ever depreciated the merits of the German Shakspere (as some of his more ardent admirers delighted in styling him). Kept in the background by this school, which exercised an immense sway over literature, they, though numerous, especially in the southern constitutional states, where the feelings bear the greatest sway, had hitherto kept nearly silent. Now, however, they rallied under

[7] The substance of Schlegel's opinion of Schiller may be found in the chapter on Literature in Hawkins's Germany,—an excellent work, by the way, and containing, when we consider its size, more information regarding the condition of Germany than any other in our language.

the banner of one who was both able and willing to be the leader in their cause.

In 1825 he returned to Heidelberg. Here, however, he remained but a short time, circumstances having compelled him to go to Stuttgart, where, in the same year, he became acquainted with Baron Cotta (the publisher of Goethe and Schiller's works), with whom he soon entered into an engagement. During his short stay at Heidelberg, he entered with keenness into the controversy between Voss and Creuzer, and wrote a work called *Voss und die Symbolik* (Stuttgart, 1825), by which he drew down upon himself the bitter hatred of Voss and his party[8]. He now settled at Stuttgart, where he married a descendant of the philosopher Bilfinger. He undertook the editorship of the *Literaturblatt*, without, however, at first, giving himself out as editor. His first work, after coming to Stuttgart, was his History of the Germans (Zurich, 3 vols., 1827; 3rd edit., 1 vol. imp. 8vo., Stuttgart, 1837). This work, which is commonly acknowledged to be one of the best, if not the very best History of the Germans ever written, is, I believe, translated, and about to be published in this country. It will, I doubt not, prove a valuable addition to a

[8] Some effects of this controversy are visible even in the present work. The name of the author of the Louise is never mentioned but in terms of ridicule; nay, even at times of malice. Personal feelings seem to influence Menzel in his attacks upon Voss.

branch in which our literature is rather deficient. In connection with this work, he wrote his German Literature (Stuttgart, 1828; 2nd edit. 1836[9]), —a work which he considered a component part of his History of the Germans, in as far as it unfolds the history of the German mind. It is, he announces, to be followed by one on the older literature, to complete the series. The polemical part of his work, in which he gave the most brilliant demonstration of the universality and originality of his genius, called forth attacks from many quarters. It was received with great attention by the German public, and attracted considerable notice even in foreign countries. A French translation was in preparation some time ago; I have not, however, heard whether or not it was published. It has also been translated into Italian; and Cesare Cunta, of Milan, has, in his *Saggio sulla letteratura tedesca,* availed himself of many parts of this work, especially of the chapter on Goethe.

Menzel was, while engaged in writing these two works, busily employed reconstructing and remodelling the *Literaturblatt,* of which he became, in 1829, the avowed editor. Here—a fit arena for the exercise of his polemical powers—he still continues.

Distinguished even from his youth for his pa-

[9] I have, of course, translated from the second edition, which bears to be "augmented and improved." I should have liked to have compared the first edition, but, unfortunately, I have not been able to procure a copy.

triotic views, he joined himself, when, in 1833, chosen deputy for Bahlingen, to the party of Schott, Paul Pfizer, and Ludwig Uhland, in the Würtemberg Chamber of Deputies. This party distinguished itself much by its vigorous attempts to obtain liberty of the press, and to promote the furtherance of liberal views in Germany. Unsuccessful, they retired in 1839, declaring to their constituents that "after ten years of struggling, they now saw that they could do no good by retaining their places any longer."

As a poet, Menzel is well known by his two tales (*Maerchen*), *Rübezahl,* Number Nip (Stuttgart, 1829), and Narcissus (Stuttgart, 1830), which are pronounced to be masterpieces, both in form and for the genius displayed in them.

In 1832 he published an account of a Tour to Austria, which he made in the summer of 1831, and which is acknowledged, even by the Austrians themselves, to be one of the best characteristics of their national character and literature. In it he shows the kindliness of his disposition, by speaking, in the highest terms, of the pleasure he enjoyed in his intercourse with Grillparzer, &c., authors whose works he had been in the habit of holding up to ridicule in his paper. In 1835 he made a trip, for his health, to Italy, an account of which he published in the same year. He has also written a work entitled the *Geist der Geschichte* (Spirit of History [1]), and a series of

[1] An article upon, containing copious translations of, this work, appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1840. Part

volumes entitled *Taschenbücher der neuesten Geschichte* (Resumés of Modern History, Stuttgart, 1829, &c.). His last work is a pamphlet entitled, Europe in 1840; "which," to use his own words, "is principally directed against Russia, and in favour of England."

I must, before concluding, allude to an event in Menzel's life, which, whatever may be its importance in a national point of view,—and to such a station some would raise it,—is of great interest in a sketch of his life.

Karl Gutzkow (born 1811), a student of theology in Berlin, induced by various circumstances, and animated by a love of letters, gave up his professional prospects, and entered upon a literary career (1830). His first work was a periodical, called the Forum of Journalism, which soon ceased, not, however, until it had gained for him the favour and patronage of Menzel, whom he had almost deified in it. Availing himself of this turn of fortune, he repaired to Stuttgart, where he for some time acted as sub-editor of the *Literaturblatt*, devoting himself also to the composition of tales for the *Morgenblatt*. During his residence at Stuttgart, he produced his first work of any importance, *Mahu Guru*, or the History of a God (Stuttgart, 1833), in which he portrayed the psychological phenomena exhibited in the mind of a grand lama. Upon the appearance of this work, Menzel extolled him to the skies, de-

of his Tour to Austria is devoted to the exposition of views much the same as those brought forward in that work.

claring that he united in himself the good qualities of Tieck and Steffens. Various other minor novels and tales appeared between this year and 1835.

About this time Gutzkow began to be conscious of his own strength. His knowledge of the world had been improved by travel; his acquaintance with man, by acute observation; and his taste began to be more mature. Tired of playing a second part, he separated from Menzel. Whether this was caused by some personal quarrel, is not known; many have alleged that it was. The first literary labour he performed was a preface to Schleiermacher's Letters on Lucinda (Fr. Schlegel's notorious novel), a work which first drew upon him the hatred of the clergy. This was immediately followed by his Wally the Doubter, "in which he depicted the annihilation of the female feelings by the instrumentality of doubt." It is generally supposed that this work was the effect of the death of Charlotte Stieglitz[2],

[2] Charlotte Stieglitz was the young and beautiful wife of Dr. Stieglitz, librarian to the Royal Library in Berlin, and author of several poetical works. Loving her husband, and beloved by him, she became infected with those pernicious notions which consider marriage a tie which ought not to be binding. Fearing lest she might become a burden to her husband, she, in 1835, committed suicide at the early age of twenty, to the great grief of all Germany.

Alongside of her are commonly ranked Rahel Varnhagen von Ense, and Bettina von Arnim, the former the wife of a Prussian diplomatist, the latter sister to Clemens Bretanos, and wife of C. von Arnim. Both these ladies seem to be distinguished for great depth of mind and intensity of feeling.

combined with a superficial conception of the views promulgated by Strauss, in his Life of Jesus. Immediately upon its publication, Menzel wrote, in the *Literaturblatt* of 11th September, 1835, a criticism which immediately attracted universal attention. Exalting the worth of chastity, patriotism, and the sublime consolations of religion, he accused the author of Wally of being the enemy of all these virtues, with being a worthless scoffer and traitor, who cared for none of these things. Looking upon Gutzkow's views[3] as calculated to undermine not only all religious belief, but also those foundations upon which the holiness and purity of social life is based, he called upon the clergy and the governments to lend their aid in suppressing the spread of opinions which could not but prove detrimental to their best interests, to morality, and religion. No one in this country would have blamed Menzel for thus endeavouring to check the propagation of views, the adoption of which would tend to the total subversion of society. But "they order things differently in Germany." A latitude of opinions on morals and religion,—in fact, on

Letters, &c., of the former have been published under the title *Aus Rahels Nachlass* (see Westminster Review for 1839). The latter is much better known in this country by her publication, Goethe's Correspondence with a Child (see Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. xvi.)

[3] His views seem to bear a considerable resemblance to those advocated by many of the living writers of France: Madame Dudevant, for instance; nay, even to those of the Socialists in this country.

everything but politics,—is allowed by the public, to an extent to which we have no idea in this country. Many, therefore, even of those who held Gutzkow's opinions to be radically wrong and dangerous, censured Menzel for wishing to employ any other weapons in their suppression than those of argument. An unprecedented tumult now arose. Pamphlets, essays, fragments, &c., of all kinds, now poured in, thick, fast, and heavy, on every side. No magazine writer, no newspaper editor,—it might almost be said no author,—thought that he was doing justice to himself or the public, unless he contributed something to swell the mass. Governments now took the alarm. A rigorous inquiry into the principles advocated in Wally was instituted: an unfavourable verdict was pronounced. The work was confiscated. The tendency of Gutzkow,—a school commonly known by the name of Young Germany,—was denounced as "undisguisedly directed to attack Christianity, to degrade all existing social relations, and to overthrow morality and decency," and "all the works written by Heine, Gutzkow, Laube, Wienbarg, and Mundt, as well as all they might afterwards write," were declared to be suppressed, and inadmissible into any German state; while all in any way connected with the publication of any of such works were liable to be prosecuted. The Baden Court of Justice sentenced Gutzkow to three months' imprisonment, which he suffered at Mannheim, "for the contemptuous manner in which he had treated the Christian religion." A critical undertaking, the German Review, which

he had undertaken in conjunction with Wienbarg, and some others of the same school, was condemned before the publication of the first number. The Diet, however, saw that it had gone too far, and had acted unwisely in condemning works unwritten. When, therefore, the authors above named began to write in a more moderate strain, it, though it never repealed its resolution, winked at the publication of their works, subjecting them, however, to a more severe censorship than that to which other authors had to submit. During the last four years, Gutzkow has written many works, in particular a series in opposition to those of Menzel. Thus he wrote a Philosophy of History, Contributions to the History of our Modern Literature, and a defence of Goethe (*Goethe un Wendepunst zweier Jahrhunderte*), works, the whole of which were directly opposed to the tendency of those of Menzel, whom he seizes every opportunity of attacking. He has, for some time back, been engaged in Hamburg, editing a periodical, entitled The Telegraph. I am unaware upon what principles it is conducted, whether or not he still holds those views which roused Menzel against him in 1835.

The literary party to which Gutzkow belonged is commonly known by the name of *Junges Deutschland* (Young Germany). The tendency had, without doubt, existed for some time; it did not, however, assume any very definite form till the occasion of Menzel's attack, which, therefore, possesses an interest even apart from its relation

to himself. To this school is devoted the article in the fourth volume of the present work, called The New Gallomania. As it may be doubted whether Menzel could, in consequence of the very peculiar terms on which he, at that time, stood to Gutzkow, &c., give an altogether unbiassed representation of their views; and as the majority of their works were not published, and consequently their views were but imperfectly developed until after the publication of Menzel's work (1836), I have, being myself very little acquainted with the works of this young school, resolved upon giving here the substance of several articles bearing upon the subject, in the *Conversations-Lexicon der Gegenwart*[4]. They are evidently written by a *friendly* hand; perhaps they may, on *that* account, be better fitted to be placed alongside of Menzel's inimical criticisms.

"The Romantic School, which arose about the beginning of the century, was especially fostered by the enthusiasm and patriotism felt by all classes during the wars of liberation against France. Inspired with the most ardent love of country, it long bore undisputed sway. Headed by men like Novalis and Tieck—two among the greatest names of which Germany can boast;

[4] To the article on *Deutsche Literatur* (German Literature) in this excellent work, I would particularly refer any one desirous of becoming acquainted with the progress of literature during the last five or six years. Taking up the subject almost exactly where Menzel leaves it, it contains an able account of literature till the present time, differing much from him, of course, in its judgment of many authors.

enthusiastically ardent in its attempts to free its father-land from the thraldom of the French; and glowing over the ancient deeds of chivalry, it struck a deep-seated and responsive chord in the German bosom. The old legends were studied in the spirit of love; the paintings of Dürer and Cranach were earnestly sought after; the Gothic architecture of the middle ages was admired and imitated; the poems of the Minnesingers were freed from the dust of centuries which had accumulated upon them, and were again given forth in their pristine loveliness to the people; everything, in short, showed that the Past was preferred to the Present. Not content with this, many of these poetical Catholics, as they have been called, fell back into Catholicism, attracted by the beautiful and sensuous part of its worship, or even, if we may believe Menzel, because they considered that a form of worship which did not exist during the middle ages, could have no firm and sure basis. This spectacle attracted the attention of Germany, which had suffered too much from the tyranny of Rome to be willing again to submit to its body and soul-enthralling bondage. A reaction consequently took place. Influenced for a time by the pure model of Scott, they at length deserted it, and adopted another. The tendency of the young Romantic School of France having passed over into Germany, soon began to exercise considerable influence there, especially through the social novel, "Emancipation of the Flesh;" that is, the "destruction of all moral restraints" became the watchword of the party, which they sounded in many variations and harmonious tones through the provinces of religion and politics. Gutzkow, when it first appeared, applied to it the name of the "Gunpowder literature." But this was before he was himself connected with it.

"If we ask, what was the tendency of this 'Young

Germany [5],' it may be replied that it was an opposition to Absolutism of every kind. In politics it was Liberalism; in religion a rationalistic Pantheism; in literature, formless and misty views of the Future. They, therefore opposed the political aristocracy, pietism, and the 'marble glory' of a Goethe, Tieck, and Hegel, whose widely-extended culture gradually became disagreeable to the young.'

"To examine what has been its progress in five years. Upon the commencement of the attack by governments, each strove to free himself from any charge. Heine, who was then in Paris, was astounded at being raised to the title of 'chief of the German St. Simonists.' Like Luther, he asked a safeguard from the Diet to appear before them to defend himself. Wienbarg was dumb. Gutzkow took upon himself the burden of the guilt, hoping that he might calculate upon the sympathies of his fellow-sufferers. But he was mistaken. Some, like Laube, treated him with open indifference; others, like Mundt, with secret antipathy. Confusion succeeded, and it became fashionable to disavow the colours of Young Germany [6]. The tendency, however, could not be expected to perish in consequence of authors declaring that they would no more pay, or that they had never paid homage to it. By the intervention and mediation of such aristocrats as Gentz, Woltmann, the 'ethnographico-peripherical' Pückler-Muskau, and the 'biographico-central' Varnhagen von Ense, people have become acquainted with, and friendly to, the ways

[5] The expression *Junges Deutschland* was first used by Wienbarg, during a course of lectures which he delivered at Kiel in 1834.

[6] Upon the imprisonment of Gutzkow, governments required those who had promised to support the German Re-

of the aristocracy. They were found to be rational, nay, even poetical. The opposition to Pietism has been given up, or has been resumed only when governments have shown a sympathy for it. Rationalistic Pantheism has been transformed into a mystic Christianity, which, in a strait, may pass as orthodox in a consistorial examination. But the opposition to the overbearing authority of some magnates of literature has not merely changed; it has become a warm defence of Goethe and Hegel. Rejecting Menzel's attack upon both, the adherents of Young Germany were well pleased to find among the heroes of the Past, authority for their own endeavours, by which they might justify themselves. This was granted them; and justice makes us say, that, even before they subjected themselves to the rigour of the law, Wienbarg had, in his *Aesthetische Feldzüge*, acknowledged Goethe as the poet of the Future, Hegel as the philosopher of the Present. The union of Science with Life appeared often to be nought but a superficial combination of fleeting thoughts. Whence could the *à plomb* of Science accrue to the young world-walkers[7] who had been put in motion. We must, however, confess with thankfulness that their experimenting with thoughts, their sophistry to disguise their experience, produced a wholesome Unrest destruc-

view, to declare, "that they did not participate in the opinions held by its editors on marriage, politics, or religion." Such declarations were published in the Augsburg Gazette, by Varnhagen von Ense, Gans, Hotho, Ulrici, Rosenkranz, &c.

[7] *Weltgängern.* I cannot say that I clearly understand the meaning of this term. It may probably bear some relation to the strange title of one of Pückler-Muskau's works, *Similasso's Vorletzten Weltgang* (Penultimate World-Walk).

tive to routine. The same may be said of their Theory of the Senses and of the Social Position of Woman. In relation to the former, they have attempted to expel from the world the belief in the existence of the devil; to the latter, they have maintained, that woman ought not to be ashamed of a higher culture; ought not to hide such when attained—if they do not do worse, and make it, as in France, a mean of seduction. We may forgive much of the extravagant honour which they paid to a Rahel, a Bettina, or a Charlotte Stieglitz! To conclude, it must be acknowledged that the style of these authors possesses an energy, a manysidedness of fancy, cheerfulness of wit, and eloquence. The Monstrous, the Unprecedented, which were foretold, cannot yet be discovered. The authors themselves have always shown a tendency to imitate some particular model: thus one part have leant to Heine and Heinse, to whose force they wished to impart the polish of Thümmel and Varnhagen von Ense, the epic Rest of Goethe; another, to Jean Paul and Börne. Any of them would, with pleasure, have passed for a Lessing; he, therefore, was praised by all. In general, however, it must be said, that the style of what appears new to us, is really only French. Jules Janin, Balzac, Victor Hugo,—all possess the same revolutionary character of style. Yet we would fain hope that those who have been named are at the beginning of the end, not at the end of the beginning, —that they are not long-winded prosers, but young, strong, and hopeful men. The inactive age would compromise the proud and youthful postulate. The age is gradually becoming more serious. Coteries, protections, assurances of praise, a constant endeavour to heap up material for preparatory labour, overcharged descriptions, aristocratic assumption, forced wit,—all, in short, are as transitory and vain as the dandyism of

a loved egotistical life, satisfied with all the enjoyments of the *haut goût*. In imitation, which is pursued by them in so many directions that it often degenerates to repulsive caricature, nay, sometimes, even to complete madness and whining jargon, till it is lost in silly jealousy or wild enthusiasm, may these authors contemplate themselves,—may the whole tendency which is characterized as 'Young Germany,' and to which a great number of authors yet bear a certain relation, see itself; and, recalling its scattered powers, cause a prosperous course of Wandering Years to follow its Apprenticeship."

In Germany, as in France, this school depended more upon fictitious literature than upon long laboured essays for the propagation of its views. Almost every one of its members is to a greater or less extent a novel-writer; some, even, have cultivated no other field. Their novels are commonly distinguished by the name of *Zerrissenheitsromane*.

"These Novels of Despair[8] have become so rich and independent an article of German literature, that particular notice must be taken of them. Young Germany has contributed most to this article. In the form of novels it has laid its ideas before the public; finding in this way far more listeners than it would by any professed appearances. Its adherents, however, did not

[8] I am quite aware that Despair is not the literal meaning of *Zerrissenheit*, but I do not know any better. My reason for choosing it is, that it is the term in use when speaking of the corresponding literature of France. The literal meaning is Torn-asunderness, if we had such a word.

alone use this method; many others, opposed to the political, moral, and æsthetical views of the Present, employed this means of bodying forth their complaints, sighs, dreams, and hopes. Every novel ought unconsciously to portray the customs, relations, and opinions of the people from which it proceeds. It should be a mirror, not merely of the possible events, but also of the fluctuating voices of its age. If to the Present, full of shipwrecks of destroyed hopes, displaced illusions, and perishing powers, may, in an ideal respect, be fitly applied the term 'Despair,' the novels which have for their theme the destruction of the Present, are suited to the age. The majority of the novels devoted to this subject, are deficient in artistical harmony, in uniting inharmonious notes, and in the concentration of beams to a focus. Giving forth only fragments of the age, they are mere subjective outpourings of bitterness, —shadows on the wall rather than pictures; and as the ethical solution of the question has not been yet discovered, so neither has the element which makes the novel the novel."

"— — — In returning to the Novels of Despair, it may be argued that the replies to the questions: —Whether Art is its own aim, or whether it be so only in reference to this life; whether it ought to tolerate life as it is, or whether it ought to elevate and remodel it,—have, in modern times, directly and indirectly, in reference to literature, given occasion to the strangest and most opposite phenomena and views; so that from this cause the greater part of the aberrations, called *Zerrissene*, may be deduced.

"German Literature has always, in its collected form, pointed to the poetry and senses of the Present; learning and literature went hand in hand, so that art, whenever it made its appearance, was always in conflict

with life. The Lyric poetry of our ancestors was full of a longing for death; when, therefore, it wished to hold fast by life, it was compelled by the absence of the reality to construct one of its own. The World was then idyllically enlivened, the culture of the present was banished, and in its place was introduced a peaceful, paradise-like nature, in consequence of which, the first requirement of Art became a forgetfulness of the world and reality, a floating in a higher and deeper life. Thus there was a slight concealed dissension between Art and Life, till a noble spirit made this very dissension a theme of Art, thus revealing it to every eye. It was Goethe who not only called German poetry into Reality, but even constantly treated of the conflict between the two, thus introducing into our Literature a new element of tragedy which has never yet been overborne,—the conflict of the Part with the Whole, of the Individual with the Mass. Each medium of our Civilization, State, Religion, Morals, Marriage, Morality, &c., possesses its full rights only in its general extension; applied to one individual, it is possible that each of the institutions may become tyranny. Such an individual, with his personal rights opposed to the World and its general rights, thus awakening our sympathy, was in Goethe, and has, since him, become general, as the principal feature of Tragic Poetry. As that element which is now called Despair was produced by this tendency, and by false views entertained thereof, it is easy to connect the threads of its history with Goethe.

"Literature was in Goethe, for the first time, directly connected with Life; yet in him Art is its own aim. In this union lies the reason that it has never been attained: from their separation arose the two tendencies which still exercise an influence on the age—The Romantic School and the Modern Despair. The former,

varying as are its phenomena, bears as a device on its brow the motto of its own being: "Art must be its own aim, and this without any reference to the Present." Tales, Sagas, Legends, and Forms of Art, though they exist in a deeply spiritual manner out of this period, are estranged from it, and as far removed from our Life, as our enjoyments. The second tendency the Modern Despair bore and bears, as a party motto on its shield, the expression: "Art is not its own aim, but is only intended to make the interests of the Present popular, and to call forth reform and revolution.

"Such a motto could, of course, be favoured only by the History of the age, urgently indicating such revolutions, reforms, and expressions, of the interests of the age. This party, therefore, remained in the background, so long as Germany acted in a factious manner towards other countries. Scarcely, however, had the Restoration been completed, when there began to riot in the hearts of the nation an Unrest, which, favoured by demagogy, as well as by too strict regulations on the part of government, began to shake all the foundations upon which state, domestic life, and morality, are based, and which sowed in the breasts of the young a greater revolution than one merely political—a moral and religious one. This originated in Goethe. Those of his opponents who were inclined to Pietism[9], had long before seen that the spirit of his writings attacked not only Christianity, but also marriage, the social relations, and morality; the political ferment of Germany, however, called forth new political opponents of Goethe, who thrust these voices into the background,—and not these

[9] This is an evident allusion to Menzel, who, if we may judge from his work, seems inclined to Pietism, a belief very common about Stuttgart.

voices only, but also the very revolutionary tendency which lies in Goethe, was intended, in a strange way, supported by circumstances, to force its way anew into literature. This was done by Heine."

In executing this translation, my great aim has been to render back, in every case, the true and faithful meaning of the original. In my anxiety to do so I may at times have been led to use turns of expression, deviating in some way from our pure idiomatic English. Where such Germanisms[1] occur, I hope they will be ascribed to the true cause,—a desire to give not the *matter* only, but also the *form*, in so far as I was able. Pursuing this plan, I have, of course, kept out of view the relation which my own opinions bear to those of Menzel, from whose they differ on many important points. And this I conceive, in general, to be the duty of the translator. To have subtracted from the work those views of which I did not approve, and to have added my own, would have been to have published, not what the title-page professes this work to be, but an altogether different work. I have therefore added nothing; and have not, in the whole work, omitted above two or three pages, and these such as were not characteristic either of the mind of Menzel

[1] Among such will not, I hope, be reckoned the names of sects, literary parties, &c., which I have always retained; preferring this to giving any similar English name. Thus Pietist, Rationalist, &c.; Nazarene, Nicolaitan, &c.; Polyhistor, &c. Where any such title is not explained by the context, a note is commonly subjoined.

himself, or, with one[2] exception, of any of the authors of whom he treats.

The views, therefore, of Æsthetics, of Literature, of Philosophy, of Religion, are altogether those of Menzel himself. In many important points of opinion as well as of criticism, I would be understood as differing from him very materially. In his chapter on Religion, especially in the introductory and general paragraphs, there are many views stated which I cannot but hold to be, to say the least, *very latitudinarian*. A love of generalizing and systematizing,—a fault, however, from which, it must be confessed, he is, when compared with many German authors, almost free, seems to me to carry him, on some occasions, too far,—farther even than, if we may judge from the spirit of other parts, he knows he has gone. To take an example. In speaking of toleration, he either carries his views to an extreme to which I, for one, do not feel inclined to accompany him, or he uses language so unguarded as to subject him to the certainty of being misunderstood. Allowing that no one ought to be persecuted for his religious belief, it does not follow, that "each should not merely tolerate, but even believingly acknowledge the religious opinions of his neighbours, as was formerly done in heathen times, when each, it is true, worshipped his favourite divinity, but did

[2] I mean Langbein, who, when in his old age appointed censor in Berlin, expunged his own youthful works from the catalogues of the circulating libraries, as improper for the young. This must remind every one of Colman.

not, on that account, deny the truth of all others;" —"that no religious opinion excludes all others, but, on the contrary, itself presupposes and requires them, because each proceeds upon opinions correct in themselves, but only onesided." It is difficult in these and such-like passages to gather whether he refers to all beliefs, Christian, Mahommedan, and Pagan, or merely to the different denominations of Christian sects. The former, the general signification, would seem the more natural, nay, almost unavoidable, were it not that other passages,—his unsparing rebuke of Rationalism and Neology,—his scourging of the bold Atheism of Hegel,—his cordial notice of the Evangelical Divines, Tholuck, Neander, Hingstenburg, &c.,—render us unwilling to suppose that he would really mean to go the length of reducing Christianity to the level of Hindooism. The second interpretation, however, would indicate opinions little less dangerous than those of the first. It would make beliefs of the most opposite kinds,—that of the Socinian and the Trinitarian,—the Pelagian and the Calvinist,—all compatible with the reception of *all essential truth*,—a course of procedure which would soon reduce *all essential truth* to zero. Following out these views, he attempts to show that the differences of climate, of education, &c., are such, that they necessarily force men to comprehend Christianity in different ways, and that therefore "there never can be a unity of religion." But he attributes, I conceive, far too much importance to

these operating causes. Climate may modify the *form* in which opinions are conceived, but it never can modify the eternal truth of the opinions themselves. The only pardonable differences, then, are those which respect the form, for all that is essential is such that it may be perceived by men of every climate, by "every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." The Revealed Word of God is true; in its truth, therefore, there is no variableness or shadow of changing[3].

It may be asked, why, since I conceive Menzel's opinions to be dangerous and unsound, I did not omit those passages in which they are contained? This I could not bring myself to do, both because I conceive a knowledge of his views necessary to the understanding of the point of view from which he writes, and because I thought that the *whole* chapter, as written by one of the most acute German critics, would, in its unmutilated state, be of material service towards the right understanding of the state of religion in Germany, and of the causes of the Rationalism which formerly prevailed, and still prevails in Germany. We have already several works[4] on this important

[3] The article in the Eclectic Review on the chapter on Religion, contains, I think (for I speak from recollection), views much the same as those expressed above. It enters, however, into the subject at greater length than I could do, and to it, therefore, I refer any one who wishes to see it more fully discussed.

[4] The principal works which we possess on this subject are:

topic, yet I hope Menzel's chapter will throw some additional light upon it.

The days of the sway of Rationalism seem numbered: it is now evidently on the wane. Sixty years ago Bahrdt was degraded from his clerical office, for open and undisguised blasphemy; twenty years ago, Dewette for his liberal politics: it was not, however, until within the last few years that a Theological Professor was expelled for his speculative opinions. Need I say that I mean Strauss[5], whose Life of Christ has made

1. Dr. J. H. Rose's Discourses on the State of Protestantism in Germany, and Letter in Reply to Dr. Pusey.

2. Dr. Pusey's Historical Enquiry into the Causes of Rationalism in Germany.

3. Tholuck's History of Theology in the 18th and 19th Centuries. Parts 1 and 2. Translated and published in the American Biblical Repertory, vol. iv.

4. Two Articles in the Church of England Quarterly Review, Oct. 1837, and Jan. 1838.

5. Robinson's Pamphlet on Universities in Germany; and some minor articles in periodicals.

[5] Strauss' *Das Leben Jesu* has attracted an almost unparalleled attention in Germany. It may almost be said that it has become the standard round which Rationalism is fighting its last battle. It has formed the point of attack for all the Orthodox theologians; and against it have the most celebrated of them directed their weapons. Tholuck's Credibility of the Gospel contains a refutation of its principles; Neander, in his *Das Leben Jesu*, devotes a long Appendix to the examination of Strauss' tenets; particular answers were published by Steudel of Tübingen, by Kanitz, by Eschenmayer, by Hengstenberg in the Evangelical Church Gazette, by the editors of the Theological Studies and Criticisms, and of the Annuals for Scientific Criticism; and also by Menzel. The controversy is, I sup-

such a noise, even beyond the borders of Germany.

The Evangelical party, on the contrary, is evidently gaining ground. Neander and Hengstenberg in Berlin, Tholuck in Halle, the Tübingen school, which has never left its first love, &c., are every year sending out labourers filled with the spirit which animates the breasts of their instructers.

Having now done what I deemed to be my duty, in warning my readers of the lax views of religion contained in this work, I leave Menzel to their own attention. It is altogether unnecessary to attempt to rebut any opinions on Æsthetics or Criticism with which I may happen to disagree. They are boldly and plainly stated; every one, therefore, may judge of them for himself.

pose, still raging; and Strauss, who now, since his well-known rejection from Zurich by the bold and honest peasants of that country, lives in Stuttgart, is fully occupied replying to his attackers, which he seems to do regularly, in a series of *Streit-shriften* (polemical writings).

Strauss argues that the New Testament history is only a mythic fable, thus denying the reality of one of the best-attested events of history; denies the personality of God and the existence of Christ. His work is a pure emanation of the Hegelian philosophy. It is an altogether different work from those of the older Rationalists,—of Paulus, for example, who proposes the most absurd and ridiculous schemes of denying the reality of the miracles of Christ; but we cannot here give any opinion regarding it.

It was published very shortly before this work, it is therefore merely noticed in it. It was reviewed in the Foreign Quarterly, vol. xxii.

With regard to the various notes given in these volumes, they are all my own, the original containing only one—the extract from Novalis, in the third volume. No regular plan was followed in their composition: where anything occurred to me as requiring explanation for those little or not at all acquainted with the subject, I subjoined a note; while many things which equally demanded it, are, I doubt not, passed over unnoticed. To him who is well acquainted with German literature, many of them will, therefore, probably appear unnecessary, while he who knows nothing of it, will think that the number ought to have been multiplied indefinitely. The idea of thé biographical and bibliographical notices, (if they may be dignified with such a name,) was suggested to me by a friend. I had at first some hesitation as to what would be the best plan. I once thought of a very short biography of each author, but I immediately saw that such an attempt must occupy an altogether disproportionate space. I therefore resolved to give merely the date of the birth and death of each, and a list of their principal works. It might have been useful to have appended the date of the works, but I had advanced too far before I thought of it, to commence the work anew. The use of the dates of the birth and death of any author is, that it shows us who were his contemporaries, and what was the age in which he lived; thus giving us a clue to the solution of the question—in how far he might have been influenced by the spirit and tendency of his age, or in how far they might have influenced him. The

principal works used by me in the compilation were the *Conversations-Lexicon*, Joerden's *Lexicon Deutscher Dichter und Prosaisten*, Meusel's *Schriftsteller-verzeichniss*, and his *Gelehrtes Deutschland*, Wachler's *Vorlesungen*, &c. &c.

I must, before concluding, seize this opportunity of expressing my thanks to many kind friends who have assisted me in various ways during my labour. To two of these I am peculiarly indebted —to Gustuf Kombst, esq., of Queen's College, Edinburgh, to whose unwearied kindness I cannot express myself too highly indebted. The two first volumes may, in fact, be said to have been translated by us in conjunction; and, while engaged with the third and fourth, he was always ready to afford me the explanation of any obscure passage, or to assist me with materials for a note, where I deemed one necessary.

With the name of the other gentleman I am not permitted to adorn my pages. To him I am indebted for the various poetical translations interspersed throughout the volumes. I am the more indebted to him, as it is a portion of the work which I could not, by any possibility, have myself performed; insomuch, that before his kind assistance was tendered, I was afraid that I should have to omit them altogether. The difficulties to be surmounted in translating specimens of fifteen or twenty different poets, ranging from the soft sentimentalism of a Lenau to the wild and savage battle-cry of an Arndt or Follen,—may easily be supposed to be of no ordinary kind. Yet they have almost always been surmounted, and I

hope I may be permitted to express my opinion, that they invariably present the *form*, and very often embody no small portion of the *spirit* of the originals. He has deemed it better to run the risk of erring on the side of literal poetry, rather than on that of loose paraphrase; in so doing, he has, I think, succeeded in presenting the English reader with faithful, yet not too servile transcriptions of the very varied specimens of modern German poetry quoted by Menzel.

T. G.

February, 1840.

The absence of the translator from this country having prevented him from superintending the work during its progress through the press, he is sorry to find that a considerable number of errors have crept in. Such of these as were observed during a hasty perusal after his return, are noticed in a list of errata. For others which may, and probably do, exist, he can only throw himself upon the indulgence of the reader.

November, 1840.

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GERMAN LITERATURE.

MASS OF LITERATURE.

THE Germans do little, but they write so much the more. When the student of a future age shall look back upon the present era of German history, he will see more books than men; he will be able to walk through years, as through the chambers of a record office. He will say that we have been sleeping, and that our dreams have been books. We have become a nation of writers, and might fitly place a goose instead of the double-eagle in our coat of arms. With us the pen governs and serves, toils and rewards, fights and feeds, blesses and curses. We leave to the Italians their sky, to the Spaniards their saints, to the French their deeds, to the English their money-bags, and sit by our books. The meditative German nation, devoted to the exercise of its intellectual and imaginative faculties, has

always time for writing. It invented the printing-press for itself, and now keeps indefatigably the great machine at work. School-learning, the rage for everything foreign, fashion, and the overgrowth of the bookselling trade, have done the rest; and thus is reared up around us that immense mass of books, which waxes larger every day: and we are amazed at this stupendous phenomenon,—at this new wonder of the world, at those Cyclopean walls which the mind has founded.

According to a moderate calculation, ten millions of volumes are printed every year in Germany. As the catalogue of every Leipzig half-yearly book fair contains the names of more than a thousand German authors, we may compute, that, at the present moment, there are living in Germany about fifty thousand men who have written one or more books. Should that number increase at the same rate that it has hitherto done, the time will soon come when a catalogue of ancient and modern German authors will contain more names than there are living readers.

The effect of this literary activity strikes us at first sight. In whatever direction we turn, our eye falls upon books and readers. Even the smallest burgh has its reading-room and circulating library; the poorest gentleman his book-case. Whatever we may have in the one hand, we are sure always to have a book in the other. Everything, from the art of governing to the cradling of children, has become a science, and must therefore be studied. Literature has be-

come the apothecary's shop of the whole empire; and as the whole nation becomes always the more sick, the more medicine it takes, medicine is for that very reason, not on the decrease, but on the increase. Books are referred to in everything. Whatever we do not know, we are sure to find in books. The physician copies his prescription, the judge his decision, the preacher his sermon, the teacher, as well as his pupil, his task from books. We govern and cure, trade and traffic, roast and boil, according to book rules. But what would become of our dear children without books. A child and a book, are things in our mind inseparable.

The itch for scribbling is endemic with the Germans. It exists even beyond the bounds of literature, and in our public offices chains a considerable portion of the population to the writing-desk. Writers, wherever we look! and these writers seem to contribute to the impoverishing of the land only in order that the paper-maker may have no lack of rags. But let us examine this sedentary life, to which so many thousands are sacrificed. Was it not the object of public ridicule, long before Tissot[1] devoted to it his philanthropic attention and medical skill? Is not the noble, but penstricken Gellert, upon the horse which Frederick the Great ironically presented to him, the eternal archetype of these poor slaves of the writing-desk; an image, it is true,

[1] S. A. Tissot, (the elder.) In his "Avis aux Gens des Lettres et aux Personnes Sedentaires sur leur Santé."—Lausanne, 1724.

far less pleasant than that of a Grecian philosopher, who, under palm-trees and laurels, thinks and speaks more than he writes.

There is nothing of any interest on which Germans do not write. When anything happens, the most important consequence is, that they write about it; nay, many things seem to happen only to afford them an opportunity for writing. In Germany, most things are only written, and never acted. Our activity consists principally in writing. That, in itself, would be no misfortune, as the wise man who writes a book, does at least as much, and often more, than the general who gains a victory. But if ten thousand fools are likewise to write books, that is just as bad as if every private soldier considered himself a general.

We receive all our information only in order to reincoffin it in books. We pay the books we read with those which we write. There are hundreds of thousands who learn only to teach; whose whole existence is linked to a few books; who pass from the school form to the professor's chair, without ever looking abroad into the world. What they themselves were tortured withal, they torture others with in turn; priests of corruption dried up among mummies, they propagate the old poisons as the Vestals did the holy fire.

Each new genius seems born only to body itself forth upon paper. We have few greater men than our writers. The path of glory which has in Germany been made somewhat tedious even to the warrior and politician, and which is for the artist strewed with thorns, holds out

allurements to the author alone. It is as common for a man of genius in Germany to become an author, as in England or France a statesman. Where he is not allowed to act, he indemnifies himself by writing.

Thus the good and the bad, those who have a calling, and those who have none, strive to increase the literary deluge. When this flood first began to show its effects, an old ballad said,

From its nature paper rustles,
And rustle doth it still;
And one easily can find it,
Because it rustle will.

In every place it rustles,
If but a bit is there,
And learned doctors rustle too,
As well I may declare.

Out of old rags they make it,
Fit stuff for writers high;
You well may laugh at me, but yet
In this I do not lie.

They make the paper of old rags
All rinsed white and clean,
That from the ashes lifts the man
That once was poor and mean.

The feather fix'd behind the ear
Snibbed for the writers use,
When once that writer sets to work,
Much mischief doth produce.

Above all other gallants gay,
Him whom they writer call,
The princes make their darling
And love the best of all.

A treasure rich and noble too
We may well the writer name,
And though men should withhold it
Yet he'll still make good his claim.

Before the writer, oft hath bowed
Full many a hero vain,
And secretly hath flattered him
Though much against the grain.

Two ages have always alternated with each other. Either the arts and sciences were suffering under the pressure of barbarism, or public life became effeminate under the enervating delight of the muse. The heroic and literary ages are directly opposed to each other. After the great storms of the reformation had passed away, we exchanged the sword for the pen, and during a long period of repose, devoted ourselves to the arts of peace. But this repose was from the first only a repose of apathy; and these very arts served in part to increase this apathy. Far from attaining a happy medium between practical and contemplative activity, there prevailed, on the contrary, only thoughtful and musing speculation and book-dreaming, rioting in fancy and unreal idealization, just as one-sidedly as they had formerly been repressed by the barbarism of life. Whenever, in church, in state, or in morals, an

idea presented itself demanding to be practically realized, it was promptly manœuvered back with spears and staves into the dreamy world of the author: and our external as well as internal policy took care that we should remain dreamers. We had, if not always *panis*, yet ever *circenses*[2]; reality, therefore, might perhaps have disturbed us even more forcibly, without awakening us from our world of books: for we loved the prison which we had so beautifully adorned.

Be the cause what it may, whether that a hostile god is watching our eyelid, and keeps us, like Prometheus, enchained with an iron sleep, as a chastisement for our having formed men; and that the prophetic dreams are the remnant of activity, which not even a god can take away: or, that we ourselves, from an inborn inclination, from an instinct such as nature has implanted in the caterpillar, are weaving around us that dark web which is to infold in mysterious chaotic night the beautiful wings of Psyche, the soul:—or, be it that we are compelled to console ourselves with dreams for the want of reality, or that an inborn genius carries us away beyond the limits of even the most beautiful reality into still higher regions of the ideal; whatever be the philosophy of the matter, still we must attribute to this luxu-

[2] Juvenal. Sat. x. 78—81 :—

Nam qui dabat olim
Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se
Continet, atque duas tantum res anxius optat
Panem et circenses.

riant literature, to this prodigious paper-world, a great importance, in as far as relates to the character of the nation and the spirit of the age.

Where books are the objects of distinction in place of deeds, where faith is gone astray, the will perverted, the strength enervated, inactivity palliated, time killed with letters; where the noble remembrances and aspirations of a nation find, instead of living hearts, only dead paper; there we must recognise only the dark side of literature. Where it prevents life from developing itself, and endeavours to occupy its place, there it is in its nature negative and hostile.

Yet there are words in themselves deeds. All the recollections and ideals of life knit themselves to that other world of science and imagination, which is produced pure and glorified by the eternal activity of the mind. And in this world are we Germans in an especial manner at home; Nature hath given to us a pre-eminent depth of thought, a predominant inclination to dive into our own minds, and to unlock its immeasurable riches. By giving ourselves up to this national disposition, we manifest the real greatness of our idiosyncrasy, and fulfil the law of nature,—the fate to which we have been destined more than any other nation. Literature, therefore, as the impression of that internal life, will here show its brightest side. Here its effects are positive, creative and benignant. The light of the ideas, which have emanated from Germany, will enlighten the world.

We must, however, shun the error of valuing

the form in which the spirit manifests itself, (the word, which receives, but at the same time buries it,) higher than the eternal, living fountain of the spirit itself. The word, the dead, the unchangeable, is only the veil of the spirit thrown off in a sunny day, like the variegated skin, which the old yet ever-young world-serpent, leaves behind it at every successive change. But we too often mistake the dead word for the living spirit. No error is more common than that of valuing a word, especially a printed one, higher than unfettered thought,—books higher than men. The living fountain is choked up by the mass of water which falls back upon it. The mind becomes relaxed among books, which owe their very existence only to its power. We learn words by rote, and thus get rid of the trouble of thinking for ourselves. Nothing injures the exertions of our own mind so much as the ease with which we can live upon the gains of others; and by nothing is the idleness and vanity of man so much supported as by books. But, along with the strength, the freedom of the mind is lost. We cannot more easily change free-men into flocks of silly sheep, than by making them readers. On that account the acute Plato doubted whether the invention of letters had to any extent improved man. It may not be out of place here to subjoin the memorable words of this distinguished sage.

"I have heard that at Naucratis in Egypt, there was one of their ancient gods to whom a bird named Ibis was sacred: but the god himself was named Theuth. According to tradition,

he it was who first invented numbers and the art of reckoning, geometry and astronomy, the games of chess and hazard, and likewise letters—Thamus, at that time king of all Egypt, resided in that great city of Upper Egypt, which the Greeks call the Egyptian Thebes; but the god himself they denominated Ammon—Theuth visiting Thamus showed him his arts, and desired him to distribute them among the other Egyptians. But Thamus questioned him concerning the advantages of each; and upon his informing him he approved of what appeared to him well said, but blamed that which had a contrary aspect. Theuth is said now to have fully unfolded to Thamus many particulars respecting each art, which it would be too prolix to mention here. But when they came to discourse upon letters, Theuth said, this art, O king, will render the Egyptians wiser, and will increase their powers of memory. For this invention is an assistant to the understanding and the memory. To this Thamus replied, O most ingenious Theuth, one man is more fitted for artistical operations, another for determining what detriment or advantage will arise from the use of these productions of art. Now you who are the father of letters have, out of love for them, affirmed just the contrary of what they are able to effect. For these, through the negligence of memory, will produce oblivion in the soul of the learner, because, trusting to the external and foreign marks of writing, they will not exercise the internal powers of recollection. So that you have invented an instrument not for the memory,

but for admonition; and you will thus deliver to your pupils a semblance only of wisdom, in place of wisdom itself. *For, in consequence of having heard readers without the instruction of a master, the multitude will appear to be skilled in many things of which they are in reality quite ignorant, and will be difficult to manage, seeing that they are wise only in their own imaginations.*" Plato's Phaidros, § 274[3].

Let us bear these words in mind during the following observations, and may they ever sound in our ears as a low warning voice, if we, as is too often the case, dazzled by the glories of literature, should therein forget life. Practical men have rightly never had any great liking for books, because they seduce the mind from cheerful active life, into an unreal world of fantasy. Those who know the human heart, and genuine thinkers, have always, with Plato, discriminated between the letter and the living feeling and thought, and have always subordinated literature, that world of words, not only to the world of deeds, but also to the internal quiet world of the mind.

There are endless ways in which the word opposes life, though it originates in it. It is the petrifaction of life, its corpse or shade. It is unchangeable, immoveable: the poet says, that "not an iota of a word can be taken away: it is fixed to the eternal stars, and the mind by which it was begot has no longer any portion in it." The word endures, life changes: the word is formed, life is forming.

[3] Taylor and Sydenham's Plato, vol. iii. p. 364—6.

A life, therefore, devoted to books has always something of the dead, mummy-like, troglodyte-like in it. Woe to the spirit which sells itself to a book, which swears allegiance to a word; for in it the fountain of life is dried up. But in this death-in-life lies concealed a magical power; it is the Gorgon's head which transforms us into stone. Its effects are incalculable in the history of the world: a single word of marble has often petrified centuries, and only after the lapse of ages has a new Prometheus come and reanimated the torpid generations with living fire.

In life, however, when it understands itself, lies the charm which becomes master of the word. If it knows not how to protect itself, it falls under the power of the word; if it confides in itself, it, by so doing, acquires a talisman with which to govern the magical word. Let what applies to each individual who takes a book into his hand, apply also to us in examining the new literature throughout its whole extent. We shall begin with life, to return continually to it. With this clew of Ariadne we hope to be able to guide our steps aright in the labyrinth of literature. By placing ourselves in the cheerful consciousness of life above the dead world of literature, we force it to unlock to us all secrets, without lulling us into an enchanted sleep. Only the living can, like Dante, wander through the world of shades. We shall there find many a German pedant who in a leaden coat, looks back with reverted neck upon active life, yet never gets freed from his dingy speculations. We shall see Sisyphus roll-

ing the philosopher's stone, and Tantalus longing for the apples on the tree of knowledge; we shall find all, who sought in the word, what life alone can bestow.

From this unprejudiced point of view we shall consider literature, first, in its relation to life, and then as a work of art. It is a product of life which, in its turn, reacts upon it. Polished by life itself, it becomes a mirror of it; according as used by it, as a medicine or as a poison, it will heal or kill it. But in the immense sphere of its dead words it is an unique, and, indeed, next to life itself, the richest work of art. If it be difficult to find our way aright amidst this profusion, it is still more difficult not to be dazzled by it. There are many who see in literature the purest reflection of life, though in reality it is only the most comprehensive; many consider it as the highest product of life, only because it promises the longest existence. They place the ruins of the wisdom of all above the inhabitable house of our own wisdom; the image of all deeds above our own deed. At one time they are too indolent, and wish to enjoy only the fruits of another's thinking and acting, which however recede before indolence as before Tantalus; at another, they fear that they can no longer equal the ancients, and become indolent out of resignation.

It is true that literature reflects life not only more comprehensively, but also more purely, than any other monument, because no other means of representation (*darstellung*) equal it in extent and profoundness of language. Yet language has

limits, and life alone has none. No book has yet filled up the abyss of life; they are only chords which are touched in you when you read a book; the endless harmony which slumbers in your life, as in every one's, no book has yet entirely reached. Do not therefore hope to find in these music-books the key to all the tones of life; do not bury yourself too much in the school-room, but rather let your internal Æolian harp be willingly and frequently, freely and naturally, softly and wildly, played upon by the refreshing breezes of life.

Let literature be ever only a means of life, never the end to which we should sacrifice it. It is indeed glorious to mirror and form our present life by our recollections of the past; to influence our contemporaries by the word, and to leave to posterity a memorial of our life, if it has merited a memorial; yet let no one allow his spirit to be confined to the letter.

Former generations were not aware of the great importance of literature; as they, too much given up to the enjoyment or the action of the moment, rather lost themselves in the realities of the world than sought themselves in its mirror. Modern times have fallen into almost the opposite extreme; and men as it were steal themselves out of their own presence, to transport themselves to a strange world, where they are overwhelmed with the wonders which their curiosity gathers around them. Formerly men enjoyed life; now they rather wish to know what life is.

Literature has attracted an interest and obtained a power unknown in former ages. The

invention of the art of printing has given to it a material basis upon which it may develope its great operations. Since then it has become an European power partly governing, partly serving all. It has, through the word, taken possession of the mind; it has swayed life through the image of life; but it has, at the same time, offered itself a willing tool to every ruling tendency of the age. In its Golden Book[4] every one has recorded his vote. It has been a protection to justice and virtue, a temple to wisdom, a paradise to innocence, a cup of delight to love, a heavenly ladder to the poet; but also a grim weapon to party-spirit, a plaything to frivolity, a provocative to voluptuousness, an easy-chair to indolence, a fly-wheel to scandal, a fashion to vanity, and an object of usury; and it has humbly served all interests, whether great or little, injurious or beneficial, noble or vulgar.

By these means it has increased in variety and mass to such an enormous size, that the individual who enters for the first time into this world of books finds himself placed as it were in a chaos. Always employed in comprehending others, it has not yet comprehended itself. It is one head with many thousand tongues, which all speak against one another. Like an immense tree, it overshadows the living generations; but its buds have been prematurely opened, and its widespread

[4] In some Italian republics, as, for example, Venice, the catalogue in which the names of the noble families were inscribed was termed the Golden Book.

branches are distant from one another. Everywhere we see the sciences and arts excluding one another, though one soil nourishes them, one sun ripens them, and their fruits enrich us in common. Everywhere we see parties endeavouring to destroy one another by the same contrast, by which they mutually produce and maintain themselves. The spirit which enters as a stranger into this literature cannot find its way amidst the profusion, nor can it class that which is subordinate under its proper genus. It is satisfied with the little, because it knows not the great; with one-sidedness, because it sees not the other sides; and the difficulty of acquiring general and comprehensive views, in consequence of this profusion of books, is surpassed by the extent to which prevailing parties perplex the judgment itself, and produce, along with ignorance, that silly thoughtless contempt for the unknown or only half understood which has become so prevalent in our days. In fine, the passing moment, novelty, fashion, maintain the sway; the stream of literature appears in its windings at any one moment only as a narrowed lake; and the wide world of books is, to the common reader, compressed into a small horizon. To all, indeed, everything has its value; yet ever only one thing for the individual, and much only for the moment. Thus our literature presents the most varied chaos of minds, opinions, and languages; it descends from the sunny peaks of genius down to the deepest mine of vulgarity: now it is wise even to mystic profoundness, now dull and foolishly affected:

at one time it is finical to an incomprehensible degree, at another rough as a rock. A balance of opinions, of character, of understanding, and of language, can nowhere be perceived. Every opinion, every nature, every talent, asserts its rights, without regarding the judge; for there is no law, and the spirits live in wild anarchy. Composed of all instruments and all tones, the strange concert of literature is incessantly playing on; and it is impossible to perceive its harmony if we stand in the midst of the noise. If, however, we ascend to a higher point of view, above time, then we shall hear how the fugues change in the course of centuries, and how the dissonances are resolved. There is somewhere a spot, viewed from which the labyrinthine paths would be transformed into one beautiful whole. In this variety lies hid the secret harmony of an endless work of art, to find out which an æsthetical instinct allows us no rest. Proceeding from *one* life, this literature is itself one unique whole.

In contrast to the luxuriant vegetation of the south, the north produces an immense world of books; there Nature, here the mind, loves to display itself in an ever-changing show of the most wonderful creations. In like manner as the botanist endeavours to survey the world of plants, to classify them and to find out their hidden laws, the literary man may attempt the same with this world of books. The want of a general survey has become the more pressing the more that books threaten from all sides to overwhelm us. For this purpose we have long employed

that periodical literature, which, like an administrative board, is intended to control the anarchical elements of the writing world; but these deciphering, classifying, registering, judgment-pronouncing bureaus have themselves been seized by anarchy, and been irresistibly carried away into the universal chaos. They would fain hover like the dogstar over the blooming summer; but because they themselves have sprung from the depths, they are still subject to the wild instincts of vegetation, and cleave only, like parasitical plants, to the different branches of literature. Yet the deeply-felt want, the desire of recognising amidst immense variety a certain internal harmony, can never be quenched. Many have acquired a tolerably comprehensive view of the superficies of literature, but few have penetrated into its contents, into the internal profoundness, out of which so rich a world could shoot to the surface. Every eye sees the round world; but the question is, how deep it sees into it?

The greatest error of our literature is, that parties are so little concentrated. While in Paris or London ten distinguished authors unite, and, skilfully adjusting the part each one has to sustain, contend for a definite object; in Germany, on the contrary, several hundreds, with comparatively less talent, do the same, without union, and without taking notice of one another. If in Paris or London it be very easy to survey the field of battle, in Germany this is almost impossible. There appear every year about a thousand theological publications. Who would like to read

them all? Their authors themselves cannot know all their opponents and allies; they fight, to a certain extent, in the dark. The poor village curate, with a dozen books and half a dozen college note-books, writes a new book, without caring whether or not fifty of his colleagues are at the same time engaged in writing a book as miserable as his own. In consequence of the cholera, several hundred works were published in Germany, only a very few of which showed that their authors had taken a comprehensive view of the subject. In like manner, since the last political movement, an immense number of works have been written on constitution and government, the majority of which refer only to certain localities and times; to review these and to deduce from them general results, would therefore be extremely difficult. We Germans have now begun to acquire very sound notions in all departments of politics; but the sum of our political wisdom is as it were dispersed in the smallest coins, and we cannot gather them into one great mass. Even the Belles Lettres are no exception to the rule, for not even the most zealous novel-reader can wade through the new material which every Leipzig fair offers him.

Scribbling has in Germany become so much a mania, that the good people are the more anxious to see every book, however insignificant, in print, the less there is any chance of its being able to force its way through those already existing. From this have of late arisen those sweepings of literature, the Posthumous Remains and Cor-

respondence of every one with the slightest claim to eminence. Scarce has an invitation-note or washing-bill of the defunct Matthison [5] remained unprinted; of Jean Paul we know on what day he got his first braces; of Voss, what he spent in every inn during his little journey; of Schiller, in what coach he drove to visit Goëthe; with suchlike trash, in short, are the many hundred volumes of biographies and correspondences crammed full. The Protestants and Rationalists are by far the most zealous in this modern relic-worship; the nobler prototype of which, among the Catholics, they despise.

A certain degree of scribbling may be necessary and even unavoidable; posterity, indeed, will always be contented with a selection only of the best and most important parts of the literature of preceding ages; but for our contemporaries, literature has even a peculiar value in communication and discussion. Many trials and preparatory labours must perish before the result can be transmitted to posterity in a few words; and each age has peculiar interests to satisfy, which are devoid of any claim to the notice of posterity. But, as I have already observed, the Germans cannot concentrate discussion; they spin it out to an enormous extent. All speak, none listen; and they continually mistake the real want of the moment for the care of posterity. They not only aim at saying something at the proper time, but

[5] There is here a turn in the German which cannot be given in English; Menzel calls Matthison "*der seligen Matthison.*"

even address themselves to posterity, which with the public are to them identical notions; even in matters where there must necessarily be a distinction. With a truly Chinese anxiety, they take care that nothing be withheld from posterity; they therefore write upon every tombstone immortal words which are washed away by the next shower.

I have often been requested by learned Frenchmen to give them a kind of clew through the labyrinth of German literature. Suppose that the Brahmin who lately arrived in England should enter into this boundless world of German books, and ask me, Is there no book of books in which all this wisdom is to be found *in nuce?* No, I must reply: since the beasts dwelt together in the ark of Noah, they have been so innumerably multiplied, that now the Linnæuses, Buffons, Blumenbachs, and Cuviers, cannot discover the species among the individuals. Behold, my reverend gymnosophist, the Flemish paintings of our devotional literature; whole walls lined with, whole saloons full of, the stores of priestcraft, of Soothing-sops for the Soul, of Confirmation Books, Devotional Books for the Daughters of the Educated Classes, the Virgin's Introduction to Heaven, the Domestic Female Christian, Selithas, Theonas, Witschel's Morning and Evening Offering, Hours of Devotion, the Chime of the Bells, &c., &c. Would not the converted Hindoo, who, full of enthusiasm for Lutheranism came to Europe, say that there was here much need of a new Christ, who with his scourge

might drive these theological milliners and dress-makers out of the temple? I knew a villain who with great difficulty, and only, as is too often the case, by the quashing of the proceedings against him, escaped that disgraceful punishment so justly due to the outraged feelings of humanity. To this abject wretch a young publisher, one of those who are determined to become rich at whatever cost, said in my presence; "Write me a Prayer-book for ladies;" "Agreed," said the other; and they concluded a bargain for a book which was actually published a few years after. Oh that all our noble mothers and pure maidens had seen these rascally visages; they would have thrown the holy book into the fire. And are other books of like kind of a purer origin? I trow not. The hypocrite writes the book, laughs in secret, and pockets the cash. Such fashionable prayer-books are never written by a true priest of the Lord; for real piety does not flatter men, and thus importunately insinuate itself into the favour of weak women. With pleasure would I set fire to this obnoxious heap of theological literature, of which scarce the tenth part is not ungodly.

Our political literature has been much improved of late; but though we were to allow that all that is written in different parts of Germany contained wisdom, even in that case we are to be pitied, because we have not ears enough to listen to a wisdom so many-tongued. Our political authors have, for a considerable time, been suffering from both short and far-sightedness; for that which is

not, they see commonly too near; that which is, at too great a distance. The enormous spectacles through which they look have thirty-eight foci[6]; and Herr Alexander Müller and Dr. Zöpfl cannot manage to collect all the stones belonging to the labyrinth of the German public laws; a labyrinth through which, if at least any author could complete it, no reader could find his way. Even for him who has nothing else to do, it is a difficult task to be always *au fait* regarding the Saxon and Hanoverian, or the Hessian and Baden affairs. We often hear complaints that the German cares too little for public affairs; if, however, he sees before him a large table covered with newspapers, and four long walls filled with books, all which he must peruse, only to guide him on his way, we surely cannot blame him for thinking his case a very hard one.

The zeal which has of late years been shown for the improvement of the systems of education is, indeed, worthy of all praise; but I should like to know a pedagogue who has read through all already published in Germany on this subject, and on which some hundreds of works are still annually written. Where is the teacher who does not prefer writing a new book to reading the old ones? It is become almost a fixed custom for each to bring forward a new system; or at least to write a new compendium for his own peculiar sphere. Thence arise that dreadful number of

[6] The author here refers to the circumstance of Germany being divided into thirty-eight states.

compendiums which we can no longer survey, and out of which we have no means of making a selection. Let us enumerate the Natural Histories, Geographies for schools, German Histories; and to crown the whole, the Amusing and Instructive Books for Children, which are nothing but a speculation on the purses of their parents. Thus we have got literature for children almost as voluminous as that for their parents. My son might have a library of fifteen thousand works which have been written and printed in Germany for readers under sixteen. Now, good father, sit down, read these fifteen thousand works, and then select the best for thy son.

Or shall we turn us to imaginative literature? Since 1814 not less than from five to six thousand new novels have been manufactured; were they all good there would be too many, for no one could read them all; and if they are bad they should never have been written. They are really in a great measure bad; there are probably not above a hundred which a sensible man could lay down without being ashamed of the nature which produces such novels. Thus there remain above five thousand which, within so short a period, have not only uselessly consumed a great quantity of the money and time of the author, publisher, printer, reader, &c., but have also by their enervating, if not demoralising effect, materially injured the nation. This enormous mass of novels would in older and wiser times, have been made an object of state attention. A Greek lawgiver would have condemned them as certainly as the modern

political economist must. But in our age an observation of this kind has no other consequence than that of exciting a smile in our romance readers.

I am quite terrified when I read the numerous names of new booksellers. They will still more increase the already artificial craving for books; for they wish not only to live, but to live in the widest sense of the word. Their modern system of stall-feeding will never want for literary beasts as long as our political wisdom refrains from taking really practical means to stop that influx of students into our universities, which mere ordinances have failed to effect. There will consequently always be enough of rejected students, supernumerary auscultators[7], and "desperate

[7] Young lawyers, after having attended the university and passed an examination, are, in most German states, attached to the inferior courts, where they are drilled for a year or two in the different branches of the administration of justice. As they must always be present at the meetings of the collegium of the judges, when cases are reported for decision, they are called *auscultators*. Having passed a second examination, they are sent to the superior courts, where they again have to pass through a course of drilling in all the branches which fall under the jurisdiction of these courts. As their principal duty consists in reporting cases, they are called *referendarii*. After having been for some time attached to these superior courts, they may apply for that examination which enables them to become advocates of the second class, or to fill the inferior magistracies. Those, however, who wish to become advocates of the first class, so as to practise in the superior courts (for those of the second class can practise only in the inferior), or to be appointed superior judges have, after having been several years employed in the superior courts, to submit to a third examination before

candidates of theology[8];" so many, that they fill in crowds the literary stalls.

He who can rejoice that we possess such a literature must certainly be crazed; for only a madman would form a library, the books of which are mostly filled behind the title-page with sawdust and cobwebs. A sensible man does not place the spirit of a nation in its books, nor the value of books in their number. Instead, therefore, of boasting of those riches, we ought to

special examining boards in the capital. Those found capable in this examination, which is called κατ' ἐξοχήν, 'state examination,' are, if they do not wish to be employed directly as advocates, attached to the superior courts, under the name of *assessors*, without however receiving at first any salary, their previous services having also been gratuitous.

The above note refers more particularly to the administration of justice in Prussia. As the number of young lawyers has of late years been very great, many of the auscultators had very little professional occupation, and therefore gave themselves up to literature. Among those who in this situation became literary characters, Dr. Zimrosk, Dr. Heering (Willibald Alexis), have particularly distinguished themselves.—TRANS.

[8] A student of theology, after having finished his studies at the universities and passed a first examination, receives a license to preach (*licentiam concionandi*), and is then called a *candidatus theologiæ*. After a year he may apply for a second examination; if found qualified in this he receives the proper testimonials, and is thus enabled to accept of a charge. Should he, however, not obtain a living within a year after this second examination, he has again to submit to a *colloquium* with the consistory, when he gets an appointment. As the number of young theologians has of late years been very great, many have been obliged to live for years as tutors, or upon their literary talents.—TRANS.

consider how we may compress the results of our book wisdom, in order to derive some advantage from it; for, without such a proceeding, we shall yet long see empty heads wandering about in our book-filled Germany.

Our own age is most difficult to survey, not only because it has produced a far greater number of books than former ages, but also because these have followed one another in such rapid succession that they cannot be registered quickly enough in our literary manuals. A comparison of the Leipzig catalogues since the restoration in 1815, gives the following results:—

In the year 1816 there were published, for the first time, more than three thousand books; in 1822, for the first time, above four thousand; in 1827, for the first time, above five thousand; and in 1832, for the first time, above six thousand; the number thus increasing one thousand every five years[9]. From the peace in 1814 to the end

[9] I here add, from the Conversations-Lexicon der Gegenwart, (an excellent continuation of the Conversations-Lexicon, which it brings down to the present day,) the numbers of works published each year since 1832—

1832.....6929	1835.....7146
1833.....6312	1837.....7891
1834.....7202	Autumn of 1839, half year, 4071

It may not be uninteresting to compare the *literary activity* of Germany with that of other countries. I subjoin the numbers of books contained in some of the annual catalogues of France and England—

France—1817.....2126		1831.....5684
1824.....3436		1832.....5756
1829.....6416		1833.....6068
1830.....5363		

of the year 1835 not less than a hundred thousand new works have been printed in Germany.

Let us add to this the produce of former ages, and we shall see good reason to be terrified by this mass of German books.

Since the beginning of last century there has been no want of book catalogues and literary histories, in which attempts have been made to review in some manner this mass. But only the special histories of some departments are of value; for instance, the Histories of the ancient German Literature, by Büsching, and von der Hagen; the History of the Revival of Science before Luther, by Erhard; the Histories of the Drama, by Gotsched and August Wilhelm Schlegel; the History of Comic Literature, by Flögel; the Church Histories of Schröckh Engelhardt, Gieseler; the Histories of Mysticism, by Arnold and Schmid; of Philosophy, by Tennemann, Rixner, Ast, Reinhold; of Medicine, by Kurt Sprengel; of Chemistry, by Gmelin; of Jurisprudence, by Eichhorn, Savigny, Mittermeyér; of State-sciences[10], by Pölitz, Raumer, &c.

England—1828 842
1829 1064
1830 1142
1831 1105
1832 1152
1833 1180
1834 1212
1835 ..... 1243 containing 234 periodicals.

[10] The Germans include under *staatswissenschaften* all those sciences which have any reference to the government of states;

On the other hand, the general Histories of German Literature are still very defective. The works of the noble old Wachler deserve the greatest praise; yet in his General History of Literature he has not sufficiently discriminated between the peculiar nature of German science and the exertions of other nations; and in his work exclusively devoted to German National Literature, he has treated only of the works written in German and intended for the German public; omitting all notice of those written by Germans in Latin, as well as of those of a strictly professional character. Thus he has rendered it impossible for himself to give a correct representation of German Literature as a whole, and in its separate departments. His notices, too, of the influence which literature has had upon life, and the progress of the development of the German nation, are, whenever he alludes to it, by far too scanty. He says too little of those

they in general form a branch of the philosophical faculty; and only in the universities of München, Tübengen, and Zurich, is there, besides the four ordinances, a fifth for *staatswissenschaften* established. Besides the law of nations and natural rights (*natur-recht*), the public law of all nations, the principles of civil and Roman law, and the law of the country, *staatswissenschaften* includes universal history, history of treaties, diplomacy, statistics, political economy (*staatswirthschaft*), &c. In Germany government is made a profession; and many study only to become officers of state in the higher departments of administration. These, therefore, having finished their studies in the universities, have to submit to examinations before the supreme boards of administration, similar to those the young lawyers undergo.—TRANS.

temporary causes which, in each period, produced a peculiar tendency in literature. In short, he is too much of a mere collector, too little of a critic. His mind cannot master the immense materials; he cannot explain individual phenomena from the general whole; and if he, giving up any objective judgment, avails himself of one only subjective and totally isolated, thus having the merit of being guided by morality and patriotism, yet the want of deeper views often leads him into error. Thus he deified with moral and patriotic fervour the immoral and unpatriotic Goëthe. Wachler, however, was the first who attempted to connect the cold wisdom of the schools with the warm regions of life. Eichhorn's Literary History is cold and dry, proudly condescending, and scientifically aristocratic; like everything that comes from Göttingen. Guden's Tables are full of omissions; and he ought not to have taken the trouble of systematically pronouncing judgment on every German author, seeing that he has not read the twentieth part of them. The new, extensive Bibliotheca of Heinsius, that of Ersch, arranged according to the various departments of science, art, &c.; Meusel's Catalogue of Authors; the more ancient Bibliographical Notices of Baumgärtner; the excellent Researches into the Literature of the Middle Ages, by Hamberger; and Jöcher's Lexicon of the olden Literature; bombastic, yet rich in information, have at least the merit of pointing out to us their names, titles, and dates.

Thus it appears that little progress has yet

been made in treating the "mass of literature" historically and critically; in discriminating between the important and insignificant; in bringing into notice what has been improperly forgotten or unjustly condemned; and, on the contrary, in casting into the shade presumptuous vanity and vulgarity; in showing to the nation what it really possesses in its literature, and in awakening it to a thorough consciousness of its own powers. We can scarcely open the above-mentioned literary histories without starting back, terrified at the innumerable crowd of names and titles. We can obtain no general survey; amidst the books we do not know our own literature; we cannot see the forest for the trees.

In natural sciences we have become aware of the importance of comparisons; we no longer begin to study astronomy, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, &c., separately, but trace their mutual relations, balance the general results, and thus arrive at higher and more comprehensive laws. We ought long ago to have applied these same methods to literary history. Comparison furnishes us with results, to which the one-sided study of one science or one poetical school could never have led us. The one explains and completes the other. Comparison alone enables us to form an opinion, correct, comprehensive, and, at the same time, impartial. We cannot observe the mind in its different tendencies, without recognising in the contrast to which they owe their origin, the poles of all life. But we cannot stand impartially above the parties without looking at

the struggle in an epical point of view, and thus surveying its great representation. In the bustle of life itself, in the face of such varied and pressing interests, and involuntarily carried away by them, we may join a party; but on the vantage ground of literature, only a free impartial look into the opinions of all parties can satisfy us. Life seizes upon us as its creature; the general body as its member; we cannot free ourselves from all connection with society, with place and time; therefore we, as a wave of the living stream, bearing and borne by it, are obliged to share the lot of all mortals. Yet within ourselves there is a free spot, where every struggle may be calmed, every contradiction reconciled; and literature permits us to immortalize in a mental universe this fixed star of the human breast.

In viewing literature in its whole extent and in its reciprocal influence upon life, we distinguish in a threefold manner the influences exercised on literature by nature, history, and civilization. Upon nature depends its local, national, and peculiar characteristics; she influences characters as well as languages, and produces those varied tones in which the nation modifies the primitive sound of the race, the individual that of the nation. As great as is the influence of nature upon the creators of literature, so great is that of history upon its objects and external connections. The interests of active life are discussed in literature. Every new mind is seized by the stream of parties, and must either unite itself to one, or form a new one itself. To conclude, however

intimately nature, history, and mind, may interpenetrate one another, in exercising their common influence, yet we must discriminate between the individual developments of each science or art, their influences upon literature, and the influences of national and individual character, as well as of the spirit of the age. Though each science and art experiences various modifications according to the various influences which individual characters in the spirit of the age have upon it, yet they advance consistently through men and ages, and are never subject to one man or one age, or one nation alone, nor are by any entirely comprehended and completed. Let us therefore examine first the general, natural, and historical conditions of our literature, and afterwards each department in particular.

NATIONALITY.

IN these days our literature has become to such an extent the most distinguishing trait of our nationality, that we can more easily explain the latter from the former than the former from the latter. Books are almost the only things left us, whereby we can give proofs of existence. As the Greeks came at last to be distinguished for nothing but their attachment to the sciences and arts, so in like manner we have nothing else left to us which can entitle us to continue the German name. Do we not, as a nation, live really in books alone? Does the Holy Empire[1] assemble

[1] The title of the German empire was *Das Heilige Römische Reich Deutscher Nation;* i. e. "The Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation." The German emperors considered themselves as the successors of the Roman ones; therefore in ancient times no German emperor would assume the title till he had been crowned at Rome.

Many Germans, especially after the wars 1813—15, longed for the restoration of the German empire under one emperor; these men always spoke with feelings of reverence of the "Holy Roman Empire."

anywhere except at the Leipzig fair? This secret affinity to books appears therefore to be the most striking feature of our national character; let us call it meditativeness (*sinnigkeit*).

From the earliest times the Germans have been a fantastic nation; in the middle ages they became mystic, now they live entirely in the region of the intellect. At all times they have shown an exuberant power and luxuriance of spirit, which gushing forth from within, cared but little for the world without. The Germans, awkward in practical life, have ever been more at home than other nations in the world of the mind; and all their national virtues and vices may be traced back to this internal meditativeness and brooding propensity. It is this that makes us so pre-eminently a literary nation, and at the same time impresses upon our literature a peculiar stamp. The writings of other nations are more practical, because their life is more practical; ours have a tinge of *supernaturalism*, or *unnaturalism*; something strange, ghost-like, and ill-suited for this world, because we have in general before our eyes only the strange world of our inner man. We are more fantastical than other nations not only because our imagination ranges further into the world of fancy, but also because we receive our very dreams as truth. Following the example of our imagination, our feelings range from the lack-a-daisical mawkishness of domestic life, even to the religious extravagances of the pietistic sects. But it is our intellect that goes the most extra-

vagant lengths, and which makes us be everywhere decried as speculators and system-builders. Unable to realize our theories anywhere except in books, we give to the world of words an undue preponderance over life itself; so that we are justly called bookworms and pedants.

But this is only the dark side, with respect to which we have no intention of deceiving ourselves. Opposed to this, our meditative literary doings produce a bright side, the value of which is too little acknowledged by foreigners. We strive after an universal culture of the mind; and to attain this end we do not in vain sacrifice our energy and national pride. The knowledge which we acquire will probably be more beneficial to mankind than some so-called glorious deeds; and there may be more true honour in learning from foreigners than in gaining a victory over them. In our national character lies a peculiar tendency to humanity[2]. We wish thoroughly to comprehend everything human, and to solve the enigma of the unity hidden in the endless variety of life. In every direction therefore do we pursue the

[2] *Humanität*. Our *humanity* by no means expresses the full meaning of this word. The Germans understand by it, that feeling and tendency which induces us to look upon and treat our fellow man charitably. Everything which tends to increase this propensity, in particular a more accurate knowledge of ourselves and others, nations as well as individuals, has been of late recommended by many German authors.

The great supporter of *humanität*, indeed the first who brought the word into general use in this sense, was Hender.

great work of knowing. Nature having given us a feeling for all, our mind collects from the greatest distances those objects which may satisfy its desire for knowledge, and penetrates into the inmost depths of all the mysteries of nature, life, and soul. There is no nation so varied as the German in its intellectual development; what therefore the individual does not attain unto is reached by their variety. Numerous organs have been distributed to the mass, through which knowledge is communicated to all.

The meditativeness of the German character has ever been combined with a great *variety* in the forms and productions of individual minds. It seemed as if its internal riches could be developed only in so far as they were bound to no fixed rule. Nature has disclosed in our nation, more than in any other, the inexhaustible luxuriance of individual minds. In no nation are there such diverse systems, opinions, inclinations, and talents; such different ways of thinking, of speaking, and of writing. We see that these minds are devoid of all rule and training; that they have grown up wildly, in various places different by nature and education, so that their conflux in literature produces a strange and heterogeneous mixture. They speak in one language, as they live under one sky; yet each one uses his own peculiar accent. But nature is sure to prevail, however earnestly the discipline of some schools may desire to uproot the so-called barbarism. The German possesses little social

pliability, but the stronger is his individuality; which, indeed, often appears to be mere obstinacy and caricature. Genius breaks through all barriers, and natural talent displays itself even in the common man. When we survey the literature of other nations, we remark more or less regularity: a kind of French landscape gardening; that of Germany is a forest—a meadow, full of wild plants. Each mind is a flower, peculiar in shape, colour, and odour. Only those of the lowest orders occur in entire species; and only in the highest are united the formations of many others; in some, the greater part of the nation is as it were personified; and in rare geniuses, humanity itself seems to open its great eye—geniuses who stand upon the heights of literature, and reveal the law which slumbers in the masses.

Genius is ever inborn; and the rich originality of the German mind springs directly from nature. The great variety of the German tribes, classes of society, and degrees of culture, may, through education and life, exercise an indirect influence upon authors; but this variety is, in its turn, only a consequence of the national character. It is this which under all circumstances has prevented uniformity (*normalität*). Among all nations the German has ever, externally as well as internally, presented the richest variety, linking, and gradation. This variety having been constantly nourished from below, from among the people, by the ever young power of nature, has never submitted to a regularity ordered from above.

Simultaneously with it has grown up freely and wildly from below, everything noble by which the German mind is distinguished.

One thing alone is common to the great body of our authors—the little regard they pay to practical life, the constant preponderance of inward contemplativeness. Yet it is just in consequence of this that opinions have been so much multiplied. In the narrow limits of practical life, minds would have been forced to unite into a few parties, and for single purposes; while in the boundless sphere of fancy and speculation every individual mind finds the most unfettered sphere of action. The German instinctively seeks this unbounded element. If we ever leave our dreams and lay hold of practical life, we do so only to drag it into the realms of fancy and theory; whilst the French, on the contrary, borrow from speculation and imagination only the lever for public life. The French make use of a philosophical idea, in order to apply it to medicine or manufactures; the Germans prefer using their physical experience as the foundations of strange hypotheses. The French compose tragedies, thereby to work upon the political feelings of the nation; to the German, however, tragedies are the only remnant of his deeds and experience. The French have a poor language yet excellent orators; we could speak far better, but we only write. They speak because they act; we write because we think.

The original physiognomical feature of German literature, that which opposes all uniformity, is

still, as in the days of the chronicles, genuine *naïvetè;* more so probably than many authors who know the Greeks, Romans, English, or French, may be inclined to believe. Though it may be in our power to prove the existence of this *naïvetè* in German authors, yet we must not mistake it for the so-called German honesty. There always prevails, it is true, among authors, great goodnature and frankness. This is easily discovered in their iron-like, though often fruitless assiduity; in their diffusiveness, and in their visible striving after clear and distinct information, even though their many protestations of honesty and love might with justice be mistrusted. These very sentimental assertions, however, show but too clearly that we have fallen from our state of innocence.

The German language is the most complete expression of the German character. It has followed the mind to all its depths, and through all its wanderings. It corresponds completely with the variety of minds, allowing to each author, more than any other language could, that peculiar tone which distinguishes him. The language itself gains, in consequence of the many and various ways in which it is employed. Variegated forms and varied shapes are peculiar to it, and become it well. A field of flowers is nobler than a simple grassplot; and the richest countries have ever the greatest variety of scenery and temperature. All attempts to force upon German authors a fixed uniform language have proved disgraceful failures, because they were in opposition to nature.

Every author writes as he chooses; each can say of himself with Goëthe,—

> "I sing as in the greenwood bush
> The cageless wild-bird carols[3]."

It is, indeed, a national feature that our scholars and poets have not yet a fixed orthography, and that we are so seldom struck with this. How many words are written sometimes one way, sometimes another! how arbitrarily are compound words made! And who blames it, except occasionally grammarians? from whom authors are as little disposed to derive information as the artist is from his æsthetical critics.

Grammatical variety, however, appears unimportant only when compared with that of rhetoric and poetry; with that boundless richness of style and manner in which we are unequalled by any other nation. We shall not at present inquire whether any other language admits of as many different ways of expressing oneself; but this at least is certain, that no other has expressed so many. We inherit this unrestrained manner of expressing ourselves, along with many other features of our nature, from the old Teutonic forests; and upon it is based the whole free glory of our poetry. The better is the conversational tone, the worse is the poetical; as is the case in France. The worse the official style, the more original are

[3] "Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
Der auf den Zweigen lebet."
Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre, Book ii. c. 11.

the poets, as in Germany. Every new Adelung is laughed at by every new Goëthe, Schiller, or Tieck; Titans require no fencing-master, for they beat down every guard. The great poet and the profound thinker is restrained by his genius, the common man by his inborn nature; while the entire want of a rule of any acknowledged standard of taste and of a critical public, frees all from the restraints of an Attic or Parisian censorship.

The German language has, as a whole, in the course of time, gained in some respects and lost in others. Purity, many roots, and a wonderful richness of beautiful euphonious inflections, have been lost within the last five hundred years. On the other hand, it has made a better use of what remained. So much has been written and spoken in the language, now poorer, it is true, and more inharmonious, that we are indemnified for the lost sounds. Great masters however have, by their skilful management, formed this new High-German language into one of peculiar beauty; and we have begun to adorn it anew from the treasures of former times. It is not one of the least merits of the Romantic school that they have, in as far at least as its present use would permit, retuned the German language to the old scale.

This vivifying organic regeneration of the old language, by which the foreign parasitical plants are destroyed, is the best testimony to the inborn power of our nationality, when contrasted with that affected strength with which we have striven to equal foreigners. This organic development

of the primitive German language throws quite into the shade the mechanical attempts made by the *purists*. Nothing can be more pitiable than the *purism* of a Campe and others, who attempted to revive in grammar the atomic system long banished from philosophy, and to unite the atomic German syllables by rules, based not on the organic structure of the German language, but only in the analogy of the foreign word. They made us words out of syllables, as Voss formed out of words, a language neither German nor Greek; a language, in fact, which we had to re-translate into Greek before we could understand it.

Purism is commendable when it teaches us to express the same idea conveyed by a foreign word, as comprehensively and intelligibly by a German one; but it is to be condemned if the foreign word is more extensive and comprehensive, or if it expresses a conception unknown in our language, for communication of conceptions is the principal object of language, distinctness of words the means of attaining this. Whenever we increase our conceptions by the addition of a foreign one, let us receive also the foreign corresponding word. Thought must not be impoverished in order that language may boast of purity.

Though a false purism should be condemned, yet the true one, so powerfully handled by Luther, is highly meritorious. There are still among the foreign words, which we must honour as the clothing of foreign and new ideas, a number of others which have supplanted German words, as good in themselves, and therefore better for us;

words which express well-known conceptions and are used by us only from ridiculous vanity or a desire of innovation. The scholar wishes to show that he is versed in the dead languages, the traveller, that he has heard foreign tongues, the rest of the people, that they are acquainted with wise, and learned men and books; or the higher ranks wish to see their higher conceptions distinguished from the modes of thinking peculiar to the lower orders by a foreign language; and the lower orders attempt to equal them by aping foreign sounds. Thus adventitiously arose that mongrel German language which, in as far as it was not necessarily compelled to borrow foreign words, with foreign conceptions, is throughout blameworthy, and a stain on the nation and its literature. Would that the purists could free us for ever from it! Each century, however, frees itself from the fooleries of its predecessor. Klopstock very justly remarks—"In Charles the Fifth's time many Spanish words were introduced into our language, out of gratitude, probably, for that noble imperial saying, that the German language was fit only for horses; and in order that we might neigh a little softer to him." We know what fate befell these words, and therein see how futurity will deal with all our present impurities. Our descendants will step forth and say, that out of this or that language, then, that is, in our time, impurities were admitted; but the language, unable to tolerate, immediately rejected them.

Though our language has retired victorious from the strife with other languages, yet it has

meanwhile much neglected its own development. During the period from Luther to Lessing—that is, the period of this struggle,—the passing ennui of the age impressed upon the German language a lasting stamp of phlegm. In this age originated that dreadful phraseology, which says most circuitously in several words what might have been expressed far more simply and energetically in one; for instance: *in anspruch nehmen*, instead of *ansprechen*, "to make a claim," instead of "to claim;" *in untersuchung ziehen* instead of *untersuchen*, "to subject to inquiry," instead of "to inquire into;" *in versuchung führen*, instead of *versuchen*, "to lead into temptation," instead of "to tempt;" *in anschlag bringen*, instead of *anrechnen*, "to put to account," instead of "to reckon."

By giving up these circumlocutions; by limiting as much as possible by means of generally recognised elliptical expressions, the use of *haben*, *seyn*, and *werden*[4]; by using, instead of the inharmonious imperfects and participles, such as *fragte*, *biegte*, *wägte*, *gedingt*, *entspriesste*, *etc.* the full-toned *frug*, *bog*, *wog*, *gedungen entsprossen*, *etc.* the present style of our language would be very much improved. Another disadvantage which originated at the same time, is the immoderate use of a learned terminology. Let any one read a philosophical work of Hegel, and then ask himself, if there will ever exist a nation which would acknowledge such a language as its own.

[4] These are the German auxiliary verbs of tense.

It is true that the powers of the German language have, since the time of Lessing, and more especially during the present century, been developed to a great extent; by degrees renouncing its old tedious phlegm and learned pedantry, it has become elastic and smooth, and can boast for example of a more rapid rhythmus. Yet I do not think that it will remain stationary in its present stage of development, and in my mind's eye I see the reader smiling who, five hundred years hence, meets with this book and passage.

But German genius and German merit do not in the least depend upon the language. With the exception of poetry, almost every distinguished scientific work which German literature produced before the Reformation, is written in Latin; yet it is not on that account the less German. Indeed, our ancestors during the middle ages received along with their first instruction in science, the Latin language, which, however, they by degrees unfolded in the naïve style of the chronicles, in the profound systems of mysticism, in the wonderful views of nature, in Gothic art, in legislature and jurisprudence. Throughout the whole of these the German mind is clothed in the Latin garb, and therefore if I had intended to treat of our olden literature, I should not, like Wachler and others, have excluded from the German national literature those works of our ancestors written in Latin.

INFLUENCE OF SCHOOL LEARNING.

IF we turn our attention to the historical events which have caused the present development of our literature, we must be immediately struck with the fact, that all literary culture was formerly connected with the church. Literature, even at the present day, is not entirely freed from this influence. It cast off the trammels of the church only in order to put on those of the school; and to this cause must be ascribed all the professional tone of our writings. The interest of the corporation and the discipline of the schools have impressed the stamp of the past upon every succeeding century, though, it is true, this stamp is gradually vanishing away. Its consequences are, that exclusiveness which is produced by the existence of castes, assumption, intolerance, pedantry in old habits, fireside wisdom, and a deviation from nature. Yet this system has its beautiful and valuable features. Literary life

proceeding first from the clerical, then from the learned mould, imbibed all the virtues as well as all the vices of a corporate spirit, so that even yet the stationary interest of a class forces itself upon literature; even yet priests control theology, and learned faculties the secular sciences. The unfettered mind, the strong nature of the Germans, have, it is true, ever since the revival of science, roused them to an incessant war against the spirit of caste, so that we can observe a continual struggle going on between original minds and the schools, a constant revival of the eternal feud between priests and prophets. Though the latter have been victorious, yet the German disposition has successfully defended, against every stationary principle, its free utterance, its progressive and rich development; and as all one-sided apathy was formerly prevented by the separation of the church, so in later times the same result was produced by the many and varied scientific contests of the learned, and the æsthetical feuds of poets. New parties are constantly arising which foster and develope those elements rejected by others, so that in this way almost all get their due. In politics, however, as well as in literature, the spirit accustomed to rule, has, even when defeated, continued to influence the victors themselves. The negative point immediately became a positive one. Prophets again became priests, adopted the principle of authority and stability, claimed under other creeds the same monopoly, and endeavoured by its means to oppose all innovations.

What was to-day heterodox, became to-morrow orthodox; what was one day looked upon as the peculiarity of a great man, became the next the despotic style of a school. The cause of this phenomenon must be sought, not only in the still prevailing influences of the middle ages, but also in the character of the nation itself. The German burns for the knowledge of truth, and is anxious to see it acknowledged: it is the same enthusiasm which hurries him on to perseverance and reform.

There is doubtless much good connected with the corporate spirit. This fidelity with which the treasures of tradition are preserved, the respect which is preserved for authority, the enthusiasm and piety with which we reverence the holy, proven and believed, all those virtues which are wont to accompany an attachment to antiquity, must be acknowledged in their full value, when we compare them with that levity of many innovators, which so often rejects all moral authority, all historical tradition, and even the experience of the ancients along with their school. The disease, however, of this corporate spirit is the principle of stability, the standing still where there ought to be an eternal progression, the narrowmindedness which would fix limits where there are none. Hence necessarily proceed, on the one hand, an hierarchical system, a love of caste, party spirit, a rage for proselytising, accusations of heresy and nepotism; on the other, an apathetic, limited knowledge, linked with forms ever returning into, and endlessly repeating themselves, and which at

last degenerate into a monstrous prolixity. These sins of the antiquated corporation spirit are then opposed in full dignity by the living power of those innovators, who, having freed knowledge from the narrow limits of the schools, and individuals themselves from the monotonous restraints of caste, rejected all those formal ceremonies which prevented the graceful easy motions of nature, without caring whether or not they fell back after the victory into their old faults.

The relation which all the sciences bear to religion, introduced into learning a kind of priestly, canting tone, which is still retained in the learned professions, and with which even naturalists[1] are infected. Our authors but too willingly play the oracle, and seek to spread around them a certain nimbus in order to mystify their readers, as the clergy formerly did the laity, and the schoolmaster his scholars. In England and France the author is, as it were, an orator in the tribune, and gives his vote as in a company of his peers. In Germany, on the contrary, he acts as if he were a schoolmaster or preacher.

The retired monkish life of scholars has doubtless promoted that tendency to profound meditation, learned trifling, and extravagant fancies, from which we can easily explain their deficiency in practical talent and cheerfulness. Even yet, the great majority of scholars and authors, living like troglodytes in their book-holes, lose along with the aspect of nature, all sympathy with the power of enjoying it; life becomes to them a

[1] Used in its widest sense.

dream, and dreams form their life. Whether a slater has fallen from a roof, or Napoleon from a throne, they say, "so," so, "ay, ay!" and immediately bury themselves again among their books. As fruits kept in a damp cellar are spoiled by the mould, so are the fruits of the mind by the atmosphere of musty libraries. The father imparts to the children of his imagination his physical as well as his mental diseases. In books we can perceive not only the stubbornness, heartlessness, or hypochondria of the author, but even his gout, jaundice, or personal deformity.

These scholastic doings have ended in learned pedantry. The healthy, direct, and intuitive power has been succeeded by a hypochondriacal spirit of meditation. Books are copied from books, instead of being taken from nature. People no longer endeavour to relate things simply, but strive to display therein the whole circle of their acquirements. They deviate from the primitive aim of science, being satisfied with the means instead of the end. They are so engaged with the means that they forget the results at which they aim. We seldom see a theologian or lawyer; they are all mere theological or juridical philologists. Historical science has been made unpalatable by philological and critical learning. They care not for the contents, being satisfied with the husk; they test the correctness, not the importance of a quotation; they exhibit a childish joy if they happen to prove that this or that expression has been really used; but they never trouble themselves as to its subjective truth

and real importance. They use incredible industry in heaping up information, among which one would have as much trouble in re-finding the little which is worth remembering as they had in amassing the whole. They waste years of study in fixing the true reading of some old poet, who ought never to have written a line. Even our modern poetry is overburdened with a load of learning. The natural language of the feelings and of vivid perception is but too often repressed by pedantic reflections, allusions, and quotations. There is no branch of literature upon which this pedantry has not exercised a prejudicial influence.

In the university learning proper, that is, in the so-called professional sciences, there prevails a routine commonly called *Schlendrian*, which moves on without spirit in the old beaten track. The universities are become manufactories of books, the professors book-makers. We never depart from certain school-formulas, by which each succeeding generation is guided. But the primitive truth is obscured by endless commentaries. The matter, really of importance, vanishes at last under the load of quotations intended to prove it. Life sinks under the knife of the operator. The most important things become tedious, the most venerable, trivial. The mind cannot be fettered by compendiums, and nature struggles manfully against the paragraphs which attempt to confine her.

The muddy marsh of pedantry having been put in motion by polemics, its mephitic vapours

spread in every direction. Nowhere is the unnaturalness of pedants more conspicuous than in their polemical writings. Here is confirmed the good old proverb; the greater scholar, the greater fool, (*je gelehrter desto verkehrter*[2].) On the one hand, they are so exceedingly wise, that it is difficult for a sound understanding to follow the labyrinthine mazes of their logic. On the other, they are so ignorant of the most common affairs of life, that a peasant might instruct them. Sometimes they are finical, jest like an Athenian, and make allusions which would do honour to an Alexandrian librarian, so that a good honest German feels quite stupid beside them. At others, they use the most crafty wiles or the coarsest invectives, such as even the mob would be ashamed of.

That corruption which exists in the German language, must be ascribed chiefly to the pedants. It was but natural that they should adopt a foreign terminology along with foreign notions; but in their arrogance they either affected a sacred obscurity, in order to become more reverenced by the laity; or they were too indolent, and too little compelled to court popularity. Professional men can speak in such German, that none of the uninitiated can understand them; and philosophers often do not understand themselves.

True culture is always the main object of the people; book-learning that of a class,—of a caste. Among ourselves, learning still takes precedence

[2] Or perhaps better: "The wiser, the waywarder."—Shakspere, As you Like it. Act IV. Sc. i.

of culture; the caste, of the people. This is a false relation, which must necessarily soon be done away with. Learned assumption is only a beggarly pride, which will soon be exposed. If we wish to render our wisdom effective, we must first make it all-comprehensive, a result which can be arrived at only by freeing it from the trammels of book-learning. People are commonly afraid of popularity, because they confound it with vulgarity. In the eye of literature, however, there is a mob only so long as there is a privileged caste. The educated middle classes can do without the latter, in proportion as they keep aloof from the vulgarity of the former.

When we think of that age when the wandering hordes of the north founded the German empire, and see amidst tribes of savage barbarians a number of educated men, sowing the seeds of science and civilization, we must surely award to them our thanks and admiration; when we remember, moreover, the horrors of hierarchy and of feudalism, victorious over the imperial power and the rights of the people during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; when we see among the priests and noble robbers, a number of learned men imbued with the spirit of ancient Greece and Rome, founding universities and schools, we cannot withhold our thanks, even though they were at first the creatures of the hierarchy, and animated by an anti-national spirit: for they laid the foundation at least, of intellectual development, and thereby of intellectual freedom. They opposed, it is true, Huss and his reforma-

tion; yet they were the very men, who, a century later, after the fruits of culture had begun to ripen, powerfully supported Luther, and thus secured the victory to the Reformation. When we picture to ourselves the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, and there perceive, amidst the most debasing superstition, and surrounded by the stakes of witches, a numerous body of formal privileged pedants, who painfully but incessantly cultivate, in the most roundabout way, and with the utmost circumstantiality, the individual branches of the historical and inductive sciences,—to them, in spite of their prolixity, we must pay thanks due, seeing that it is to their industry in collecting materials, and to their critical investigations, that we are indebted for the first results of historical, political, and physical science, freed from prejudice. It was upon the extensive foundations laid by their preparatory studies, that the wiser men of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were enabled to build up their clear systems, and, by means of the concentrated light of historical and natural knowledge, to put an end to the old night of ignorance.

We must, however, pay all due honour to the schools. This pedantry, ridiculous and tiresome though it often be, has preserved us from a national misfortune under which we see the Spaniards, Italians, and French suffering, viz. from the sudden transition from superstition to unbelief. These nations, in consequence of having gone through a much shorter and more

incomplete course of study than we, were not sufficiently prepared for that blaze of knowledge, the light of which shone so unexpectedly upon them.

This may be considered the bright side of the school-learning. But did the light proceed from the school? Did it not rather enter from without, into it? Had not free-born minds to labour incessantly in attempting to purify the schools, and to free them from their accumulated filth and thick darkness? Were the great agitators of their respective eras, the inventors of new things, the creators of new modes of thinking, were Abelard, Huss, Luther, Thomasius, Lessing, themselves schoolmen, or did they not rather oppose the school? Was it not an evil ever inseparable from the school that it anew rendered the spirit subordinate to the letter, changed freedom into thraldrom, light into darkness, until new teachers from without, from among the people, endowed with great natural talents, did away with the abuse for a short time, and founded new schools, which in their turn degenerated?

And does not the cause of this degeneracy exist in the very being of a school? The love which pupils bear to their master soon surpasses all bounds; they swear *in verba magistri:* the word, which showed symptoms of life in the lips of the master, becomes dead and motionless in the mouth of the pupil. The spirit, unconfined in the master, becomes narrowed in the disciple.

That zeal so ennobling in the teacher, becomes in the taught, mere dogmatism and a persecuting spirit.

Wherever a school exists, it either forms for itself external interests, and worldly advantages, or it becomes subservient to others. Thus the ancient scholasticism was subservient to the popes, the modern to kings. Each school becomes servile in proportion as its adherents are successful in their pursuit of worldly honour and profit. The prudent being timeservers, veil their sophistry with truth; and as power is on their side, no one dares to oppose them. The chorus is composed of blockheads, learned journeymen, who, however, add to their falsehood a certain degree of enthusiasm, being really inspired by that which produces maintenance as well as dignity. The curse of schools is, that they do not think a few masters sufficient, but employ a whole crowd of mechanically-drilled subalterns, whose number they unnecessarily increase. Those men who formerly became priests (slaves of the church), but now become scholars (slaves of the state), are really those, whose great numbers, producing a spirit of caste which their masters and leaders can no longer control, are ruining church and state.

This is repeated at all times, and under all forms. Learning being formerly a branch of the church, professors had clerical titles; now it is a department of the state, and they have court-titles. We may therefore prophesy that our politico-servile learning will by degrees become more

degenerate, just as formerly the hierarchico-servile learning descended with a like headlong career. On the one hand, political creed will by degrees have more and more influence in the disposal of university appointments; on the other, professional study, the degradation of all science to a mere matter of trade, will become more and more conspicuous; the political professor will train up his pupils for the service of the state, with as much devotedness of purpose as the jesuits formerly did their black flocks for the church. This is the inevitable consequence of power having rendered the mind subservient to its purposes.

INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE well-known imitative propensity of the Germans prevails to a very great extent in their literature. We consider ourselves happy in limping and stuttering in imitation of foreigners, yet reproach ourselves for doing so. We have disputed for more than a thousand years about this phenomenon in our national character, as we would about some inclination of the heart, apparently forbidden by morality. Even in the time of the Romans, there were two parties in Germany, imitators and purists. Despicable, truly despicable, are those apes who are ever grasping at foreign red patches; despicable are those degenerate wretches who are ashamed of being Germans. The prejudice, that German character consists in a sort of bearishness and rusticity which cannot dispense with a foreign dancing-master, could have originated with and

been upheld only by those who were themselves thoroughly plebeian in their disposition and habits. Those fools, however, are to be ridiculed, who wish to purify the true and pure primitive German character from all foreign admixtures, to form a moral barrier round the German frontier; nay, even to command the sun himself to shine in Germany alone.

Culture is a good as common as light, and its blissful influence spreads, with certain modifications of climate, round the whole earth. There are nowhere limits which it cannot pass. Commerce connects all countries, and diffuses their material produce. Literature ought, in like manner, to diffuse the intellectual treasures of nations. Each country must adopt from its neighbours what suits its nature and contributes to its prosperity; and thus may be transplanted into the mind of a nation those elements which harmonize with its character, and promote its intellectual progress and prosperity.

Though there are many things which only one nation can possess, and by which, therefore, it will be characterized, yet there are higher blessings which belong to none exclusively, but which are the common property of mankind. The existence of Christianity alone refutes the zeal of the purists. To purify ourselves from foreign influences, we should, seeing that all our modern civilization is based upon the Romanic elements of the middle ages, be forced to retrace our whole history. We should have to run back naked into the forests, did we divest ourselves of everything

we have adopted from foreigners. Independently, however, of this necessary mutual instruction which is founded in nature, and is as old as history, the Germans are distinguished by an extraordinary predilection for what is foreign, and a rare ability for imitation, qualities which by their very nature lead to exaggeration and an unnatural forgetfulness of their own worth.

The deepest fountain of this disposition, is the humanity of the German character. We are thorough cosmopolitans; our nationality consists in wishing to have none, but in substituting for our national individuality something applicable to the whole human race; we feel a continual desire to realize in ourselves the ideal of a philosophical model nation; we wish to appropriate to ourselves the culture of all nations, all the emanations of the human mind. This inclination is stronger than our national pride, so long as we do not seek our national pride in it. Other nations strive to become a model people, and did they not imagine that they were able to effect this, there would be no national pride; but they do not give up their individuality, they only wish to imprint their stamp upon others. Other nations, too, value what is foreign, but do not therein undervalue themselves; yet, even this keeping aloof[1] has its good and natural reason. True love is always characterized by a large portion of self-denial; nothing is more injurious to the interest which we take in what is foreign, to that love from which

[1] Coleridge, Biog. Lit.

all civilization springs, than egotism; nothing retards the unfolding of the mind more than national vanity. A certain degree of passiveness is indispensable if we wish to become thoroughly conscious of the value of all that is foreign. If we inquire into the obstacles which have in so many nations retarded the progress of civilization, we shall find that they lie less in their rudeness than in their self-conceit, and in the prejudices of their national pride. The noblest nations have ever been the most tolerant; the most degraded the vainest.

It is, however, not only that philosophical tendency of our character, this plasticity (*bildungsfähigkeit*), and thirst for knowledge, our instinct for development, and our striving after the ideal, but also a poetical tendency, a romantic disposition, which fills us with a love of what is foreign; a poetical illusion hovers round everything foreign, beautifying it, and taking captive our imagination. Let a thing be but foreign, and it will awaken within us a romantic disposition, even though it should be inferior to what we have long possessed; we therefore adopt from foreigners much that does not in the least assist us in our progress to culture and civilization, and it is the imagination that first renders noxious a propensity of which even the intellect itself must, to a certain extent, approve. Whenever the imagination carries this propensity beyond its due bounds, we commit two faults at once, that of a blind slavish devotion to everything foreign, and that of blindly undervaluing ourselves; we pos-

sess the poetical talent of mystifying ourselves, of transforming ourselves into, as it were, *dramatis personæ*, and thus abandoning ourselves over to a foreign illusion. Many of our learned men have so thought themselves into Greeks; many of our romanticists are so imbued with the spirit of the middle ages; many of our politicians are so exclusively occupied with the French; many of our theologians with the Bible, that they seem to know nothing of what is going on around them. This state of mind has some similarity to madness, and to madness it too often tends. Those thus possessed are aided by the great plasticity of the German mind and language. Feeling their ability to produce in literature excellent imitations of foreign languages, they expel the peculiar spirit of the German language, and introduce strange idols in its stead. They scorn all who do not imitate them, and become angry if nature will not give way to art. Such extremes, however, mutually counteract the influence of one another. Were there only one nation besides our own, we should probably transpose ourselves by study so completely into it, that nought of ourselves would remain; since, however, there are many, all of which we imitate in turn; and since these are ever opposed to one another, the balance is always restored. Thus the ultra-refinement of the Gallomania has been counterbalanced by the blunt humour of the Anglomania, the cold and regular classicality of the Grecomania, by the luxuriant richness of Orientalism, the superficial Rationalism by the mystic Romanticism. The different periods of our

imitative mania are not determined solely by the external appearance of foreign excellences, but also by subjective reasons; the same models stand continually before our eyes, yet we take an interest in only one at once, and are then blind to the merits of the others. This depends as much upon the manner of the inward development of our nature as upon the great outward external course of history. We ever take the deepest interest in those foreign productions which harmonize best with our present disposition and occupations. When our intellect began to free itself from the trammels of bigotry, the sound enlightened ancients became our models; when the feelings, neglected and abused, rebelled against the tyranny of a shallow and superficial rationalism, the middle ages again became our pattern; when the German became aware of his awkwardness, he went himself to school with the light-footed Frenchman; when, wrapped up in this lazy political sleep, he began to dream, all at once there came before him the pictures of England, of America, or of the ancient republics; when he at length became aware of the inconvenience and unnaturalness of his old-fashioned habits, instinct had to lead him back to the easy grace, nay, even to the nakedness of the Greeks; when he had by misfortune and unskilfulness fallen into poverty, the material well-being of the Britons became his model.

Like foolish children, however, we break our toys or throw aside our school books, when we no longer care for or need them. None are such

slavish imitators, and none so ungrateful as we are; none can so thoroughly undervalue their own worth; none with such levity ascribe their own guilt to others, as we. Fifty years ago we looked upon the French as a kind of demi-gods; twenty years ago we thought them demi-devils. We were degraded enough in crouching before them, but still more degraded in despising them. In place of those blockheads who gave to the sucklings French nurses, and to the mothers French gallants, others have come upon the stage, who have, with savage insolence, trodden down the noble emanations of French social character and life. The German politicians assumed a pious mien, and preached against the Gallic antichrist; and many silly historians went even so far as to deceive themselves and others with the belief that the French had sprung from ignoble Asiatic races, and did not deserve to be called Europeans. With equal barbarism each party reproaches the other with idolatry. The classicists rail at the middle ages and the east; the romanticists still at times cross themselves before the old heathens.

Our predilection for foreign literature is, of course, manifested principally in translations. It is notorious that in Germany translating is carried on to an immense extent; indeed, completely as a branch of manufacture. If of thirty works of the best German author, one is ill-translated abroad, on the contrary the complete works of every English and French author of any note are in Germany translated three or four times; nay,

we even do them the honour of publishing manufactures of our own under their name, as happened to Walter Scott[2]. The glory and advantage of this are undoubtedly on our side. It may be that we are deficient in many of the virtues of foreigners, but assuredly we do not participate in that proud narrow-mindedness, which thinks it can annihilate everything foreign with a shrug. It is an honour to us that we know the illustrious Britons, but it is no honour to the Britons that they are unacquainted with the illustrious Germans.

Translations are certainly better than imitations: whoever therefore translates a foreign poet into our language, has certainly done more than he who merely copies him in his own poems. For the same reason, free translations are of less value than faithful ones. Under the word faith-

[2] An allusion to the novel Walladmor, which was published in Germany, and there for a considerable time received as the work of Walter Scott.

The novel-reading public of Germany had been waiting for some time with the utmost impatience for a new work of the author of Waverley. A whisper having crossed the channel, that the scene was laid in Wales (the novel was The Crusaders), Haering, who has since become known under the pseudonyme of Willibald Alexis, threw off Walladmor, the scene of which is laid in that country, and which was ready for the Leipzig fair. The bait took; the work was trumpeted forth in every review as the "last and best" of the works of the Great Unknown.

An outline of the story, and an account of an attempt to translate it into English, may be found in some of M. De Quincy's papers; in Tait's Magazine if my memory serve me aright.

ful, however, we comprehend so much, that it is impossible to attain it entirely. A translation can never be entirely faithful: to be so in one respect, it must deviate in others. Translators, therefore, must be divided into two classes: the one sacrifices the contents to the form, the thought to the letter, the sense to the sound; the other reverses all this. The one strives to echo back the beauty and euphony of the foreign term, the other, only its clearness and import. The former class predominates. A harmonious sound, a pleasant rhythm and rhyme, bribe the ear, and make us overlook the deficiency of the meaning. Most poetical translations sacrifice the meaning without ceremony to preserve sound, measure, and rhyme. We cannot endure translations which are literal but inharmonious, and if a poet were, in order to be better understood, translated into prose, no one would read him. In this, however, we are very wrong. It cannot be denied, it is true, that a great part of the charm by which a poet enchants, lies in his rhythm and rhymes; but this holds good only in so far as these are the clothing of certain poetical images and thoughts: in these images and thoughts lie the great charm, and to them alone the outward clothing of harmonious sounds is subservient. If these images be extinguished, these thoughts obscured or falsified, even euphony loses its charm. Our poetical translators but too often forget this. When translating the antique originals they artificially reproduce the measure; when the romantic, the number and arrangement of the rhymes. To

attain this difficult end, they unhesitatingly sacrifice not only clearness, but even fidelity. They strain and torture the construction, omit and interpolate words; nay, often, use metaphors and words of a totally different meaning, because the correct construction and proper word will not suit the measure or rhyme. Tautologies are brought in in every difficulty. If the interpolated word has but a similar meaning, the translator thinks he has done enough, provided the measure and rhyme please the ear; but tautologies are quite inadmissible. He must use not a synonyme but the only proper word; if the rhyme or measure do not admit of this, yet he is not thereby excused, for the meaning, not the rhyme, is the principal object in view. Hence arises the immense difference between the translations of one and the same author, as well as the extraordinary similarity among the most different authors, when translated by one individual. We have several very different translations of Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Camöens, in which almost every verse is construed and rhymed differently, while, on the other hand, Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Shakspere, &c. are, in the translations of Voss, as like as so many peas. In both cases the character of the original is falsified, however much the artificial sounding of the words may have been copied.

Imitations are the inevitable consequence of a perception of the excellences of foreigners. Why should we not imitate what is useful, beautiful, or

noble? But we generally commit the error of imitating the form only instead of the matter. We should endeavour to acquire, for our own age and in our own way, a culture as harmonious as that acquired by the Greeks, in their own age, and after their own manner. We expose ourselves to ridicule by artificially imitating Greek forms, without having imbibed the spirit and life of which they are the offspring. We should, in pursuance of our own individuality, develope our social relations with as much refinement as the French do in following out theirs. But we are nothing but apes when we awkwardly imitate French phrases and grimaces. We should endeavour to think and act in a free and independent manner, like the English and Americans; yet not hope for salvation in a slavish imitation of their external forms. We should reproduce the solid acquirements and profound mind of the middle ages, instead of miserably affecting old garbs and languages.

Formal imitations are like fashions, and meet with the same fate. For a short time they prevail exclusively; and whoever does not comply with their dictates is called an oddity. After a short time they all appear ridiculous. Even in Rome the Greek taste once prevailed: but who does not value the power and earnestness of the Romans, as manifested in their characteristic productions, infinitely higher than that affectation of Attic refinement which we see in these imitations from the Greek? We have long looked upon the French antique tragedies merely as comedies;

but however much we may pride ourselves in being abler copyists, yet the imitations by Voss, generally considered as masterly, are no less ridiculous. We have long since done justice to the honest Cervantes; yet many of our romanticists furnish sufficient matter for a new Don Quixote; and Fouquè has written a number of such works without being himself aware of it.

The experience which we have had of so many changing fashions, ever opposing and annihilating one another, seems to have produced several beneficial results. Though many parties still exist, yet we have now begun to endeavour to reconcile them. After having become acquainted with every civilized nation, after having admired and imitated the Romans, Greeks, French, English, Italians, Spaniards, &c.; we have now returned home for a time, and are meditating. We see that we have always proceeded at once from a slight acquaintance with foreign nations, to an exaggerated admiration and slavish imitation of them; but that tiring of this extreme, we have, by means of a new calm contemplation, singled out and appropriated to ourselves those excellences of foreigners which ought to and may be imitated. We gradually learn to discriminate between the noble talent of imbibing the spirit of other nations and ages, the poetical faculty of adopting every foreign illusion, and that of practical aping. In the former, all contrasts have room for action without disturbing their neighbours; in the latter, they absorb one another. Our imagination can transport us in one moment

to Greece, in another to London, we ourselves all the while remaining quietly at home in Germany. Carried away by enthusiasm, we committed the mistake of giving up our own individuality, and of transforming ourselves entirely into what was foreign. We now see that along with all our susceptibility for what is foreign, we must also possess an internal, imaginative, and profound manner of conceiving it; and that in permitting it to exercise its influence, the eminent qualities of foreigners are amalgamated with our own nationality.

There is, however, a great difference between a formal amalgamation of heterogeneous styles and that really human amalgamation of what is good in individual periods and nations, which will ever continue to be one of the highest aims of culture. Since we fully recognised the full worth not of the old classical culture alone, but also that of the East, and the middle ages, an improper tendency to mix all styles, which should be severely blamed, has, in consequence of the powerful example set by Goëthe, crept in, especially among the poets of our own days. Goëthe took delight in playing with foreign styles, and sought exercise for his dilettantism not only in their variety, but also in their bizarre mixture. Thus he brought into fashion the western-oriental, the classico-romantic style; which, in his view, was really only an optical mixture of colours, best to be explained from his *Farbenlehre*. Though this toying, viewed as such, may be pardoned in its inventor, yet it is exceedingly tasteless to

sanction it as a style, to continue it, and treat it seriously. Fouquè, Ernst Schulze, and many other epic poets, have strangely intermingled the styles of Homer, Ossian, the Niebelungen, the Edda, Tasso, Ariosto, &c.; our lyric poetry, too, being pitched to the key of every nation in the world, it sounds strange to hear the same poet jingling at one time oriental ghaselen[3], at another Alcaic hymns; now old German, then old Spanish romances.

I have already given my full opinion on these subjects in a review of Stieglitz's Pictures of the East, which I shall quote here.

"German Literature is like a madhouse, in which some hundreds of fools are aping the costume and habits, the language and ideas of a hundred different nations of ancient and modern times. Gallo-maniacs, Anglo-maniacs, Italo-maniacs, Hispano-maniacs, Normanno-maniacs, Greco-maniacs, Turco-maniacs, Perso-maniacs, Indo-maniacs, Chineso-maniacs, Iroqueso-maniacs, as they are, these good honest German Philistines, with all these various different tendencies, sit together quite harmoniously, and amuse themselves with playing at the history of the world. Their serious manner of doing so proves that they are mad. Were they but masks, it would be a very

[3] *Ghaselen.* A kind of poems in which the measures resemble those common among Persian and other eastern nations. They were introduced into Germany by Graf Pluten and Fr. Rückert. They are, like the poems of Ferdusi, principally devoted to the praise of roses and wine.

pleasant carnival; but the fools make a serious affair of the thing.

"We are fully entitled to appropriate to ourselves the poetry of other nations; for the beautiful belongs to all who see and acknowledge it. Thanks, therefore, to those men who opened up to us the treasures of oriental poetry. But by this I do not mean to say that we should ape that poetry, and that any shorthand writer should sit down and boldly ask us to look upon him as a second Hafiz. We may, with justice, take pleasure in those pictures of the East which oriental painters have themselves drawn; but it is sheer folly in any dauber to fancy that he, with his faded water-colours, can equal those pictures fresh and glowing with life. What can be more gladdening than to see a nation representing itself in its own peculiar and beautiful manner? what more repulsive than the affected imitation of these unattainable peculiarities of foreigners?—Hafiz and Stieglitz, Baqui and Stieglitz, Montenabbi and Stieglitz, Ferdusi and Stieglitz, Dschemi and Stieglitz, Kaledasa and Stieglitz!

"There is only one case in which imitations do not displease—when a great poet imparts to the borrowed form a higher spirit. This Stieglitz has not done. All the thoughts, all the images which we find in him are borrowed from, nay, are often only transcripts of the oriental originals. There is nothing new, profound, or sublime; and in general nothing of his own, except here and there some sweet sentimentalities, very little suited to the subject. He first leads us to Arabia, where

he makes some decent tribes fight with one another; and while doing so, some well-known traits of Arabian customs are mentioned. But how weak, discoloured, and wishy-washy are these when compared with the Seven bright-beaming Pleiades[4]—with the Moallakât engraven in gold in the old temple of Mecca? What care we for these miserable milk-and-water imitations, since we possess the original in Hartmann's beautiful translation? Stieglitz then transports us to Persia, where he presents us with scénes in the harem, in the odorous gardens, in the bazaars, &c., which we can get far better in the original. Where do we in his works find any trace of the splendour of Zoroaster, of the rich teeming fancy of Ferdusi, of the sanctity of Schirin, or of the sweet intoxication of Baqui? They are all mere copies.

"Even allowing that some lovely traces of the originals are to be found in these imitations, yet we must condemn the whole copying mania and style. What are the imitations of even Thomas Moore, Rückert and Platen, men really richly endowed with the spirit of poetry, when compared

[4] During the fifth century there were held at Mecca poetical contests, the poems victorious at which were written in golden letters (*Modsahhabât*) upon byssus, and hung up (*Moallakât*) in the Caaba at Mecca. The collection of the Moallakât contained seven poems by seven authors—Amralkeis, Tharafah, Zoheir, Sebid, Anthara, Amrei ben Culthum, and Hareth.

These were all translated into German by Hartmann, under the title Die hellsbrahlenden Pleiaden am arabischen poetischen Himmel—The bright-beaming Pleiades of the Heaven of Arabian Poetry, with Notes and Preface.

with the originals? we cannot bear to hear them named together. It is a greater disgrace, however, that in consequence of the increasing spread of imitations, the originals themselves seem to be forgotten. Hammer's translation of the divine poem Schirin, a work surpassed by none but those of Homer and Shakspere, has passed through only one edition, whilst the comparatively insignificant imitation, Lalla Rookh, has already been translated three or four times. Much that is excellent has not been at all, or only partly or ill-translated: who cares for the originals? who directs our attention to them? Had Goëthe's *West-oestlicher Divan* contributed to this, it would have been very praiseworthy; but it has only shown to our young poets how easy it is to string together, by an affectation of orientalism, a volume of poems, which may succeed like a new fashion. Stieglitz himself, imitating Goëthe on this very point, has not hesitated to consider his Pictures of the East as a gift entitling him to the boundless thanks of the universe. He describes to us, with a ceremonious reverence, the course which his mind pursued before it hit upon the grand idea of the Pictures of the East; and yet he is honest enough to confess that a frequent contemplation of the engravings relating to the East, which are in the Berlin library, was the chief cause of his inspiration. This fact is an excellent characteristic of the fantastic and ghostly nature of our modern poetry. Removed from reality, far from nature and life, these poets make books their only study; they draw all their ideas

and images from paper, only in order to body them forth again upon it: they embrace shadows only in order to produce new ones. Thus it comes to pass that every beautiful reality, all the grandeur of antiquity, every charm of ever-young nature is, by the diseased imaginations of our poets, transformed into another false representation of a false representation, bearing but a distant likeness to the original. Thus originates that unnaturalness of nature, as described in books; that caricature of nations and ages, which, as far as books circulate, confounds the world in one immense lie."

THE TRADE OF LITERATURE.

IF we look back to the time when each book existed only in a few manuscript copies, we may easily conceive what an immense superiority modern literature has acquired by means of the machinery of the printing-press, and by the book-trade. Though a blessing for all ages has therein originated, though we Germans may boast for ever of this invention, yet we must not shut our eyes to some disadvantages which are the necessary result of an increased literary trade. The natural desire for literary communication, and the multiplication of good books, had no sooner been satisfied by the beneficial mechanism of the printing-press, than there arose that artificial craving produced by the trade. Book-making having become a profitable trade, authors as well as publishers have of late speculated deeply in it, and addressed themselves to all the

foibles of human nature, to all the passing fashions of the day, in order to palm upon the public their literary wares. There are but few publishers who have acquired a name in history, and merited the warm thanks of their country by their disinterested encouragement of everything true, good, and beautiful, which required their support. A publisher possessed of sufficient means, has before him a noble sphere of action. He can assist the good author, and repress the bad one. He can by a skilful selection of articles advance or retard to a certain extent the progress of culture and taste; he can exercise some influence over the public, as the manager of a theatre does, on a small scale, by his good or bad selection of pieces for representation. He possesses the noble, the exalting calling of being a Mæcenas. He can by his patronage afford to many a genius free scope for unfolding itself, and can bring into notice what is concealed or not appreciated; thus often making us indebted to him for the wisdom of the sage which exalts, or the strains of the poet which delight us. Finally, he can, by means of his position, survey literature as a whole, and thus, observing the omissions, give salutary hints to authors, to smooth their paths, and secretly direct the various powers of the scholar or man of genius. To accomplish this honourable and great vocation, the publisher must have not only a clear head and generous disposition, but also considerable pecuniary resources, requisites rarely found united. If we reflect, moreover, that even the best pub-

lisher is always dependent, partly upon the public and its desire for novelty, and partly upon authors, we cannot expect from him alone any very great addition to the value and prosperity of literature.

The majority of publishers are mere shopkeepers, who, provided they make money, care very little whether they deal in corn or in truth, in sugar or in novels, in pepper or in satires. The bookseller is either a manufacturer or retailer; or both together. Books are his wares. His aim is gain; the means to attain this, the relative, not the absolute worth of his wares,—a quality which depends upon the wants of the purchasers. Whatever sells best is the best article, even though it be a disgrace to literature. Whatever finds no purchaser is a bad article, even though it were a revelation from the seventh heaven. No book will find purchasers, unless it either suit the known taste of the public, or, by flattering its tastes and foibles, can originate a new fashion. The publishers, therefore, commonly patronise what is trivial and adventurous. If the public are to be informed that a book suits their taste, the title must be attractive. Publishers, therefore, value a good title more highly than a good book; or the latter, only for the former; and thus originates a rivalry among the booksellers to devise the most attractive titles. But where does the publisher find those wares which he considers good? They do not so frequently grow wild that he can become rich by their natural production. They must therefore

be artificially produced. The common *stall-feeding* of authors is therefore introduced, in place of allowing them to dwell amidst their bare yet nutritive Alpine pastures. The publisher maintains them, and they furnish him with milk, butter, cheese, skin and bones. Is a publisher ever in want of such bondsmen? There are always more than he requires, ready to pick up the crumbs which fall from his table. The more books there are manufactured, the worse they become; the worse they are, the easier it is to write them; the easier it is, of course there can be found the more who are able to do it;—especially since the crowd of students at our universities has become so great, Germany is thronged with multitudes, who, in want of any fixed employment, immediately begin to write books; thus reaping as soon as possible the fruits of what they have learned, and inundating the world with an immense number of crude and boyish works.

One of the most industrious book-manufacturers is Bäuerle of (Vienna), who almost daily publishes a new collection of panegyrics on the imperial family; thus forcing all the public servants, if they do not wish to be considered as bad subjects, to buy, at whatever cost, his farragos.

But even distinguished authors of long standing, often vie with the speculative publisher in abusing the credit of their name, and palming upon the public which was pleased with one of their works because it was good, ten or twenty bad ones. Thence comes it that every old scrap

of paper is searched for, and when found, looked upon as something valuable; hence arise those Memoirs, Posthumous Remains, and Correspondences, containing, in a long series of expensive volumes, which the public is good-natured enough to buy merely out of respect for the name of the author, discussions on the most trivial topics of the day.

But the foulest blot upon the German book-trade is the still-prevailing literary piracy, which is carried on to a great extent in Austria. In Würtemberg too, where I live, there is a crowd of such privileged thieves, who, with a wonderful shamelessness, puff their articles in the public papers, boast of their robbery, and laugh at the legitimate publisher. It cannot be denied, that some booksellers fix the price of their articles so exorbitantly high, that piracy is of service to the reading public in counteracting this overcharging. But this adventitious advantage does not justify the theft. Crispin, who stole the leather, to make shoes for the poor, was not on this account the less a knave. Piracy is, if not as injurious, yet, in point of equity, as reprehensible, as forgery.

Piracy, however, will soon disappear from Germany, whilst the manufacturing of bad books will remain. Against the latter, therefore, let us contend, showing as little mercy to the literary mob, as to the literary aristocrats [1].

[1] Since Menzel wrote the above, a great change has taken place in the laws respecting literary property in Germany. On November 9th, 1837, the Diet passed resolutions decreeing, that no literary productions of any kind, should be multiplied by

He who once writes solely for money, has lost all shame; one, because he must, from despair; another, as a matter of calculation, like a clown, in order thereby to attract a greater number of spectators. The common sins of these book-

means of mechanism without the consent of the author, or of him to whom the author had assigned his rights; that the right of the author, or his nominee, passes over to his heirs and successors, and shall be protected and acknowledged by all the states of the German confederacy for a period of *at least* ten years: that this period of ten years shall, for works published since 1817, be reckoned from the date of this decree, while, for all other publications, it shall be calculated from the date of their publication. Other clauses decreed, that if a book be published in parts, it shall, provided not more than three years elapse between the publication of such parts, reckon from the date of the last; that large and expensive works may have the period extended from ten to *not more* than twenty years, that the publisher of pirated works is liable for all loss sustained by the true proprietor; that all pirated copies may be seized by the government.

In consequence of a majority of the states of the confederacy having declared themselves in favour of a more extended period of protection than the above-mentioned minimum, it was also resolved, that, should circumstances not require it earlier, the Diet should, in the beginning of 1841, resume its consideration of this question.

On Dec. 18th, 1837, the Prussian government made a law, that the property of a literary work shall belong to the author "unconditionally during his life, and to heirs for thirty years after his death." Societies to possess the right for thirty years. This law to embrace musical compositions, etc. It was also decreed that the works of authors belonging to any country which prevented the pirating of works published in Prussia, should be protected in Prussia, a decree which does honour to Prussia, and which must be looked upon as the first step towards a universal international copyright.

makers, are,—dishonesty, which cares not about the means, provided it attract attention or meet with a ready sale; brutal scorn of honest authors, in whose trade they bungle; flattery of evil and secret inclinations, and palliation of vice, partly to cultivate a productive field, left to them by better authors, partly to make their readers participators in their guilt; hypocrisy, if they wish to wring the hard-earned savings from piety or honour; shameless theft and plagiarism from better works, which have been successful;—finally, all-encompassing, all-penetrating triviality, that insipid sauce in which everything is dressed.

Soon after the invention of printing the controversies which arose among the different religious sects inundated Germany with theological publications. When people at last became again a little more cheerful, the Belles Lettres began to flourish. As soon as the numerous advantages which authorship holds out to selfishness and ambition, became sufficiently apparent, every one wished to become an author; and even those who, had they been left to themselves, would have kept silence, were compelled by friends and disciples, attacks, and bad books, to take up the pen.

Publishers at last became aware what profits they might obtain, by communicating to the public all that was of interest in that empire of knowledge which had hitherto been the property of a few, by profaning what was holy, and by appropriating to themselves the noble and useful works of other nations: they therefore established

manufactories, and hired book-makers for all ranks, sexes, and ages, for the people, the young, the ladies, and in particular for the general readers, who, being most numerous, bought of course most books.

The influence of this state of things upon the value of literature is of various kinds, and has both its good and bad sides. It is a peculiarly encouraging sign of the times, that the culture of the mind is universally promoted; by every branch of knowledge being made of easy access, to every one who seeks after it. It is just as certain, however, that the primitive light of civilization, when broken into so many shades of colours, becomes dim, and that what is gained in quantity, is lost in quality. Heaven does not bestow the gifts of genius too lavishly. Many are called, but few are chosen; of a hundred German authors, scarcely one. What fools write, is like themselves; for no work belies its author. Good books are but too easily repressed by bad ones, and as most people shun all unnecessary exertion, they, when reading the superficial author whom they understand, willingly forget the profound one, who appears difficult to them. They entertain a certain reverence for everything in print; so that when they see their own commonplaces printed, they no longer acknowledge the superior value of better books. It may, to a certain extent, be accounted for by physical reasons that so much trash is written in Germany. It is well known that geniuses do not grow like trees in a forest, but single and solitary.

The many thousands of German works are written not by geniuses, but by common-rate men. Let it be understood, however, that I do not wish to detract from the honour of so many worthy Germans. A person may be one of the best, nay, even the wisest of men, and yet totally unable to compose a good book. Many an excellent man begins to appear somewhat silly, when he writes for the press; as, on the contrary, many seem to have an intellect only when they have their pen in their hand.

Many bad books are now produced among us, as in revolutions many bad men obtain the management of affairs. They are all-powerful for the moment; in the next, they fall back into their primitive nothingness. When the pious sigh, the mob laugh; when a prophet is angry, the crowd dare to despise him. Every attempt to defend truth, justice, and good taste, is rendered abortive by the shamelessness of the fashionable writers. Wherever a number of such rascals are collected, there originates an *esprit de corps*, which renders them as courageous as if their most sacred interests were at stake. We may talk on this point, but we can never hope to alter it. We can, like Tacitus, only describe the evil times upon which we have fallen, without presuming to attempt to amend them. We have but to "bide our time." Bad books have their season, just as vermin have. They come in swarms, and perish before we can conceive it possible. Where are the theological controversies of the seventeenth century? where the taste of the eighteenth? what is become of

Gottsched? How many thousand books have gone the way of all paper, or are now mouldering in libraries? Our books, however, will not last even so long, for the paper itself is as bad as the contents. Fashions, indeed, change; folly and vulgarity can always present themselves under new forms: yet the old sinners will certainly get their reward. The present tolerates no judge, but the past always finds the most just one. Even our fools know and despise those of a past age, without ever dreaming that their own fate will be no better. By a lucky instinct of human nature we adopt of the literary inheritance left by past ages, only the best, or at least the most important. Of three good authors, one, at least, will be remembered by posterity; while, of a hundred bad ones, who are distinguished at present, not above one will hand down his evil example to posterity.

There are bad principles which manifest themselves in literature; and each party looks upon those of its opponent as pernicious; but each is entitled to utter its sentiments; the worst principle can be defended, even in a genial way, and to the honour of literature. A thorough devil is far more interesting than a silly, weak, and trivial angel. Literature, as well as life, is destroyed by bad powers, not by bad principles. Mediocrity, want of spirit, weakness, dread of genius, hatred of greatness, insolence and presumption on the part of the literary mob, and the silent or boasting democracy directed against higher and nobler spirits; in short, the vulgarity of authors is the besetting sin of literature. Men have, as was the case in the

French revolution, quietly supplanted principles and crept into their place. Instead of the opposing principles of different parties, the noble and base of all parties contend. There are but few good books; but these are written by men of every party, while all have innumerable bad ones. Whilst the masses are disputing about their principles and opinions, the few who are truly cultivated, raise their voice against the vulgarity of the crowd. They pay honour to every power, even to an hostile one; only mediocrity, falsehood, and weakness, are their irreconcileable enemies.

Circumstances contribute much to this superabundance of uncalled authors. Art has been profaned. People think that they no longer require a thorough knowledge of anything. Every one considers himself as much entitled to write as to speak. The professional learning of the caste has become so absurd, that it is in the power of the common sense of the laity to rebel against it, and to obtain an easy victory. Suddenly there emerged from among the dregs of the people publicists and novel writers, who, like Marseillois and Septembriseurs, broke in among the learned periwigs; nay, even Poissards were not wanting. How did it happen that females, in whom common sense is as it were innate, did not avail themselves of these sentiments and natural experience? why did they not wish to distinguish themselves by their talent, seeing that the career of glory lay open before them? Thus we now see a foolish army of women and children transform-

ing the tennis-court into a national assembly, and giving laws to the German public.

The scholar writes because he considers himself wiser than his neighbours, and because he looks upon authorship as his right and duty. The uninitiated (*die profanen*) write, because they think themselves cleverer and sounder than the learned; and because they, in wishing to lead us back to nature, look upon their own nature as the right one. It is, in truth, an ever-recurring delusion of the simple, the vain, and the young, to consider what is new to themselves as new to all. New scientific books are daily published, in which there is not a new thought for the world, however new the whole may have been to the author. As to poems, we are perfectly overwhelmed with them. If a youth has happened to fall in love, he thinks that the whole world is in love for the first time. He writes verses, and imagines that the like were never before seen. The mania of the general public for writing has not repressed that of the learned, but only incited it the more. The universities consider it their duty to write as much as the press can print; and learned books are the steps by which the aspirant ascends to higher offices. How many learned journals are on the very brink of starvation! but the honour of the university is at stake, and therefore the whole academic tribe is taxed for its support. How difficult is it for many a novice to scrape together materials for a book! but honour and office are at stake, and necessity breaks through even an iron skull. The

works, however, are 'to match,' and we can generally see in them marks of a labour which they are not worth.

We make it the longer the more a point to write popularly; to communicate to the general public all that is useful or instructive, that has been acquired by learning or from foreigners. Even the strictest sciences are so tricked out, that even the uneducated can understand a little of them. There are published, Mythologies for Ladies, Popular Literature on Astronomy, Domestic Medicines, Every Man his own Physician, Histories of the World for the Young, Philosophy in a Nutshell, Theology in eight volumes, or Hours of Devotion, and such like. A general children's fair is held, as at Christmas, and every bookseller's shop is full of writings for the 'elegant' world, the 'people,' the 'educated' classes, the 'ladies,' the 'German' women, those of 'riper' years, the 'darling' children, the 'sons and daughters of the aristocracy,' 'town and country people,' for every one, for all sorts of readers; in short, for as many as the bookseller's drum can muster together.

This endeavour to write simply, and so to instruct the uneducated classes is, in itself, as much to be praised as that learned arrogance which plumes itself upon its hieroglyphical language, and is proud that the public cannot understand it, is to be condemned. The small degree of precision with which scientific subjects are generally treated by those who write for the people, and the insipid

style which thus creeps in, may, to a certain extent, be excused on account of the public, to whose powers of comprehension the author must accommodate himself, if he wishes to be listened to and understood. We cannot, however, deny that it is the many *uncalled* authors who do most mischief in this department. Even the shallowest fellow takes upon him to write for the people, though he would be ashamed to write for the learned. Everybody considers the people good enough to form an audience, and bad enough to listen with patience to the most silly trash. Nothing appears so easy as to write for the people; for the less art we employ, the sooner are we understood; the more *nonchalant* we are, the more we write in a commonplace manner, the more do we harmonize with the great mass of our readers. The more a man descends to the narrowmindedness, the brutality, the prejudices, and the worthless dispositions of the crowd, the more will he flatter it and be flattered by it. To write ill for the people is, therefore, easy and profitable to bad authors, and this is carried so far as to become a crime. But to write well for the people is a very difficult matter, and is therefore very seldom done. He who tries to improve and ennoble the people, runs the risk of offending them. He who wishes to instruct them in higher things, has great difficulty in hitting the right tone. He either looks too onesidedly at the object, and speaks on it too learnedly and unintelligibly, or he looks as onesidedly at the crowd, and thus desecrates the

object by a method of exposition too trifling, nay, often ridiculous. Authors err on this point as often as preachers.

Yet in the chaos of books printed merely as a speculation, many good results originate. By this search for wants, or by their artificial production, in order to satisfy them with books, we must, of course, discover real ones, the satisfying of which must in all cases be very lucrative to the booksellers. Here must now be mentioned those 'unprecedentedly cheap editions,' of standard authors, which offer to the public the advantage of obtaining at a trifling expense the gems of literature, and to the publisher that of enriching himself, notwithstanding the lowness of his prices, by the immense number of purchasers.

We must here allude too, to the Encyclopedias, Conversations-Lexicons, Pocket Libraries, Résumés. Though these have in general the fault of being very superficial, yet they pave the way for better works of the same class; and who can deny, that, by such cheap collections, much knowledge is disseminated among all ranks. The Conversations-Lexicon of Brockhaus, for instance, is far from being complete, being on some subjects too short, on others too long; but being in everybody's hands, it diffuses an immense quantity of information among the middle classes.

The periodical literature, however, supplies to the greatest extent this necessity for a rapid survey. Without it, the mass of books would be like an immense city full of houses, but without streets or squares. It is easy to see that the Germans

are becoming gradually more uncomfortable in their houses, that they visit the market more frequently than formerly, that private libraries are on the decrease, while reading societies, club-rooms, and coffee-houses are on the increase. We Germans, however, are yet far behind the English and French in the stupendous scale on which they conduct their newspapers. Our political dismemberment, the circumstance of there being so many petty states and towns, each with its local interests and local papers, would itself prevent any paper from having a large circulation, even though the only point on which we are united, that of want of liberty of the press, did not clip its wings whenever they attempt to sprout out. Our political papers live, when servile, an eternal death; die, when liberal, an eternal life. The other periodicals scattered over the whole of Germany, may be divided into academic moss-grown literary gazettes of single universities, and into journals devoted to the criticism of the Belles Lettres, which are calculated principally for female readers. We shall speak of these under their respective departments.

As that political oppression which weighs upon Germany has commonly promoted professional bigotry, nightcap wisdom, (*schlafmutzenweisheit*) and, in consequence of our inactivity in other respects, mechanical book-making, so, for the very same reason, the spirit of literature has been ruined by the censorship imposed upon the press; the good has been suppressed, the bad promoted. Many a flower remains closed

in the shade, but there the mushroom sprouts luxuriantly. The restraint imposed on the press, however, extends, it is true, only to certain branches of literature, yet in others, unshackled by any censor, as many sins are committed. We can only say that the fetters imposed upon the press deaden the spirit of the nation, by repressing its individual emanations, as the whole body becomes sick when one member is injured.

The powerful influence which the press has in forming public opinion, and the influence of opinion upon action, render literature an important object of political superintendence. Every state, in as far as it claims a right to its existence, and, in doing so, recognises not only the right but also the duty of self-preservation, must necessarily take care that literature disseminates no opinions which can endanger that existence. This it endeavours to effect by means of the censorship. But whether that end, which is sanctioned by the public law, be not opposed to the natural rights of man, whether, on that account, it be possible to attain it, and whether the means, censorship, be the proper means, are all totally different questions.

Man has a natural right to communicate his sentiments. From communication originates all culture, the highest aim of mankind. If a state forbid communication, it impedes the progress of culture. Had the first state had both the right and the power of preventing the intercourse of its citizens, all culture would have been impossible, and we should yet have been standing upon the

first step. But we have already passed many steps; and by what means? either by the state not having prevented that intercourse which promotes civilization, or by the natural rights of man having overcome the law of the state, by the despotic states having been swept away by revolutions, and free ones having been erected in their place.

Right should not be derived from might, but might from right: might has as little right to injure young crops or to kill children as to destroy embryo books. Is it really possible that a preventive censorship, a general police regulation, by which future evils may be prevented, could be made to harmonize with the liberty and weal of all as much as those judicial measures by which overt acts are punished? If society is already looking with a jealous eye upon judicial authority, how much more must this be the case in regard to that preventive power, which, more to be dreaded than the Fehmgericht[2], judges not only in secret, but even before the deed is committed? It is well known that the only guarantee for a proper administration of justice is publicity: censorship requires at least as safe a guarantee; but publicity is incompatible with its very nature. It is intended to prevent certain ideas from becoming public: how then can the censorship be exercised without caprice and injustice creeping in? Amidst the immense variety of possible turns of thought

[2] A secret tribunal which existed in Westphalia during the middle ages.

and expression, it is impossible to find a fixed uniform standard by which they may be judged; we cannot give to the censor a fixed rule of guidance; we must intrust to him the verdict, as the court does to the jury. But the jury are controlled by the people: who controls the censors who condemn in the dark?

Severe regulations, which punish every offence committed by the press, seem fully sufficient for the public safety, so long as might is subordinate to right; but as soon as right becomes subordinate to a preponderating might, the censorship will be put into operation: this arises from the nature of things. Thus in France the democratical censorship alternated with the monarchical; thus censorship returned with power, no matter which side possessed the power.

The principal advantage to be derived from the complete liberty of the press is the suppression of its licentiousness; this licentiousness is powerful, and dangerous only in so far as it seems unwontedly bold and audacious. It loses all its importance the moment it becomes common; England has long been a standing proof of this. There the most poisonous exhalations of the press are looked upon as merely what they really are, the powerless struggles of a minority; *people are not at all surprised at them:* this is the true secret of the liberty of the press. An every-day boldness is no longer looked upon as boldness, but only as something of every-day occurrence: the licentiousness of the press must be restricted before it can possess the charm of forbidden

things. The permitted offence is no longer an offence: many hundred libels and caricatures were levelled at Pitt, without his great fame being the least tarnished thereby. We shall wonder for probably a hundred years to come at Kotzebue's Bahrdt with the Iron Forehead; while in London or Paris such lampoons are forgotten in a few days. One of those (*Klochenbringk*) ridiculed by Kotzebue in that publication became insane in consequence; in Paris or London he would only have laughed at it. The difference lies in habit alone: there are no better means of vanquishing calumny, hatred, and jealousy, than allowing them to lower themselves in public opinion; to bawl till they are hoarse. Liberty of the press is the sun which gradually extracts from the poison exposed to its rays all its power, whilst if kept in the dark it retains it, in order to manifest it as occasion offers: liberty of the press is the open air, into which the steam co-operates; whilst if kept pent up in a narrow space, it acquires a destructive force. The French ministry have certainly acted unwisely in again conferring upon the press which had already, by its licentiousness, rendered itself despicable and weak, the honour of martyrdom.

We must find more fault with censorship for what it gives us than what it deprives us of: that it sometimes suppresses truth is a pity; but it is a still greater pity that it calls forth falsehood and insipidity. It has, doubtless, some share in producing that roving fantasy which shuns practical life, and still more in calling into existence those prejudiced opinions which have hitherto

prevailed in our political literature. Dreamy enthusiasm is permitted us, especially if it be in an incomprehensible philosophical language; but we must not dare to think of putting our theories into practice, even if we wished to do so. Many a one who wishes to speak the truth, purposely surrounds it with a mist, through which no common censor, but at the same time no common public, can penetrate. On the other hand, practical men take an interest in the most prosaic and empirical matters; but they take care never to pay any attention to better theories; palliating their indolence on political grounds. There is a crowd of authors, who, close beneath the snow-line of politics, never attain to more than a stunted growth; who without being treacherous, are yet not honest; who without being liars, dare not tell the truth; and with a sorry mediocrity hope to live in good terms with both the spirit of the age and the censorship. Their element being generally mediocrity (*albheit*), they feel quite at home in an age like ours. However much they may indulge in tirades against the censorship, they find it as convenient a thing as the ultras do; they place themselves with an assumed mien of wisdom upon the tripod, and give forth their oracles; ordering, with their finger on their nose, a mysterious silence, if they happen to hit upon a truth; rejecting every something as too much, and admitting every nothing as something. People who in an excited period would not dare to open their mouths, now chatter their fill; they now recover from their long silence. They do not

deny that they write somewhat superficially, but they whisper confidentially in our ear that it was done purposely; that they were obliged to tread softly; that they were allowed to tell the people but little, but they have much still in reserve.

In addition to this insipid mediocrity of those who commonly presume to speak of great and serious things, we are disgusted with the arrogance of a far more pernicious contentedness, shown by the commonplace Philistines of literature; to whom the ideas fatherland, honour,—to whom everything great and noble is become strange; who draw the nightcap of domestic and mawkish sentimentality deep over their ears, and who know of nothing which takes place out of their own houses but the theatre and the gossip about the actors[3]. Almost the whole of our entertaining literature is calculated for the meridian of those happy Phæacians who eat, drink, sleep, and intrigue, but pay no attention to political life, to the history of the world, to the disgrace and honour of nations. Can a nation sink deeper than in producing such a numerous public, so thoroughly effeminate and childish; than in fearing to say anything, or daring even to think of anything which might exalt the soul of man?

In this sense, I firmly believe that the liberty of the press is quite indispensable to our intellectual emancipation; it alone can, by allowing the more manly spirits to speak out, by silencing the women, the children, and weaklings, free

[3] See Carlyle's Miscellaneous Works.

German literature from that mire in which it is now sunk.

But all minds cannot be emasculated; censorship, even when combined with the greatest tyranny, cannot prevent the deep-drawn breathing of life, the mental respiration. Though we tie a bird's bill and break its wings, yet it will live by breathing through the broken bones.

Truth is not lost, even though we do not meet with it in every street; it is the more deeply rooted in the mind the less it is talked about. A nation which wants freedom of the press is commonly educated enough to think what it dare not utter. It is certain that all additional restrictions imposed on the press, new mental interdicts, will, if they take place at all, have as little effect as the former ones. There is only one charm which can lay spirits; it is called FREEDOM and RIGHT. He who forgets this charm may bind the spirits with ropes and iron, yet he will not lay them; he may bury them alive, and heap lime upon them for years; yet all at once they will again rise in triumph from their graves, mocking his vain labours. But it often happens that in place of the good spirits who have been expelled, evil ones return uninvited. He who would not enter into a league of amity with the good spirits, must often, against his inclination, wage war against the evil ones, which, in their fierce rage, destroy the exorcist. The pure temperate atmosphere of freedom is healthful to all, and is the true element of peace and order; the oppressive sultriness of the censorship is the only course which produces

those popular thunderclouds, which, darting out their crashing bolts, sweep along. We often chaffer with the moderate doctrinaires about a little grain, which the anarchists afterwards measure in bushels. People must speak, but let care be taken who speaks; lest when one stops others begin whose language is as the roaring of the lion or the surge of the ocean. Why did Tarquin permit the first six books of the Sibyl to be burned?—in them good fortune was announced. There remained to him only the three last, which prophesied nothing but misfortune.

The German nation has proved that it can think, in spite of the censorship. It has for some time had the appearance of being about to utter what it thinks. The year 1831 was marked by a great advancement in the liberty of the press.

Even without liberty of press, even when restricted by the fetters of the censorship, public opinion has, during the present European crisis, exercised a beneficial influence upon our literature. If we read with an impartial eye the numerous political journals which daily arise, we must confess that they are nobly distinguished from those of former years, both in the subjects of which they treat and in the manner in which these subjects are treated. If we compare the spirit of the present political journals of Germany with the spirit which prevailed from 1813 to 1819, we cannot but see that we have given up the dreams and extravagances of that period, and that we no longer dispute about vain theories and romantic notions, but about inductive principles,

positive rights, and distinct local wants. If we look to the immense number of clever articles, written by men versed in their respective subjects, which daily appear in the German papers, we cannot but see that political knowledge has already penetrated deeply among the lower orders, and that it no longer resides exclusively with the single Coryphæi of literature, many of whom have to withdraw, with feelings of shame, from before the public opinion of the people.

We have, in our general reviews of literature, been steadily pursuing the course followed by the spirit of the age; and often as we have praised and reviewed the extraordinary assiduity and fortunate progress displayed in the study of the historical and natural sciences, we have just as often had to bewail the abuse and degradation of philosophy, theology, state-sciences, jurisprudence, and poetry; in short, of all the branches of literature in which the caprices of the intellect and of the imagination are less restrained. Censorship and the mental depression of the age have exercised an injurious and negative influence upon these branches of literature; and it is a fact, that no former period of our German literature produced so much that is bad and unworthy of the human mind, as that which has elapsed since the passing of the Carlsbad decrees[4]. Every one

[4] When the promises of constitutional government held out by the governments of Germany at the beginning of the Liberation war, especially those contained in the proclamation of Kalisch, of the 28th of February 1813, signed by Prussia and Russia, promises which greatly contributed to rouse the nation,

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may have met with some false theory; but as there are too many books, and but few to review

were, at the end of the war, left unfulfilled, a general dissatisfaction spread through the whole of the country. This feeling found most nourishment in the universities. The students, who had almost to a man borne arms in defence of their fatherland, felt anxious to re-establish the ancient freedom, as well as glory, of their country. Filled with this desire for the political regeneration of their country, they established the *Burschenschaft*. As the governments did nothing to assuage the general discontent, and as even hirelings in the pay of foreign powers mocked at those who wished and hoped for better institutions in their country, a student of theology in Jena named Karl Ludwig Sand, was roused to such a pitch of fanaticism, that he stabbed Kotzebue, then in the pay of the emperor of Russia, in his own house, at Mannheim, on the 23rd of March 1819.

A similar attempt was made about the same time upon the life of the president Ibell, a state officer of the duke of Nassau, by an apothecary named Lünig.

Government now became aware of the danger which threatened them from the excited state of the public mind. They therefore resolved upon holding a congress at Carlsbad, the result of which was the so-called Carlsbad decrees, published 20th of September 1819.

They are under four heads, the contents of each of which are as follows:—

I. The means of executing those decrees of the Diet, issued for the preservation of the internal safety of the public order, and for the protection of property.

II. The universities, the tendencies of the professors, the discipline and secret associations of the students, were to be watched over by special government-commissioners (*Regierungs-bevollmächtigte*). No teacher, professor, or student, dismissed from one university for political reasons, was to be admitted into any other within the bounds of the confederacy.

them, only the few who, like us, have been constantly engaged in the work of surveying literature, can compute the whole extent of the baseness which has resulted from the censorship. It might, perhaps, be borne, that many good books are, under such auspices, prevented from appearing;

III. Periodical publications, and all books containing less than *twenty* printed sheets were for five years (and after the expiry of that period for an indefinite time) subjected to a more severe censorship; every attack upon the existing institutions of Germany was to be particularly attended to; any sentence pronounced upon a book was to be confined to the book alone, and was in no case to extend to the author.

IV. To investigate into the "origin and various ramifications of those revolutionary actions and democratical associations directed against the existing institutions and internal peace of the whole confederacy, as well as against its individual states,"—a central committee of inquiry (*Central-untersuchungs-commission*) was appointed, which sat in Mainz till the 20th of September 1828.

A direct consequence of the decrees of Carlsbad were the ministerial conferences held at Vienna in 1819, to inquire into the thirteenth act of the German confederacy, by which constitutions had been promised to every German state. As this article was understood by the majority of the Germans as meaning constitutions similar to those of England and France, the governments found it advisable to give an explanation of the term *Landständische-Verfassung*. They said that it did not convey the idea of any more liberal constitution than that possessed by the provincial estates of Prussia and Austria, which possess no power but that of petitioning the king and of controlling some of the inferior actions of the provincial governor.

This addition to the league of the German confederacy is commonly called the Final Act (*Schluss-acte*), and bears date 15th May 1820.

but we cannot endure with patience to see bad works published in place of those good ones. Let him who entertains a doubt on this subject peruse the works of the last seventeen years, or cast a retrospective glance, and then make a comparison. How often are we compelled to remark that German philosophy, which was formerly always independent, nay, almost always liberal, has, in the lately prevailing systems, been coquetting with political power! How often are we compelled to see the theologians, who were formerly more conscious of their true calling, now serving power, on whatever side it be; the rationalists and freethinkers doing the same, by delivering up the church into the hands of the state; the pietists, by combating the desire for worldly affairs, and in particular for worldly freedom; and the mystics, by intrenching themselves in the darkness of the old hierarchy and jesuitism! How often are we compelled to see the teachers of public and private law leagued with the servile philosophers and preaching the most seditious doctrine! Men like Haller, Hugo, Schmalz, Jarke, &c., banishing every trace of reason and humanity out of law, and thus becoming the scornful defenders of despotism, monopolies, privileges, slavery, and bondage! How often have we had to reprehend this tendency to servilism among the poets, formerly so guiltless of such inclinations! There is no kind of servile fanaticism or servile sentimentality which has not within the last ten years been applauded in Germany. But this servilism no longer possessed the naïve character of former

times, the stamp of antique customs and forms; it was rather designedly false and delusive, speaking against its better convictions, and arming itself with all the arts of sophistry and poetical embellishment against the oppressed bitter spirit. We can mitigate nothing in this funeral sermon of the restoration.

We cannot tell to what a pitch of error, falsehood, and arrogance, our authors would have arrived, had not the eternal sympathy for truth and right among the people risen in arms. This reaction is accompanied by a refreshing breeze which dissipates the poisonous miasma of our standing literature. We hope that it will never return. But should the storm of war, caused by the complicated relations of European nations, sweep across our country, delaying, for a time, the prosperity of the virgin muse, yet we will hope for a return of that beautiful day which will bring to us the happiness and the polished refinements of a peace no longer hollow, and bearing within it the seeds of war, but really sincere and honest; a peace, in short, of freedom, not of slavery.

RELIGION.

TO religious literature must be accorded its time-hallowed precedence. The things of God must, as is fitting, be placed above those of man. The sacred object retains its worth, even when it seems more unworthily treated than the profane one. Even though we should expend more talent in the pursuit of science and art than in that of religion, the last will, nevertheless, remain the highest object of the strivings of the human mind.

Religion is that instinct implanted in man, which causes him to acknowledge a Supreme Being. The abstract idea of a Supreme Being is in itself one and the same in all men; of heavenly origin, and independent of all earthly modifications. The way and manner, however, in which men acknowledge, unfold, and represent this idea, is as various as men themselves; and, like every thing human, is subject to the laws of contrast and progression.

We generally speak of the influence which re-

ligion ought to have upon men, and too seldom reflect upon that which men in their turn really exercise upon religion. Religion, like the light of the sun, is something quite simple and homogeneous, but many different forms of religion spring from it in consequence of different individuals attaching different significations to its contents; just as the simple light is, by being absorbed by earthly objects, broken into many colours. Let us now turn for a moment from the religious sun, and look back upon the landscape enlightened by his rays, upon the great panorama of the nations, which, spread out before us, displays to our admiring view the variegated tableaux of their religions; and then perhaps we may be imbued with a true and vivid feeling of UNIVERSAL TOLERATION.

When we think on the doom to which all parties, in former times, condemned those who were opposed to them, and on the false toleration of our own; when we see how each religious sect, either openly or secretly, condemns every other, looking upon itself as the only right one, we cannot be surprised that the scoffer should make a mock of this contradiction. Religious exclusiveness is always ridiculous, and often something worse. For to what can it tend, except either to an endless religious war, or to the victory of one party? And of the two, the latter is more to be dreaded than the former, because onesidedness always establishes its dominion upon the basis of force and unnaturalness. What form of religion is so complete as to suit every climate, every na-

tion, every degree of civilization, every temperament? We might indeed consider Christianity as this ideal, were it not that all attempts to realize it, contradict one another, as is well known, in as many different ways, as there are different Christian sects, which condemn one another far more than even the ancient religious sects did, carrying out the principle of exclusiveness with a degree of strictness formerly unknown. What could be more lamentable, than that the strife of these Christian sects should last for ever; or that one of them should be victorious?

There remains, however, a third expedient, *conciliation*; by which, however, I by no means understand the pompous toleration of modern times; but, on the contrary, the deep and heartfelt recognition of all that is good in all religions, of the harmony of all true religious tones. As men are different by nature, and as these inborn differences, whether caused by climate or by a national idiosyncrasy, or by natural constitution of mind or body, will always continue; it cannot be expected that all mankind, or even one nation, will ever produce a complete harmony of religious feelings: this, however, is no reason why men should not at last arrive at a clear knowledge of their onesidedness; and why, as a consequence of this knowledge, giving up exclusiveness, each should not voluntarily look upon his own comfort as subordinate to the general harmony. It is certain that the religious tendency of one nation or one individual will always manifest itself either more in a sensuous or imaginative manner in the

æsthetical creation of religious symbols, myths, and ideals by the imagination: that of another, more in an ethical (*sittlich*) manner, in will and actions; that of a third, more in a sentimental (*gemüthlich*) manner, in feelings, enthusiasm, and rapture; that of a fourth, in a more intellectual (*verstandig*) manner, in thinking on the divine, and in religious systems: why, however, should every one who onesidedly follows one opinion, be forced to condemn the pursuance or deny the existence of other opinions? why should it not at last come to pass that each should not only tolerate, but even with conviction acknowledge the truth of the religious system of others; as formerly was the case in heathen times, when each it is true, adored his favourite god, yet without on that account denying the other gods? He who is impelled by his pre-eminent power of thought, to inquire after the divine in the depths of the intellect, should also acknowledge, that there still slumber in the depths of the soul other inclinations and powers, not less capable of approximating to the divine, though by different ways; and he should not look proudly down upon those, who, impelled by the power of their will, by an imaginative tendency, or by a disproportioned strength of feelings, are less distinguished for religious thoughts, than for religious actions, representations, and ecstacies. And in like manner inversely. The sensuous Italian, who, carried on by his æsthetical tendencies, has realized the most exalted religious ideals in his art of form and design, and in his sacred music,

should not despise the thinking theosophist, the strict moralist, the enthusiastic pietist. The moralist, in his turn, should acknowledge the unlimited rights of thought, of the imagination and of pious feelings, as well as his own predominant power of will; and the enthusiast, in fine, should be allowed to give himself up to all his religious raptures, without on that account wishing to deaden thought and will, and to condemn everything external and sensuous as worldly vanity.

The greatest mistake of all religious parties is, that they assume exclusiveness as a necessary postulate of reason, and firmly believe that there can be only one true religion, and that this only one is theirs. The truth of the matter, however, is, that no single religious opinion excludes all others, but on the contrary, rather presupposes and requires them, seeing that each in itself proceeds on a position correct, but only onesided. They must all be united; what is wanting in one, must be supplied by the others; what is exaggerated by one, must be brought to its proper level by the others; what is denied by the one, must be proved by the others; and all, like the various notes in music, must be strengthened and purified into harmony, by the rejection as well of unison as dissonance. Surely it could never be the intention of God that one of these voices should alone be heard in a perpetual solo, to the exclusion of all the rest; still less, that all should hold on a continual discord; it seems much rather intended that all should join in one world-wide fugue, in raising one great and glorious

chorus, in which the whole human race shall join.

By my reflections upon history as well as by my examinations into those powers of the human mind which lie at the foundation of all historical events, I have arrived at the deepfelt and firm conviction, that there can be, as far as regards religion, no absolute unity, but only as it were a confederacy, or (to retain the musical simile here so correct and just) only a harmony of various voices; and that the course which the whole history of mankind has taken, tends to this unity alone. Colours succeed each other only in order to be blended together in the rainbow.

History unfolds what slumbers in the human mind as in a germ. It is all one, whether we refer historical events to psychological causes; or the reverse. We must by either method arrive at the very same result, for history and psychology mutually confirm each other; and there is no psychological phenomenon which is not the cause of an historical event, no historical event which is not the consequence of a psychological phenomenon.

The mind is that internal paradise, from which well forth into the world the four sacred streams. The first fountain is in the senses, the second in the will, the third in the feelings, the fourth in the thoughts. From the first proceed all the æsthetical, from the second all the ethical, from the third all the pathetical, from the fourth, all the intellectual phenomena of life; all, however, participate in the religious. From religion they derive their common origin, to religion they tend back in all directions. The divine manifests

itself to the sense as to the will, to the feelings as to the intellect; it appears in a visible form, as in actions, in feelings as in thoughts. These are the four elements of the human soul, the four colours into which the divine beam is refracted. As there is no light but in colour, so there is nothing religious but what exists in sensuous perceptions, in moral actions, in the feelings of the heart, and the thoughts of the intellect.

The mind of man, however, is so constituted, that one of the four elements must predominate over the others; a general harmony, therefore, can exist only in a union of those minds thus onesidedly constituted. This onesided constitution of mind is called temperament; there are, therefore, four temperaments, varying according as each of the four primitive elements predominates in the mind. In the sanguine temperament the sense predominates, in the choleric the will, in the melancholic the feelings, in the phlegmatic the intellect. These temperaments are different in different individuals, and form according to sex, age, race, and climate, distinct genera. They are an inheritance received by man from nature, which he can never part with: temperament fixes unchangeably the character and all the tendencies of man. In him predominates one or other of the four above-mentioned streams of life. All the tendencies of the life of man bear testimony to this origin; and in all the events of history these temperaments are expressed, each after its own way. We shall now more closely consider how this is peculiarly the case in all religious phenomena.

The sanguine temperament has a peculiar ten-

dency towards the sensuous, and, indeed, is either more passive in the enjoyment of sensuous impressions, or more active in the creations which proceed from the imagination. Hence it is that it seeks God everywhere in a sensuous image or tone; it wishes to see God embodied, or at least to perceive the breath of his spirit and the thunder of his power; and even if a more spiritual religion should deprive it of its elemental idols, yet it still goes on, striving either to bring down what is most spiritual to work upon the senses, by means of symbols and the highest productions of art, or, at least, to work upon the religious feelings, through the senses, by means of architecture and sacred music.

In the choleric temperament the will prevails; and is likewise either more passive in its destination, in submission to the laws, or more active in bold aspirations and heroic deeds. Therefore it seeks God in a moral law; it wishes, in prophetic heroism, either to reveal the unknown will of God, or to fulfil that will already revealed in his law; it wishes to live, to act, to fight, to die for God.

The melancholic temperament is distinguished by the predominance of the feelings; either passively giving itself up to inward raptures and torments, or more actively to passions manifesting themselves outwardly. Therefore it seeks God in love; in the rapturous outpouring of a holy spirit, which fills the whole world with delight; boundless longing after boundless ecstacy, the torment of unsatisfied desire, and revelling in in-

ward enjoyment when these desires are satisfied —these are the symptoms of the religion of the feelings.

In the phlegmatic temperament, in which the senses, the will, and the feelings, appear quite deadened and blunted, the cold, calmly observing, reflecting intellect prevails; and in its turn is either more passive in comprehension and combination, or more active in penetration and philosophical speculation. Therefore it seeks God in a conception; it thinks God, and endeavours to obtain information, first of all as to the existence, and then as to the nature of the Supreme Being.

If we now inquire how these temperaments are distributed among men, we generally find, that with respect to the difference of sexes, the will and intellect predominate in the male, the feelings and sense in the female. As regards the difference of ages, it seems that the senses are first developed, next the will, third, the feelings, and, last of all, the intellect. The male is more inclined to act for God, or to think God; the female devotes herself more to religious feelings or sensuous perception. The sensuous splendour and sublimity of the service of God produce a very great impression upon the young: in youth the buoyant mind wishes to manifest itself in deeds; in a riper age the feelings are strengthened and purified; while in old age people are most inclined to meditate on the Eternal.

As regards the differences occasioned by climate or geographical position, it appears, that in the south the senses, in the north the will, in the

east the feelings, in the west the intellect, has each its peculiar abode. At the same time we cannot help observing a certain religious diagonal, which runs from the south-west to the north-east. The people of the south and east form a complete contrast to those of the north and west, and this contrast corresponds with that of the sexes. The nations of the south-east, with whom sense and feeling prevail, are more effeminate; those of the north-west, among whom the will and intellect predominate, are more masculine in their religious tendencies.

The historical difference, on the contrary, corresponds with that of the different periods of life. The course of development of the whole race offers the same spectacle as that represented in the life of the individual. The most ancient mythical religions being more sensuous, raised themselves, in Judaism, to an ethical height. With Christianity began the religion of the feelings, which has now passed into that of the intellect.

Men, however, are not separated according to such strictly defined lines, that the four principal tendencies do not run parallel or intersect one another in many different ways. In each religion, therefore, is found something at least of the others, as in each temperament a slight tinge of the rest. Each religion has a law and an art, a love and a system; in each have heroes, artists, enthusiasts, and philosophers been called into being; but one has always predominated, and this predominance of a onesided tendency, which repressed all the others, is significant of the different character of the

many religions into which men have hitherto been divided.

There are certain, and, as it were, chemical laws of affinity, according to which the mental as well as the physical elements unite themselves, and according to which alone the affinities of the different religious tendencies can be determined.

The will and the senses, the feelings and the intellect, form the most marked discords with each other, and are most decidedly opposed to each other, like north and south, east and west. Hence comes it that there is less sensitivity in an ethical religion, and less of the ethic in a sensuous one; in like manner there is least intellect in a religion of the feelings, and least of the feelings in a religion of the intellect.

On the other hand the intellect combines most readily with the will, as among the north-eastern nations; and the feelings most easily with the senses, as among those of the south-east. The will stands in a more distant relation to the feelings; the senses to the intellect.

Hence it follows, that an ethical religion has in it most of the intellect, less of the feelings, and least of all of the senses; a sensuous one, most of the feelings, less of the intellect, least of the will; a religion of feeling, most of the senses, less of the will, least of the intellect; finally, one based upon the understanding, more of the will, less of the senses, least of the feelings.

Such are the anthropological dissonances and concords, which we must understand before we can thread our way amidst the endless confusion

of religious tones. They allow of a mathematical proof, and are natural laws, against which we cannot and must not contend.

There is, however, besides this point of view, from which the religious phenomena are judged from below, from nature, a higher one which permits us to view them from above. The great majority of men, it is true, move carelessly amid this variegated play of colours on the surface of religious life; but individuals are driven by an inward force even into the depths of contemplation, where the divine mysteries are more fully unfolded to them. Mysticism itself is, it is true, still connected with the difference of the four religious elements, but contemplation is by its mystic symbols distinguished from common-place sensuous idolatry; mystic love from pietistic sentimentality and rapture; the magic power of mystic heroes and prophets from fanaticism and common-place asceticism; and, lastly, the far-reaching thought of the mystic theosophist from the common theological dialectic. A strange element, however, is everywhere called forth amid these higher powers and gifts of the mystics. That inward illumination which, even when the result of a long preparation, is nevertheless involuntary, is a fact upon which no false systems, no irrational claims can be founded; which should not be allured, yet which can as little be reasoned away.

Christianity has a mystic depth, which all deeply-penetrating minds strive to reach, and not merely a variegated surface upon which hollow minds may, in obedience to the influence of na-

ture, divide into sects, as it were, according to climate. This varied landscape possesses a significance only in so far as it bears a relation to that sun whose light it imbibes. As the innermost nature of Christianity is mystic, so was its origin; but in the course of its development it became subject to the natural contrasts. Catholicism was originally intended to be universal, and has long preserved the idea of a revelation of the divine to *all* the organs of men fitted for its reception. It received into its being that religious activity which cheerfully sacrifices itself, or courageously fights for heaven,—ardent love of God,—sweet devotion,—the deepest life of the feelings,—the representation of the divine in space,—art,—a holy sensuousness, and, in fine, even philosophy,—a profound inquiry into the Divine. It opened to man every path which leads from the earthly into the eternal.

Action, image, thought, feeling, interpenetrate one another; though still on the whole only one. And this it really was which gave to Catholicism so great an influence over men, and which, as a principle, still inherent in its nature, fails not to inspire even its opponents with reverence.

But the reality very soon fell far short of the idea. Incapable of remaining in this beautiful harmony of all their powers, men fell into extremes, which waged war against each other without having a right to do so, for the reproaches of each side are such that they counterbalance one another. Till the end of the middle ages, the outward characteristics were more visible, as, for

instance, the will-devoted to God, the christian deeds of the martyrs and heroes of the primitive church; after that time we see more of the imagination inspired, and the sensuous images hallowed by God, which have been produced by christian art. The Reformation, on the other hand, paid more attention to the inward features, to the feelings absorbed in God, as in pietism; to the intellect reflecting on the divine, as in philosophy and rationalism.

Each of these two periods derives advantages from its onesidedness, but it has also, from the same cause, deficiencies unfelt by the other. Before the Reformation, the want of feeling was accompanied by a hardheartedness and a barbarism, which was but too terribly manifested by the hierarchy in its oppression and persecution; the want of reflection, by a gross image-worship and superstition, for which we certainly would not exchange the more refined feelings and enlightenment of modern times. But our times, in consequence of a deficiency in religious energy and God-devoted heroism, of a deficiency of a taste for art, which sanctifies and beautifies nature, want much of what was great and glorious in past ages.

The catholic, the poetical mind, though he may feel himself impelled to believe in a sensuous revelation of the divine, will not deny that the religion of the middle ages had degenerated into a too coarse sensuousness; that the divine idea had been, as it were, overwhelmed and annihilated under the load of sensuous images and symbols; that miracles had been made vulgar, and that the

senses had usurped a domination, under which the reflecting intellect and the ardent feelings had suffered an oppression, against which they were forced to rise in arms. The church dominant mistrusted the intellect, and the inhuman means by which she attempted to destroy it, are well known. She mistrusted the feelings, and endeavoured to deaden them by forcing them to engage in mechanical outward observances. He who had to count his prayers could no longer pray. What wonder then, that the intellect, with its all-penetrating lightning, at last hurled to destruction the proud fabric of that church! But when it obtained the mastery, it was just as natural that it in its turn should fall into onesided excesses. It mistrusted that sensuousness to which it had formerly yielded, and condemned the use of all external symbols as well as the manifestation of God in the beautiful creations of art; nay, many of its defenders threw themselves into the opposite extreme, only for the purpose of counteracting the influence of beauty. The feelings, however, could not prosper, when opposed by the warlike collectedness of those intellects, which though they did not, it is true, consider them as an armed enemy, yet looked upon them as at best a doubtful neighbour, within whose precincts the enemy might easily seize upon a post; they therefore loaded them with the fetters of the word, as Catholicism had formerly forced upon them the outward fulfilment of the precepts of the gospel.

Then the maltreated heart, the pious enthusiasm of devout minds, took refuge in the perse-

cuted sects of pietism. But they, too, have been seized upon by a narrow onesidedness, in which they are perpetually kept by persecution. They are, as it were, drowned and dissolved in feelings; they can neither comprehend nor conceive the reality of the divine, like the Catholics, nor the law of the divine, like the Protestants. They float in the misty and formless. They mistrust the senses, because they look upon them as a fetter; because they strive to be raised from the firm footing of the earth into an invisible kingdom of bliss. They mistrust the intellect, because it everywhere acknowledges bounds, and will, therefore, not tolerate the boundless.

This is the great schism of communities in our times. In this way the idea has again been dissolved into representation, conception, and feeling, which must now seek their union in a higher state of development.

At present the parties are at peace. Whilst, on the one side, the polemics of learned theologians continue to rage, without much sympathy on the part of the people, on the other, many approximations and transitions take place. This state of peace must be ascribed, partly to the lassitude produced by former struggles, partly to the predominance of worldly inclinations and striving, amidst which religion is neglected. During last century our attention was distracted from the consideration of religious controversies by the sciences and arts; during the present, by politics. Though, during the last twenty years, they have again been more spoken of, yet the

spirit of the age is nowise inclined to enter upon such subjects. Only in times to come will the enigmas be solved, which are involved in our religious complications.

Nowhere is the influence of a former condition more strikingly displayed than in our church. All that we see of it bears the impress of the past; and what a past!—a state of war, which ended in both parties being petrified when about to join battle. We look up to the huge Roland-statues[1], which stand in the midst of our bustling market-places, and shudder a little at the size, or at the rage, or at the deadness of the mighty form. The position in

[1] There are in twenty-eight towns of Northern Germany, in the market-places, huge freestone statues of an armed man, with a lance or sword in his hand, called *Rolands-belder* or *Rolands*, supposed by the common people to represent that famous hero Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, who was said to have distinguished himself in conquering the Saxons. But, besides the improbability of the supposition, that a conquered nation should have erected so many statues in honour of its conqueror, (for almost all the towns in which these statues are met with lie in the old Saxon territory,) it is from different reasons evident that these statues are not more ancient than the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Antiquaries have different hypotheses as to their origin, the most probable one is, that they were symbols of the independent jurisdiction of the town in which one was placed. It may be remarked, that they are to be found only in those towns in which the old Magdeburg (Saxon) law, of which the Lübeck law is merely an amended code, was received. The principal towns in which such Rolands-belder are to be found, are the following: Hamburg, Bremen, Magdeburg, Halle, Burg, &c. The two best works are: 1. De Statuis Rolandinis, by Türk, Rostock, 1824. 2. Die Roland-Saüli, in Bremen Desseker, Bremen, 1828.

which we are placed with regard to the church is quite unique. Were a different belief assigned to each different tribe, or at least rank; did the accomplished believe and pray in a more refined manner than the general mass, then this would be nothing peculiar; but that one and the same nation, with like natural dispositions, a like destiny, a like culture, thronged together within the same narrow space, has, I will not say separated, but continued to remain separated, into churches so entirely distinct from each other, and without respect to rank and culture, is truly, no matter how much we have been accustomed to it, very extraordinary. The cause of these phenomena, however, of the permanence of this condition, and of our complacent view of it, lies in that very familiarity which must by degrees take place, after both parties are so exhausted that they can neither vanquish, fall, nor fight. It lies, moreover, in the circumstance of the church questions being comparatively thrust into the background, by those of science, economics, and politics, so that no one now cares about interesting himself exclusively about ecclesiastical matters. In the midst of peace, however, they from time to time extend their weapons with threatening gestures, which, however, are always rendered of none effect by important political movements. We may contend, that our age is so occupied with political interests, that the religious movements which become visible, can be looked upon only as consequences of the political one; nay, even that they are merely artificially produced by them.

The only independent, yet purely religious movement, which, though fostered by the pressure of political circumstances, does not in the least degree owe its organization to political ends, is pietism, to which, therefore, we must ascribe more real inborn strength than to the worn out machines of other parties.

Whilst almost every nation around us attaches itself exclusively to one or other religious creed, we Germans represent them altogether, in all their variety, and in their perpetual struggle. This is caused by our national character, by the great richness of intellectual capacity, above alluded to as peculiar to us. We have in us something mystic, which, when its harmony changes into dissonance, unfolds the whole extent of our mental tones; this was the reason, too, why we were the nation from whom, in a past age, proceeded, first, the perfect christian art, next the Reformation, and last of all that love of critical examination which now characterizes all religious parties. What people has done more for the development of Christianity, what one could have done more?

The present religious condition of Germany offers, in its apparent chaos, a highly instructive picture.

The whole history of Christianity, nay, even of heathenism, and, perhaps, also that of future Christianity, has its representatives in Germany and in German literature. In the catholic church the episcopal and papal parties are still opposed to each other; and from time to time appear

mystics, dominicans, and reformers. The Protestants represent partly the primitive Christians, partly those yet to come. Among them, therefore, we must not only expect to see all those weapons which have been directed against Catholicism in all ages, and from all quarters, but so far as their doctrines are positive, they contain the germs of future developments. Those who look to the future, find in Protestantism, as it at present exists, many and various deficiencies, so that very different opinions are to be found among the various members of this party. To conclude, paganism has preserved a voice, not only in the traditions of the catholic church, but even in the freethinking of some Protestants. Must we then still wonder at the immense variety of opinions and judgments which exist with respect to religion? The voices of past ages mingle with those of the present. He, therefore, who wishes to understand all these voices, must be able to survey all ages. No epoch was so uncivilized, that it may not find a representative in ours; and we may venture to say that none will be so noble that some sublime foreboding, at least of the present, is not its equal. This race, with its feet in the abyss and mire, has its head elevated among brilliant and lofty clouds, resplendent with the glories of the great orb of day.

We shall first speak of Catholicism. We must discriminate in all that is said for and against it, what we consider as its real essence. Most people see in it only a dead letter, few, very few, a living soul. Even its defenders attribute to the system

of statutes and prescriptions, that power which upholds and maintains it; and its adversaries are prejudiced by the same limited views, when they endeavour to bring letter into the field against letter, and to destroy the influence of one statute by means of another, of one interpretation by a different one. The nature of Catholicism, however, must not be sought in books. It is founded, not upon letters, but upon man: though all its books were burned, yet there would be Catholics as before. These books have as little effect upon it, as name has upon matter.

> "Name is but smoke and sound,
> Enshrouding heaven's glow[2]."

Catholicism is peculiarly agreeable to the sensuous tendency of the present age; but there lies in it some longings after the mysticism of the middle ages, a circumstance which preserves to it the affections of the people. There still resides in it that tendency towards that organic cognition and worship of God, which comprehends the whole man. Still, however, the senses, the mind, the intellect, and active life, have an equal share in the religion of the Catholics. Only in this sense is the Catholic church an universal one, for only that organic cognition presents, like the earth, all its sides to the light of heaven, and it is, therefore, the only one which can lay any claim to universality. What is here expressed as an idea, the uneducated Catholic feels as a dimly-felt want, which is but poorly satisfied by his church. He

[2] Faust, Act iv. Sc. 5.

sees his God; he feels himself seized with pious passion at the thought of his existence; he thanks him and acts for him. The catholic religion, therefore, satisfies the uneducated man better than any other; and even the most educated would be satisfied with it, would know of no other, did not one organ onesidedly prevail in him, which develops itself at the expense of the others; were not the age so far advanced as to be able to comprehend as much culture as perfect Catholicism requires. The idea of looking to or worshipping God with all our powers, in opposition to all other religions in which only one organ is made use of, is exceedingly simple; but the realization of a corresponding church surpasses the power of those generations which have hitherto lived or now live. I repeat, therefore, that only in the satisfying of that want, which the common Catholic finds rudely ingrafted on his church, lies the supporting power, the existence of Catholicism; and that the books, unknown to the people, are only onesided emanations of that power, intended for the use of the learned and to oppose the antagonists, and which, of course, are subject to all the deficiencies of science. He who attacks them gains an easy victory, but he does not therein meet with real Catholicism. All the mistakes, nay, even all the disgraceful arts of those whom the voice of the people, as well as the true voice of God, calls priests (*pfaffen*), have failed to deprive this exalted idea of aught of its dignity, if we but understand how to discriminate between the men and the matter.

Catholicism is more powerful out of literature than in it. It despises inquiry; it is satisfied with tradition; so that, in this way, it is compelled to oppose that flood of writings which attempt to prove the absurdity of these traditions. Tradition and the written word have always been opposed to each other. When Omar captured Alexandria, he ordered the immense library of that city, in which were stored up all the literary treasures of the age, to be burned; assigning as his reason for so doing, if these books contain what is contained in the Koran, we have no need of them, for we already have the Koran; but if there be aught else in them, they must be destroyed, for God is God, and Mohamed is his prophet; the Koran is his word; every thing beside cometh of evil. Those monks who denominated printing the black art, thought in a similar way; nay, the fire of Omar is a far more effective and consistent way of proceeding, than having a *Catalogus Librorum prohibitorum*; though, to be sure, the principle of both is one and the same.

Though Catholicism even after the Reformation, and in spite of the worldly tendency of the age, and of the modern philosophy, still maintained its former influence, yet catholic literature contributed little or nothing to this result. This literature had, in the hands of the scholastics, and afterwards in those of the jesuits, greatly degenerated; it had become a mere sophistical sparring for the temporal power of the pope, very different from the innocent and pious feelings of the

laity—a true chapel for the devil near the ancient church. All noble spirits shunned it, and took refuge, first in that mysticism which was directly opposed to popish scholasticism, then in the Reformation. There were but few jesuits who like Angelus Silesius, showed forth in childlike innocence the old catholic spirit; their nobler spirits, in so far as they were free from this spirit of lying, entered upon the study of the secular sciences, especially that of mathematics, and were thus lost to catholic theology, the jesuitical tendency of which after the Reformation cannot be excused even by the most indulgent or partial observer. Here all was black, black as hell; and if the pure devilry, the entire lying system which aimed at the stupefaction and deterioration of the human race, did not injure the catholic church, more than was really the case, this must be ascribed to the circumstance already mentioned, that the real internal life of this church is a stranger to the world of books.

That old jesuitical literature, the marks of which are visible even in the last century, fell at length, at least in Germany, into total disgrace. It had opposed the literature of Protestantism as long as it was itself possessed by the dark spirit of fanaticism; but, like the latter, it was compelled to make way for that genius of humane culture, which in the last century chased away the old night-begotten spirits.

Since that time the pious delusions of the Jansenists and illuminati[3], have occupied the

[3] None of the associations of modern times have made so

place of the enormous lying practised by the jesuits. The educated portion of the Catholics having seen the worthlessness of Jesuitism, retreated from it with fear, and sought their salvation in what was exactly opposed to it, namely, in an approximation to Protestantism. They formed the moderate party, or *juste milieu*, in Catholicism. Many of them would have become Protestants, had they not hoped that, by remaining in the bosom of the catholic church, they would have more influence in effecting her reform, than by leaving her. Others saw and acknowledged the onesidedness and degeneracy which existed even in Protestantism; they therefore longed for a reformation which should be without the excrecences of the former one. The majority, however, was satisfied with preserving morality; with

much noise, and in certain quarters produced so great awe as that of the *Illuminati* (the enlightened). It was founded by Adam Ushant, then professor of canon law in Ingolstadt, in Bavaria, on May 1st, 1776. The object which the founder had in view, was that of realizing the idea of educating men to a height of *humanity* hitherto unknown. He was steadfastly supported in his views by many eminent men, especially among the middle and higher classes of society. At one time there were about two thousand members. In 1785, the association was dissolved, and its meetings prohibited by the Bavarian government. But it still continued to exist. It may be difficult to say how far the founder had political objects in view; whether, if there were such, they were really afterwards embraced by the order, and whether they were in any way instrumental in producing the French Revolution, as has often been asserted. No doubt the influence of the order has been overrated, and the acts of individual members looked upon as emanating from the association.

reinstating, in lieu of the former falsehood and laxity of the church, a noble simplicity of morals; and this they could do without sacrificing the poetic charm of their former opinions, without falling into the dry prose of the Protestants. It would indeed be strange if the strictest protestant morality could not be acquired unless accompanied by protestant pedantry and boorish vulgarity.

The first impulse came from France, partly from Voltairism, which attacked the supineness, the superstition, and the vices of the church, with the satire of a Juvenal; partly from Jansenism, which, without wishing to injure or any way alter doctrines, wished for a reform which should be merely moral; the patriarch of this latter sect was Fenelon, the beau-ideal of its numerous adherents in Germany. In addition to these French examples held out to the German church, a closer acquaintance with that philosophy and poetry cultivated by the Protestants, exercised a great influence over the catholic spirit of innovation; and finally, the age of universal enlightenment, the age of Frederick the Great and Joseph II., was favourable to their progress.

Even so early as 1763, Hontheim[4], under the assumed name of Justinus Febronius, published a severe attack upon the popish system; the like was done by Isenbühl in 1778, but both were ob-

[4] Johann Nicolas von Hontheim, born at Treves, Jan. 27th, 1701, died at Mont Quentin, September 2nd, 1790. The work alluded to above, is entitled De Statu Ecclesiae Liber Singularis. He also wrote a history of his native town, Historia Trevenensis.

liged to succumb to the ecclesiastical power, which was yet unshaken in Bavaria, Salzburg, and the Rhenish provinces. Joseph II., in 1773, not only expelled from Austria the black vermin of the jesuits, which had so long tormented the Leopolds and Ferdinands[5], but even laid restrictions upon the exercise of the papal power in his dominions, emptied the cloisters as being nests of folly and immorality, promoted instruction, universal toleration, and every kind of humane culture and enlightenment. But he went almost too far in permitting two very superficial men, Blumauer and Alringer, to play the parts of Voltaire and Wieland in Austria, and who added to the old laxity of morals, which they only increased, frivolous and spiritless unbelief; these authors having become exceedingly popular, aided not a little in rendering the half-educated classes superficial and rude. Of about equal spirit was the philosopher Pezzl, who wrote the well known Faustin, Letters on Catholicism, and a Life of Joseph II.

Whilst enlightenment was thus celebrating its triumphs in Austria, it was as yet completely in the shade in Bavaria. The influence of the jesuits being there still predominant, the enlighteners were obliged to carry on their operations in secret; in consequence of which the association known by the name of the Illuminati was, in 1786, dissolved by the influence of the jesuits, and severely persecuted. But in the interim, the

[5] These were the usual names of the emperors of the House of Hapsburg.

warm rays of the sun had penetrated the ice-cold walls of the cloisters. The celebrated cloister-novel, Siegwart, by Miller, and the autobiographies of the fugitive monks Schad[6] and Brenner[7], are interesting literary-historical monuments of the time, inasmuch as they very plainly show the irresistible charm which the secret reading of protestant books, and especially of modern poets, exercised upon the youth educated by the jesuits in the faith of the Latin church; and how impossible it was to resist the charms of the new light and life, by means of the old ignorance.

After the commencement of the French Revolution, a complete change took place; Austria, which had been enlightened by the exertions of Joseph II., sunk back into its former darkness; Bavaria, on the contrary, along with anterior Austria, which had shortly before been so ultra-jesuitical in its notions, became tolerant, and propagated that moderate Jansenism which Joseph II. ought to have introduced into Austria at an earlier period, for it was undoubtedly more suitable for that country, than were the opinions of Voltaire. From this moment catholic theology entered the lists with protestant; exerting itself for the promotion of a purer morality, and a cautious criticism which should not blame too rashly.

[6] Schad, born November 11th, 1758. Confessions from the Cloister, published in Wieland's New German Mercury for 1797.

[7] Franz Xavier Brenner, born 23rd Dec. 1758. Autobiography; Tales and Ballads of Fishers.

The school at Freising which had quietly but surely been proceeding in the path of enlightenment, obtained great influence. The Benedictines of that place, mindful of former times, when their order alone was the representative of all learning, and of their position with respect to their rivals the jesuits, adopted the principles of modern times. In this memorable school was formed Werkmeister[8], who in his turn trained up numerous disciples. His attacks upon the adoration of the saints; the doctrine of the efficacy of good works, and a preponderance allowed to the senses in the public worship of God, aimed at producing, even within the bosom of Catholicism, a simpler, more spiritual, nay, even a more moral conception of Christianity. He wished to appropriate to Catholicism the advantages of Protestantism without its deficiencies, and without formally making converts. He particularly insisted upon a German liturgy, upon the giving up of the Latin and other mechanical ceremonies in the mass.

The venerable bishop Sailer[9], of Regensburg (Ratisbon) was the true Coryphaeus of this party. More fortunate than any of the others, he combined along with a genuine catholic reverence for every thing mysterious, a cheerful practical

[8] Benedict Maria Werkmeister, born at Füssen, 1745. Positions Logicæ; Sermons; On Modern Catholic Catechisms.

[9] Johann Michael Sailer, born in Bavaria, Nov. 17th, 1751, died at Regensburg, May 20th, 1752. Ascetic writings; Complete Prayer Book for Catholic Christians.

philosophy, a common sense suited to the present stage of civilization, and a very popular style. His doctrine of reason (*Vernunftlehre*), and Christian Ethics, his Wisdom in the Streets, his devotional books which were in everyone's hands, became the standard of catholic enlightenment in Germany. His works commonly influenced the intellect, while those of the coadjutor of the bishopric of Constance, Freiherr von Wessenberg[1], on the contrary, worked upon the feelings. The moral and poetical writings of this manysided and accomplished man, aim less at doctrinal enlightenment, than at ennobling the mind. In one of his poems he has celebrated his ideal Fenelon, a proof, if one were needed, to what an extent this mild French divine serves as a pattern to moderate Catholics. Wessenberg became still more remarkable in consequence of his quarrel with Rome, and of his defence of the German-catholic church against the encroachments of the ultramontanists[2].

These heroes of enlightened Catholicism have been joined by many interesting men, who lean more or less to certain extremes. Reyberger[3], who was contemporaneous with Werkmeister, de-

[1] Ignaz Heinrich von Wessenberg, Freiherr von Ampringen, born at Dresden, 1774, alive at Constance in Baden. Reflections on those subjects which contribute most to the Development of the Human Mind; Poems.

[2] A term used in Germany to denote those who maintained the unlimited power of the pope and the Roman see.

[3] Anton Karl Reyberger; Introduction to a System of Christian Morals.

clared that the laws of the church should be tried by scripture, and by reason, before being adopted. Influenced with these views, Klupfel Jahn, Hug[4], Dereser[5], and Batz[6], distinguished themselves as doctrinal and exegetical theologians in rational or scriptural expositions. The widely circulated periodicals of these men were joined by another journal, that of the theologians of Lenz, the Tubingen Quarterly Review, and finally, by the talented though unpretending periodical of Pflanz of Rotweil, the boldest defender of the celibacy of the clergy. Of late, however, a reaction has taken place detrimental to the school of Sailer, and favourable to that of the ultramontanists.

Many who outwardly agree with Wessenberg, wrote in defence of the German church. Praker, Kapler, Felder, Brenner, &c., followed the example of Werkmeister in insisting upon a German liturgy. Even so early as 1808, Schwarzel demanded the re-establishment of councils, a proposal, which though impracticable, was yet very characteristic of the feelings then prevalent. It was very natural, nay, I may even say pardonable,

[4] Hug, Johann Leonhard, born at Constance, June 1st, 1765; alive. Professor of Hermeneutics in Freiburg. Introduction to the Writings of the New Testament (English, 1827,) &c. &c.

[5] Thaddeus Dereser, born at Würzburg, 1757. Scripture Principles derived from the Pentateuch; Life of the Baptist; Rights and Duties of the Pope; Commentary on Matt. xvi. 18, 19; On Religious and Political Toleration.

[6] Johann Fried. Batz, born at Bamberg, Nov. 21st, 1770; died August 14th, 1807. Manna of Religion.

that there should be among this party, politicians who hoped that they would be able to make use of the temporal power in opposition to that of the pope, for Catholics have not yet had so much experience as Protestants on this point. Following out these principles, Gregel, and above all, the distinguished teacher of canon law, Michl, contended, during the reign of Napoleon, for the supremacy of the state over the church, in opposition to the papal chair, and, in doing so, went as far as the most servile Protestants, placing all spiritual power in the hands of the civil magistrate.

Philosophy, too, exercised an influence upon this party, who made no scruple of employing, as far as was possible, the modern philosophy, as well as that of the protestant universities, in the promoting Catholicism. Thus Zimmer[7] was a zealous follower of Kant; Cajetan Weiler[8], a disciple of Jacobi, contended, with an animosity unworthy of this gentle teacher, against the followers of Schelling, who supported the reaction. Salat[9], of Landshut, even went a step beyond this animo-

[7] Zimmer, Philosophical System of Religion; On the Idea of the Absolute; On the Decay of the Human Race.

[8] Cajetan von Weiler, born at Munich, August 2nd, 1762; died June 23rd, 1826. Attempt at a System of Education; Introduction to Free Views of Religious Thoughts; History of the Development of Religious Belief; Basis of Psychology; Spirit of Genuine Catholicism.

[9] J. Salat, Manual of the Higher Branches of Psychology, or Physical Anthropology; Representation of Moral Philosophy; Principles of an Universal Philosophy; Reason and Intellect;

sity, in fancying that he, in this reaction, had become a sacrifice to enlightenment. He had been left behind in Landshut when the university was transferred to Munich, a slight which he could never get the better of.

The moralists and preachers Mutschelle in Munich, Riegler in Bamberg, &c., joined the ranks of Sailer and Wessenberg. Graser[1], in Würzburg, distinguished himself much as a reformer of the Catholic schools. The Bible, as well as reason, having been employed in the examination of the tenets of the church, they, wishing to be equal with the Protestants, caused the Bible to be translated, as was carefully done by Leander van Ess[2], D. Brentano, Babor, and Dereser. These translators, afraid of shocking their readers by reminding them of Luther, could not retain his powerful and nervous style; their works, therefore, appear too modern, and comparatively weak and insipid. Church history was likewise studied and written with a new zeal, as for example by Michl Tannenmayer and Royko. Wolff's[3] excellent history of the jesuits

Socrates on the Contrast between Philosophy and Christianity.

[1] J. B. Graser, Divinity of Judaism, and its Reference to Christianity; Divinity, or Principles of one only True Education of Man; Relation of Graser's Method of Instruction to the Religious Method.

[2] Leander van Ess, born at Warburg, 1772. Translation of the New Testament; Quotations from the Bible, found in the Fathers.

[3] Peter Philipp Wolff, born January 28th, 1761. General

was formerly much read, and it assisted much in making this sect unpopular. At a later period, Von Bucher[4], by the publication of documents relating to the existence of this sect in Bavaria revived the hatred against it. The present age has again returned to the ultramontane side, as is proved by the church-historians Katerkamp and Stolberg. The valuable old catholic records edited by Binterim are purely antiquarian; while Carovè[5], occupies a position quite peculiar to himself in his historico-doctrinal works, in which are critically examined all the modern phenomena of the Catholic world and literature, and in which may be found the most faithful picture of its internal decay.

We must make a few general remarks upon this moderate party before we leave it. It is the younger sister of the Reformation; it has not, however, like it, abandoned its aged mother, but

History of the Jesuits, till 1790; On the Restoration of the Jesuits to their former honour; History of the Roman Catholic Church under Pius VI.; Tales—Lilienberg, &c.

[4] Anton von Bucher, born at Munich, January 8th, 1746; died January 1st, 1817; Jesuits in the Country; Good Friday Procession; Jesuits in Bavaria, before and after their Expulsion.

[5] Friedrich Wilhelm Carovè, born at Coblentz, June 20th, 1789; living at Frankfort on the Maine. The Alone-saving Church; What is the Roman Catholic Church; St. Simonism, and the Modern French Philosophy; Moss-roses, a volume containing, among other tales, the Tale without an End, (English, by Mrs. Austin.) His late works are, The Last Doings of Roman Catholicism in Germany; On the Celibacy of the Roman Catholic Clergy, &c. &c.

cherishes her with childlike forbearance. It has not deserted the ranks of the regular succession of catholic centuries, but has returned to the ninth, to the independence which the German church, and to the purity which doctrine then possessed in the time of Rhabanus Maurus. This party wishes for a German national church in opposition to ultramontanism, as well as an independent church in opposition to the secular power. It wants an intelligible German liturgy divested of Latin formulas, a national education in place of ignorance, a cheerful philosophy instead of gloomy superstition, and toleration instead of persecution. But this party is not yet sufficiently aware of its vocation. Placed half-way between rationalism and poetical ultramontanism, it has not yet gained a firm *footing*; it inclines most to the former, that is to the protestant side. Thence proceeds that wretched prose peculiar to it, the dry morality and the wishy-washy sentimentality, the jejune translations of the Bible, the fear entertained for every play of the imagination, and finally that inclination to political servilism—that liberalism, which so vaunts itself in the affairs of the church, whilst thundering out its anathemas against Rome, crouches before, and fawns upon the pettiest of the German petty princelings. These traits, which have lately occurred, disfiguring the character of one of our most respectable sects, are fortunately not the prevailing ones; on the contrary, the great majority of this party manifest a certain degree of patient unassuming modesty, a disinclination

to accept any advice which may happen to be offered, much good sound sense and understanding. The signs of the times show that the abolition of the laws regarding celibacy will become the watchword of a struggle, which, in no distant period, will separate this party from the ultramontanists, thus bringing it a step nearer to Protestantism.

It would be curious enough, were Portugal and Spain to precede the Germans on this point.

About the beginning of this century, it was looked upon as a matter of course that the whole of catholic Germany would proceed onward in the path of enlightenment; but the reverse soon became manifest. A violent jesuitical and papal reaction succeeded. This can be very easily accounted for, by the simple law of one extreme producing its opposite. That poetical element of Catholicism, long mistaken by the enlightenment, now triumphantly avenged itself, by infecting Protestanism itself. The mystic principle, mistaken by the feeble would-be-wise understanding, avenged itself by being reproduced in the bosom of protestant philosophy. Other circumstances contributed in calling forth this catholic and romantic reaction. The French Revolution had destroyed men's faith; Napoleon had dethroned the pope: all being now armed against France, Catholicism reassumed its old rights; it was at first smilingly acknowledged as a brother warrior, then when more closely viewed, admired, and deified—who could have believed (seemed people

to think after the restoration) that the old priest-craft contained so much of the beautiful? And each adopted that part of it which pleased his own taste: the German patriot selected the gothic fretwork; the poet the legends, the chivalrous romances, and love-songs; the statesman the historical principle and passive obedience.

This reaction commenced in the modest attempts of some Bavarians to incorporate the philosophy of Schelling in the catholic doctrines; among these were Buchner[6] and Thanner[7]; the stout Cajetan Weiler was the opponent of the system of Schelling in Bavaria. This contest about theories would have excited no attention had not poetry and politics, after having taken possession of the opinions of Schelling, promoted in other ways the catholic reaction. Friedrich Leopold Graf zu Stollberg[8], who, along with Bürger, was one of our earliest ballad writers, inspired by the chivalrous deeds of his ancestors, and filled with ancestral pride, stormed against the French Revolution, which had destroyed all that was old and time-honoured; throwing himself;

[6] Buchner, On Cognition and Philosophy; Principles of Ethics; The Nature of Religion.

[7] Ignaz Thanner, professor at Salzburg; Essay on the Representation of the Absolute; Compendium of Theoretical Philosophy; Logic, Metaphysics, and Aphorisms, &c.

[8] Born at Bramstedt, in Holstein, November 7th, 1750; died at Sondermühlen, near Osnabrück, December 5th, 1819. Poems; Novels; Life of Alfred the Great; History of the Religion of Jesus Christ. See Foreign Review, and Taylor's Survey of German Poetry.

therefore, into the opposite extreme, he became a Catholic; and, assuming the character of the German Chateaubriand, wrote with enthusiastic love a poetical history of religion: a work which may serve as an apotheosis of Catholicism, the nature of which had been so long misconceived. But he was almost exclusively governed by his feelings and imagination, and he possessed a sanguine temperament; a kind of softheartedness which he could never entirely cloak. This new ultramontanism began to be characterized by a deep seriousness and acute intellect, as soon as some who had been born and educated as Catholics imbued it with a love of Schelling's philosophy, of the revival of the ancient German poetry, and the mysticism of past ages.

The wonderful discovery was made, that—in the old catholic countries, on the banks of the Rhine, which are so rich in legendary lore, among the still preserved monuments and still more numerous ruins of the middle ages; in those countries, in short, into which protestant culture had not yet penetrated, and the old charm of childlike and superstitious Catholicism yet prevailed—there yet beat hearts filled with the spirit of the middle ages; and that the spirits of a past age had reached even into our philosophical century. There have doubtless been in every age men who must be considered as the representatives of other times, either past or to come. As in the middle ages, Arnold of Brescia, Petrarch, and the other forerunners of modern times, were even then imbued with a protestant-republican spirit;

so, in our time, there are representatives of the middle ages, who, though linked by no external tie to the past, are yet inspired by its nature, and have grown up along with it. They live, think, and feel, only in the sense of the middle ages; everything appears to them under this point of view; and though they are acquainted with the culture of modern times, yet this too pays homage to the middle ages, and serves to diffuse their light in a new world of images, thoughts, and feelings. Of this nature is Joseph Görres[9], one of the greatest and most remarkable minds of this age; a man quite original in his romantic illusion. I cannot compare the stamp of his mind to aught but a Strasburg minster or a Cölogne cathedral. Winkelmann has been called an inward sculptor, Zieck an inward actor; we may, in like manner, call Görres an inward architect. At least all his writings constantly remind us, by their logical plan and rich imaginative adornment, of the art of Erwin[1]. The profound mind of a gothic free-mason is visible in all his philosophical, mythological, political, and historical works. These works, if considered æsthetically, must be looked upon as churches wonderfully planned, and built from the lowest foundation even to the pyramidical summit in the strictest accordance with this plan;

[9] Johann Joseph Görres, born at Coblentz, January 25th, 1776; alive; professor of general and literary history in Munich. In addition to the works mentioned hereafter, he has written, The Rhenish Mercury; Mythical History of Asia; Christian Mysticism; Athanasius.

[1] Erwin von Steinbech, the architect of Strasburg cathedral.

as inexhaustibly rich works of art; which, however, are very different from the other buildings of the human mind, in consequence of their different manner of expressing what is Christian, holy, or ecclesiastical. This is the reason that Görres is so unpopular in our age. Those who pretend to love and to understand art, love and understand little but what is superficial; and they are too short-sighted to penetrate into the depths of a work of Görres, there to take a comprehensive view of the splendour of his mental architecture. Those, however, who give themselves up to thinking, have become too profane in the propylæum not to be repelled by the spirit which proceeds from the writings of Görres as from the sanctuary of the temple. The lighter spirits are therefore satisfied with calling him bombastic, the school philosophers with calling him mystic; so that in this way one of our noblest and richest minds is not only unknown to, but even despised by the nation. Görres has written on nature (Organonomy, and Exposition of Physiology), on the mind (Preface to Suso, Miscellaneous Writings, &c.), on art (Aphorisms, and articles in the Heidelberg annuals), on ancient history (History of Myths), on modern history (Europe and the Revolution, Germany and the Revolution); in all of which (with the exception of some juvenile jacobinical works) his views are Roman Catholic; and it is very interesting to observe how the whole wisdom of modern times appears, when examined from this point of view. A thousand authors have told us how the old catholic world appears

when looked at from modern times; but how our modern world appears from that ancient romantic point of view, Görres alone informs us. As a disciple of Schelling, he has clearly explained the relation which the philosophy of Schelling bears to the ancient catholic mysticism; and in opposition to Oken, who based his system upon nature alone, and to Hegel, who based his upon mind alone, Görres, basing his upon history, has represented the whole world, and the works of God in the world, as a self-evolving energy[3], a fatal struggle; thus imitating his distinguished countryman Rupert von Duiz, whose mysticism (as I shall show in another work on the ancient German literature) exalted this same historical principle, in opposition to the other systems of the middle ages, which were founded more upon a peaceful mind or upon nature. Görres, in strict accordance with his catholic views, points out two fundamental principles of all historical life; the one terrestrial, separating, destroying, and tending to a lower state of nature; the other divine, negative, conservative, and leading to a higher nature. In that struggle of these two powers, which must end in the victory of the latter, he sees foreshadowed the history of the

[3] *Ein lebendiges Werden.* An expression which seems of much the same import as the much-talked-of line in Faust (in the Prologue in Heaven), "Das Werdende, das ewig werkt und lebt."

Any one desirous of becoming acquainted with the opinions entertained regarding this line may consult the notes of Messrs. Blackie, Hayward, &c., on the passage.

world; now rising, now falling, yet ever progressing. As these powers oppose each other, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, gets the upper hand, sometimes they counterbalance each other; as they contend first in the physical life of nations, then in mental life, there follow, in accordance with various mystical numbers, the great periods, the workdays of the history of the world, which shall be a sabbath, a last age sanctified by the victory of the Divinity. Those who cannot become acquainted with such cabalistical relations of numbers, we must at least lead to the feeling that the world will necessarily assume another form in our eyes, if we leave the footing of the narrow and confined present, in order, in its wide circuit, to survey it as a whole; as embracing the past and the future within one mysterious ring. Though in our remarks upon the history of the days which are just gone, when viewing and becoming acquainted with the practical ends of nations and the vulgar intrigues of parties, in which everything goes on so naturally, the thought of the mysterious past and of the prophetic distance of the future, of the holy origin and sacred destiny of the human race, assume a secondary place, yet God, Providence, the holy aim of the world, is now, as ever, the same; and an indwelling feeling tells us that we shall hereafter approach nearer to that venerable background of ages. No present so frivolous as this one can deceive us with regard to the profound seriousness of the history of the world; it is

therefore safe sometimes to ask, whence came we, and for what are we intended?

The mind of Görres resembles that of Franz Baader[4], who returns from the historical evolution of the deity into its mystic interior. Franz Baader, however, seems still to tarry with those intermediate links, which, like Jaçob Böhme, connect our age with the mysticism of the crusades; neither is he so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the middle ages as Görres.

Two external circumstances contributed materially to the revival of the old catholic system; to the catholic reaction against Jansenism: first, the revival of the ancient German poetry and art, as well as the triumph of the romantic taste in the modern Belles Lettres; and secondly, the political restoration, the feudal and legitimate reaction against liberalism.

Sulpiz Boisserée unfolded to the eyes of admiring artists the charms of Gothic architecture; Cornelius, Overbeck, &c. effected a return from the depraved French taste, as manifested in painting, to that of the ancient Germans and Italians; and above all, Ludwig Tieck carried back the muse of German poetry into the romantic wilderness of the middle ages; in which she, hunting after adventures, adorned with soaring plumes, stays

[4] Franz von Baader is professor of *speculative dogmatic* in München, where he was born in 1765; Philosophical Essays, Lectures on Speculative Dogmatic, On the Freedom of Intelligence, Lectures on Religious Philosophy, in opposition to that of Irreligion of Ancient and Modern Times, &c.

her white and snorting steed at the dim forest chapel, and there offers up her devotions. Though the writings of Tieck and those old German studies did not penetrate among the great body of the people, yet they exercised a great influence over them. We have only to remember what favourites with the public were those novels of Fouque, which were entirely the result of this chivalrous mania.

Politics for a time, and but for a time, rendered more effective assistance than poetry to the school of ancient Catholicism. Many proselytes, were made to it, Genz, Friedrich Schlegel, Adam Müller, Haller, Jarcke, Pfeilschifter, &c., who pensioned, or at least rewarded, by the ruling powers, and animated by political motives, went over from Protestantism to Catholicism, and sold their talents to ultramontane principles. None of these gentlemen, it is true, can be properly called theologians. Friedrich Schlegel and Adam Müller supported these principles in the province of art and philosophy; Genz, Haller, Jarcke, Pfeilschrifter, in that of the state-sciences and political journalism; but they exercised a great influence over the catholic world, forming in it a school, which, in connection with the modern French jesuits, and with Rome itself, became a great party. Ligurians (new jesuits) flocked again like jackdaws around the court of Vienna, and in Bavaria the cloisters were re-established. Periodicals like The Catholic and The Eos preached loudly and openly ancient papism; and Görres lent them the aid of his genius be-

cause he delighted in everything in which he saw the middle ages reflected.

I am very much afraid that this very haste to restore the middle ages, and the foul admixture of the pure and noble mysticism of a Görres and Baader with the baseness of the political jesuits, will, instead of promoting the spread of the ancient catholic principles, but accelerate their downfall. Jansenism alone has power to retain what is beautiful and valuable in these principles, by showing that it is not opposed to the free course of thought and the intellectual development of our age. But when a party thoroughly bad takes refuge behind the reverence felt for these principles, in order to present its poison in a consecrated chalice, the poison will probably break the goblet, as formerly a cup of the same poison, which Luther was unwittingly about to drink, burst into shivers in his hand. Our age tolerates, nay requires, a Catholic church externally Jansenistical and internally mystical; but not one which is externally popish and internally only, ministerial. The catholic church, as well as every other, will generally derive advantage only from the people; from below, never from above.

Hierarchy is untenable, because being maintained only from above, the ground recedes from beneath it. Whether misled, by a kind of poetical charm, we wish to restore it to all its former splendour, as it existed six hundred years ago, or by means of a skilful use of cringing and crouching to temporal power, and by offering the church to it as a

kind of police institution, we endeavour to preserve it in its present decayed condition, we may be sure that neither the one nor the other will succeed. The love felt for the old church is gone, and the church cannot be resuscitated till this love is again found.

Faith is the most beautiful inhabitant of the world of spirits, as woman is of that of nature. Both are distorted into the utmost ugliness when they meet with hatred where they ought to find love, and yet are unable to end in a powerless struggle. Both are driven by the despair felt in consequence of an unnatural relation into their own unnaturalness, which at last becomes to them a second nature. The sweetness, the confidence, and the still calm power of love, become poison, treachery, and violence.

It is indeed a sublime and truly tragical spectacle, which the old church presents to our view; sometimes a Medea, sometimes a Niobe, at one time exciting horror, at another compassion. It is incurably wounded, yet cannot die; filled with a richness of inward ideas, it can nowhere find room; accustomed to dominion and love, it can find no arms, no hearts. Like old king Lear, it was expelled from its possessions, it had to beg before the doors of its imperial sons-in-law, it was ill-used, plundered, and imprisoned, and saw the loved but formerly misknown Cordelia, the deep-felt belief of the heart, cruelly murdered. Now it has again been released; its old age is honoured, and it is permitted to reign under a mild tutelage. It has now revived, but what is to become of it?

With claims to the highest authority it is surrounded by other claims, which have on their side, the advantages of power, might, possession, and the favour of the age. It should reign with love, but the slaves who force themselves into its service, are accustomed to use only violence and cunning.

Since the Reformation ultramontanism has become thoroughly aware that it must speak with two tongues, one human one, and one divine; employing the one to give commands, the other to train men's minds into obedience. The second of these voices was intrusted to the jesuits. So long as the age was uncivilized, uncouth, and insolent, the jesuits were obliged to make most use of finesse, because they could attack the enemy only in the rear. Now that the age is become refined enough, they must make a trial of insolence, because by thus unexpectedly attacking a cautious enemy directly in front, they will to a certainty disconcert all his plans. In strict pursuance of these tactics, the clever pretend to be very stupid, and represent themselves in as brutal a light as possible; a method of proceeding to a certain extent necessary, seeing that they now aim at courting the common people, while formerly they endeavoured to overreach the higher ranks alone. At the time of the Reformation their aim was to curb the claims of the people by means of the princes; now they endeavour to check the claims of the princes by means of the people. Thence proceeds that strange alliance between jesuits and republicans, traces of which were to be found in

German literature, even before it was realized in the political party-struggles of France and Belgium.

The police institutions and public offices of our German states are far too well organized to allow these political jesuits to effect anything among us, or to be ought but servants of the state in a peculiar disguise. The greater, however, on this account, is the number of our poetical enthusiasts.

The poetical Catholics are caught by the beautiful and sensuous part of Catholicism, by the mysticism of its principles, and not less by the wonders which it has effected in history and art. Their irritable temperament takes delight in the sublime impressions made by the gorgeous splendour of churches; their sympathy with beauty loses itself in the charm of religious art; their glowing feelings revel in devotion and inspiration; and, at a holy place, in a sacred hour, they resign themselves to a lovely foreboding of a more immediate presence of the Deity; their active imagination finds in the immense variety of religious myths, images and customs, all the satisfaction which they need; their inclination to the supersensuous, their attachment to mystic enigmas, their profoundness of thought, which ever chooses as the object of observation that which lies beyond the limits of knowledge, and even the boldness of their acute and far-seeing intellect, which prompts them to search by deeper and deeper speculations into the primitive cause of existence, finds rich nourishment in the mysteries of the catholic faith; in fine, the predilection for every-

thing old which seems to be peculiar to poetical minds, finds in the remembrances of Catholicism, in the mighty and moving images of the middle ages, the dearest objects of enjoyment, as well as the most dignified materials for the exercise of their inborn arts of form and design. As we cannot deny the existence of many enthusiastic, sensuous, poetical minds, we must likewise allow, that such must be inspired with a deep love for Catholicism; and their most distinguished authors sufficiently prove, that their inspiration is of a purely æsthetical nature and without the slightest tinge of hypocrisy. It is, therefore nothing but one of the characteristic follies of their over-excited antagonists to send among them disguised jesuits, and to pronounce all their poetical inspiration as but gaudy glitter, behind which is concealed only the malicious refinement of hierarchical views. These odious opinions were openly expressed by Voss, a man who seems to have known only black and white, and no colours. The poetical Catholics are distinguished for their devout outpourings of the heart, their historical and poetical descriptions, and partly also by their controversial writings. They are fond of the noble and sensuous worship of God, they consequently dislike that which is jejune and intellectual. Moreover, the great contrast between their inborn disposition and their acquired belief is generally the cause of their being such zealous defenders of Catholicism; they are commonly Protestants, who having found no satisfaction in the bosom of their own church, have become proselytes. Those who

are born Catholics, are accustomed to the church from their earliest years; to the Protestants, it appears new and strange; and the contrast which induces them to become converts, awakens in them that zeal which commonly distinguishes all proselytes.

It has been generally remarked that most of those poetical minds have been converted in Rome, that the aspect of this city makes an impression upon them, which induces them to take a step which is, deny it as we may, adventurous in the extreme. This circumstance clearly shows from what side they view Catholicism. It is not so much the faith, which is the same in both places, as the contrast between the wretched village church, which here leaves them cold and dead, and the gorgeous Rome, which there charms them with the mighty influences of art.

The poetical Catholics have been joined by a multitude of poor sinners, against whom the Protestants have raised a violent outcry. There are many sensual and weak men, who are hurried on to the commission of sin by the fear of that dark fate which shall punish them. Such men, especially if advanced in years, take refuge in the bosom of a church which can offer an unconditional forgiveness of sins, while Protestantism lays upon them the heavy condition of amendment of life. After they have drunk, even to the dregs, the cup of physical and mental pleasures, they seek that alone-sanctifying mother, borne by whose love they would fain pass into heaven without tasting of death. There is another class

who live, it is true, pretty morally, but who have a pitiable dread of the old Adam, of original sin, and of all the actual sins which they commit unawares, but which threaten to deprive them of future bliss. In order to be safe at all events, they commit themselves to the mercy of that apostle who bears the keys. According to the measure of their sinfulness, the former make more noise than the latter about grace, deafening themselves and others with their assurances of salvation. Though some of these fallen angels have praised Catholicism with a great degree of talent, still they leave a remainder behind which they cannot carry over, namely, their earthly portion of self-deceit or baseness, which forming a most striking contrast with those sacred things, which they defend, excites the just indignation of every honest man.

These politicians have as little prospect as the poets, of worthily restoring the ancient church. This, as I have already said, can be effected only by that moderate and liberal party which has progressed with the spirit of the age. But it cannot be effected unless the moderate and liberal party, avoiding the opposite extreme of jejune rationalism[5], foster and develope that mystic element which lies in their belief. They, the pure, the free, should adopt the doctrine of the mystics, while the impure and unfree continue to misuse it. The best and noblest belief of the world must renew its strength in the depths

[5] *Denkglauben*, think-belief; a belief founded upon the intellect.

of a youthful, enthusiastic, clear inspiration, not by means of frenzy and remorse for inordinate enjoyments. In a word, belief must revive amidst the people, not among courts, scholars, or poets.

When we turn to protestant literature, we cannot help observing that it, unlike that of Catholicism, attaches more importance to belief, and thus exercises a greater influence over those who profess its doctrines. The Catholics propagate their system by simple tradition and outward symbols; they demand a blind belief and an unreflecting and unhesitating obedience. The Protestants, on the other hand, wishing to convince and to be convinced, demand an ever-renewed examination of their system. The living and the written word, therefore, are the foundations with which they cannot dispense. Instruction, preaching, and books, are inseparable from the doctrine of the Protestants. This naturally gives to protestant literature an immeasurable preponderance in quantity and erudition over that of the Catholics; but it, on the other hand, exposes it to all the disadvantages of scribbling.

In Protestantism, everything is referred, not to an idea alone, but also to a book, to the Bible. The study of the Bible, the purifying of the original text, the interpretation of it, the comparison of the doctrines therein contained with those of reason, the agreement between theology and philosophy, the solution of, as well as the ingenious search after, doubts, the attacks upon all possible errors, and consequently a profound investigation into church history, all these are the

talk of the protestant theologian. Hence comes it that our young ecclesiastics are even from childhood chained to their books, and learn to know God and their profession only in black and white. Their consecration to an office, the object of which is the cure of souls, and which requires a knowledge of human nature, and a heart overflowing with love to mankind, qualities which ought to characterize every true priest, is conferred in consequence of the qualifications displayed in a teazing pedantic examination; and he is considered the best qualified who has, from extreme study, the hollowest and palest cheeks, and who has seen nothing of the world, but what his midnight oil has shone upon.

The objection so often made to the catholic priests educated in cloisters, that, accustomed to a routine of merely mechanical external formalities, and destitute of a knowledge of life or of mankind, they are not sufficiently qualified for the cure of souls, may with equal justice be made to many protestant preachers who engage in the duties of the clerical office, acquainted with books but unacquainted with men. It cannot however be denied that in literature the excessive influence of philology and dialectics is attended with serious injury to belief itself. The heart is easily narrowed by the overwhelming load of quotations; criticism produces a deadness, and the limits of the Bible and of creeds imply a mechanical routine of forms, which, dealing in stereotype phrases and dead letters, expel the living spirit as often and as effectually as it was wont to be by the

mere outward observances (*opera operata*) of the Catholics.

This theological caste, educated among books, retains its old habits even in after-life, giving to the world new books instead of new saints. When we see that upwards of one thousand theological works are annually printed in Germany, of which at least nine hundred claim to be looked upon as equal to the works of the apostles, we must either laugh at the folly, or become angry at the lying and hypocritical spirit of this world. It is truly madness to expect a new salvation from so many thousand books; and this just because they are so many. But the worst feature of the whole is, that this protestant bibliomania, being taken advantage of by usurers, religion and morals are abused, by the establishment of regular manufactories for devotional and edifying books. Of these, however, I shall hereafter speak at greater length.

Putting out of view this abuse of writing, we must allow that the mighty impulse given to the faculty of thinking and to language, which has produced that high degree of literary culture by which we are at present distinguished, is directly connected with the origin of Protestantism. Like that Titanic hero, who grasping in his mighty hand the thunderbolts of the Capitol, hurled them back against the ancient gods, it was equally powerful both in the use of language and of writing; and in its German Bible (that of Luther) it has founded the rock upon which the new church is built. So in like manner the spirit

whose forerunner it was, continued to foster, along with liberty, the culture of the powers of thinking; from protestant schools and universities, therefore, has emanated almost all the erudition of science, of language, and of literature.

But this new spirit, unable, even in the protestant church, to free itself from the fetters of that authority which is the sure foundation of every church, and angry at the heavy clogs which theology has placed on its free working, has thrown itself entirely into the arms of the secular sciences and arts. Under the external protection granted by the protestant church, philosophy, the natural sciences, jurisprudence, history, and philology, all obtained that freedom without which they could never have arrived at their present high and palmy state; and thus theology became an indirect support to the fairest emanations of culture; directly, however, it erected itself into a system of *égards* and restraints, which necessarily forced themselves upon it; so that, though involved in denying and protesting, it was compelled to hold fast by something positive; though it had reproached Catholicism with adopting the principle of authority, legitimacy and stability, yet, unable itself to dispense with it, it adopted it under totally different forms.

The dark side, the source of all the mischiefs, foibles, and faults of Protestantism, is the undecided character, the ambiguous nature of its church (*die kirchliche Halbheit*). This applies as much to its outward canonical law as to its inward doctrines. Protestantism has stopped half

way; it is the *juste milieu* which after the Reformation made its appearance in the church, just as we, who have lived since the French revolution, have seen a *juste milieu* of the same kind in politics. It has cast away the fetters of the old church, yet it has not acquired complete liberty. Luther, who freed the mind from the confinement of the church, again set bounds to it; he conducted it into the courtyard, but not beyond the walls. To torpor must be opposed motion; to death, life; to the unchangeable *Be*, an eternal *Become*[6]. In this alone has Protestantism found its great and universal significance; it has, with that youthful vigour which strives after further progress, prevented *marasmus senilis*. Having adopted the law of nature, with this alone can it overcome. Those Protestants, the Orthodox, who have themselves fallen back into another kind of lethargy, have given up the real interests of the struggle. They are themselves standing still; they cannot, therefore, with justice complain that the Catholics are also standing still. We can gain only by eternal progress or not at all: where we stop is quite indifferent, just as much so as where the watch stops; its only use is to go.

The Orthodox have been able to bring forward against popery only the same objections which the papists have brought against them. On both sides we saw inaction, infallibility, fanaticism, and

[6] *Werden.* Become is not exactly the word, but we have not a better; *werden* implies both a past, a present, and a future existence.

priestcraft: on the one side many ceremonies and few words; on the other, many words and few ceremonies.

The Rationalists, who attack the obstinacy of the strictly Orthodox[7], have fallen into the other extreme; so that their dislike to the eternal praise of belief in opposition to reason, and to the tasteless and abusive excesses so prevalent among those who are eternally canting, has increased, so as to become a decided unbelief and a hatred towards the person of Christ, which is often allied to Jewish passions. Had this extreme been brought openly forward, it would soon have lost all influence, on account of its unnaturalness, or it would have been more decidedly opposed; but unbelief and the mocking of Christ have commonly been hypocrites; clothed in a theological mask, they have given forth infidelity as real Christianity, and attempted to prove this in a learned manner. By this course of proceeding theology has been demoralised.

Here again the undecided character has been victorious. A true unbelief is far more easily overcome than a pretended belief.

The internal defects of theology were partly the result of the depressed external condition of the protestant church. This circumstance necessarily exercised a demoralising influence.

It is well known that the protestant church became, even from its very commencement, the tool of worldly politics, and remained dependent upon

[7] *Die Buchstabenglaubige.* Those who hold a *literal belief.*

worldly power. The higher the Romish church had raised itself above the temporal power, the deeper was the dependence into which the Lutheran fell. At first, when a religious enthusiasm and fanaticism still glowed, the protestant clergymen, acting as royal chaplains, upper court preachers, and diplomatists, naturally played an important part. But this ceased with the age of Louis XIV. Black coats were supplanted by green coats; the place of the fat father confessor was supplied by jovial hunters and mistresses. The protestant clergy sunk into the list of inferior officers.

It is not long since country livings were conferred by licentious and coarse country squires "under the apron;" that is, under the condition that the poor *Candidatus Theologiæ* should marry the paid off chambermaid or the cast off mistress[8]. Rabner in his letters, and Thümmel in his Wilhelmina, satirically scourged, about the middle of the last century, this disgraceful practice; the most detailed and faithful account, however, of the lamentable state of the protestant church at that time will be found in Nicolai's novel, Sebaldus Nothanker. If at that time a poor preacher happened in the slightest degree to displease the whims of a petty princeling or countling of the German Empire, or of his mistress, or of his

[8] A law was passed in Hildburghausen in 1746, ordering that every ecclesiastic should, at his induction, take the following oath:—"I swear, that in order to obtain this appointment I have not promised to marry any certain woman."

court marshal, or to contradict a brutal court chaplain or superintendent, he was unceremoniously dismissed from office and employment, and left without support.

These things, it is true, now no longer occur. The greater decency observed by the courts and the government has had a beneficial influence upon the church. Though church livings and professorships are still given away by petticoat influence, yet only the honest daughters and cousins of the patrons are concerned; so that all goes on decently.

But dignity is not always combined with decency: dignity consists in freedom; and our protestant church is now, as formerly, enslaved.

A hundred years ago the jesuits in Dillingen attempted to prove the position, that the catholic faith is more serviceable to absolute monarchy than the protestant; but the prelate Pfaff, of Tübingen, drove them from the field, by proving that no church was more servile than the Lutheran. When a court chaplain at Copenhagen (Dr. Masius) dared to say that princes ought to become Lutherans, not so much from fear of God as from motives of temporal advantage, because no creed but the Lutheran favoured the divine right of kings, maintaining that it was derived directly from God, without the intervention of any higher spiritual power; and because in the Lutheran religion alone was the secular prince at once bishop, emperor, and pope,—when Masius argued this, and when the chivalrous defender of truth and right, Thomasius, who can never be

sufficiently praised,—Thomasius alone, of all his contemporaries, had sufficient courage to censure a publication so blasphemous, all attacked this worthy man, and called his opinion, that religion had other purposes in view than the strengthening the power of absolute monarchy, a *crimen læsæ majestatis;* so that he was compelled to flee from Leipzig, where they had confiscated all his property, in order to escape imprisonment, or perhaps even death, and in Copenhagen his reply was solemnly burnt by the common hangman.

Such was the state of affairs then; and in all that is essential no change has since taken place. The episcopal dignity is still possessed by the temporal monarch, and the church is ruled by cabinet orders. The consistories[9], it is true,

[9] In protestant Germany the management of the ecclesiastical affairs of the various provinces is intrusted to a board, called the Consistory, which is composed, partly of clerical, partly of lay members.

In some of the German states, Prussia, for example, the management of ecclesiastical affairs is superintended by the Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, Public Education, and Medicine. The members of this department of the ministry have the title of *Wirkliche Ober consistorial räthe* (actual upper councillors of the consistory).

Prussia is divided into eight provinces, at the head of each of which is an *Ober-präsident* (supreme president), who forms a connecting link between the ministry and the provincial administrative board. The ecclesiastical affairs of each province are managed by a consistory, which forms a department of that *Regierung* (administrative board), which holds its meetings in the capital of the province, and is commonly presided over by the *ober-präsident*. Each province is divided into a certain number of synods, at the head of each of which is a clergyman with the title of Superintendent. This superintendent is the connecting

appear to possess some degree of aristocratical power, but this is in appearance only; they are, in reality, the mere organs of the ministry. From the cabinet they receive instructions respecting their liturgy, their clerical vestments, their texts, and directions how they shall apply the word of God in accordance with the circumstances of the times. The subaltern clergy are trained like the other public functionaries. In a word, there are no longer any priests, but merely servants of the state in black uniform.

The feeble attempts to introduce a presbyterian form of government into the Protestant church have always been received with displeasure, and put aside with a degree of ease which proves that it is impossible to form a middle party between the totally servile clergymen, and the dissenters, who follow their own path. The court will never permit the introduction of a democratical element into the government of the church; and that

link between the individual pastors and the consistory of the province. Their duty is to exercise a superintendence over the clergymen of each parish, and to make regular reports to the supreme government.

At the head of each province, subordinate to, yet in some respects co-ordinate with, the *Ober-präsident*, is the General-superintendent, who in most of the Prussian provinces bears the title of Bishop, without, however, possessing either the authority or income of an English bishop. Neither do they possess any power of ordaining or confirming; they are, in short, Presbyters with a title.

The Protestants were formerly divided into Lutherans and Calvinists or Reformed. These names are now given up, since, in 1817, the two parties were united under the term *Evangelische Kirche*.

portion of the people which takes a serious interest in religion will never trust the priests. Thus our well-meaning presbyterians always fall between two stools.

The state will long exercise this power over the church, for the number of independent dissenters is still small. The majority of the people have, as it were, had their fill of religious controversies in former centuries; they no longer take any interest in such affairs; they are engaged in other occupations, the servilism therefore of their clergymen, and that vulgar routine which is hostile to every innovation, to every advance in mental power, is quite suited to their condition. People are no longer harangued to, or irritated by, their clergymen; and that is what they like. They may believe what they choose; they may go to church or not without being blamed or teased by the clergymen; a state of things quite suited to their present degree of culture. From this proceeds the characteristic mark of the protestant world,—*religious indifferentism.*

Two circumstances to which too little attention is paid, seem to contribute much to this. In the first place, in the protestant service everything depends upon the personal qualities of the officiating clergyman. To the Catholic, all his churches are alike; he pays his devotion even without a clergyman, or without caring what clergyman officiates. Therefore there is, if I may so speak, an universal undisturbed equanimity of devotion among Catholics. But among the Protestants everything depends upon the person of

the preacher; on his account alone, and only when he is there, do they enter the church; to him alone do they look; upon him is all their attention fixed, because in a protestant church nothing else attracts their attention. The senses and mind of those present are designedly distracted from everything else, and directed to the preacher; he therefore has it in his power to elevate or depress the devotional feelings and religious thoughts of his hearers. If he himself be a man piously disposed, and possessed of fiery eloquence, he will probably produce a greater effect, than a catholic priest, who is more a thing than a person, can possibly do. But if he be a preacher without true piety, without gifts and talent, of the drowsy kind of everyday people; or if he be merely a vain child of the world in a priest's robe, he will surely be far less able to foster religious feelings, than a catholic priest, who is assisted by so many extrinsic circumstances. The protestant pastor is everything or nothing with his congregation; he alone can make the church their pleasantest dwelling, but he alone can make them dislike it. There are, unfortunately, very many ungifted preachers, who want all higher consecration; these it is who frighten the educated out of the churches, and retain merely the flock of the poor-spirited; but they degrade their devotion to a worthless Sunday-routine, which is no better than the aversion to the church shown by the others. Both produce indifferentism. The one party allow themselves to be pleased with the bad wishy-washy sermon,

because it is the fashion to occupy their seat in church, decked out in their Sunday fineries. The others become cold to religion, because they cannot possibly listen to such a wretched preacher. The second circumstance which promotes indifference, is the system of catechising. The honest old Meister says very correctly in his little work on the imagination, "Cornelius Nepos and the Catechism have been rendered nauseous to us for life, merely because we read them under the fear of the rod." He expresses himself perhaps a little too strongly; but in substance the remark is very striking and true. Many cannot, even when grown up, and when convinced that they were necessary for them, look, without a certain secret antipathy, at the school-books which cost them so many tears and so much weariness. This play of the fancy, which connects with the most sacred and valuable objects the subordinate ideas of the schoolmaster and his cane, has promoted indifference more than people would be inclined to suppose. This mechanical strictness of training often destroys, in the unripe youth, those feelings and dispositions which it intended to cultivate.

The Protestants have of late become thoroughly aware of the disgrace, and, when compared to Catholics, the detriment caused by indifferentism; they are therefore exerting themselves to oppose it with all their might. Religious controversy is consequently not only enfranchised, but even favoured; and that same censorship which watches like an Argus in all political matters, has closed

all its hundred eyes on religion. As the zeal of the religious *doctrinaire* was unable to rouse the indifferent mass of the public, and as internal stimulants were of no avail, they have had recourse to external ones, and have endeavoured to support the fading word by more stable works. These new external works are, partly the union between the separate Protestant creeds, partly the introduction of a new liturgy, all means for promoting a firmer external consolidation of Protestantism, by which its inward soul shall again be refreshed and reanimated, as in bodily diseases, internal weakness is sometimes removed by means of external mechanical tonics. They wish to strengthen the muscles of the *corpus evangelicorum*, and by so doing, hope to reinvigorate the over-excited, and long-blunted nerves.

It is true that these innovations are in general excellent, and suitable for effecting the end which they have in view, and that they are opposed, because they are something imposed from above, which had not been directly asked for by a real want from below.

The dress of the Protestant clergy, especially the wigs, were exceedingly tasteless, but people thought that they should not have adopted a new beautiful dress from the wardrobe of a theatre, in which Werner's Consecration of Strength (*Weihe der Kraft*) had been performed for the first time[10].

[10] The Consecration of Strength, a drama of which Luther is the hero, came out shortly before the change of the vestments and

The liturgy of the Lutheran church had long ceased to please the poetical and sentimental spirit of modern times; a far more beautiful one was offered; a *Concilium*, a general presbyterian assembly could hardly have effected anything, or anything better, yet the general opinion was, that the priests and the people had not been sufficiently consulted [1].

The union of the Lutheran and reformed churches was, three hundred years ago, the most ardent wish of every sensible man. It has at last been effected, but it excited little attention, and is disliked because it was effected by temporal power [2].

liturgy of the protestant church in Germany, which took place in 1817. The vestments which the governments ordered the clergymen to wear, were so like those which the actor who represented Luther had worn on the stage, that the common people generally supposed that this was the source whence they had been adopted. The true secret of the matter, however, was, that both derived their dresses from the same source, viz. the vestmen which Luther himself wore.

[1] The Liturgy was drawn up by the king of Prussia, assisted by one of his aides-de-camp.

[2] General attention was turned to the subject of an union of the various religious sects in Germany, at the third centenary of the Reformation in 1817. On the 30th June, 1817, the Prussian government issued a cabinet order commanding all sects, Lutherans, and Reformed or Calvinists, to be united under one title, *Die evangelische Kirche*, the Evangelical Church. The union was completed on the 30th and 31st of the same month, at Berlin and Potsdam, by the different parties uniting in celebrating the Lord's Supper. Other German states gradually followed the example of Prussia. A new liturgy (*evangelische Kirchenagende*) and new vestments for the clergy were appointed to be used. The adoption of these innovations was for some time optional, but after the majority had

Pietists, enthusiasts, poor people, who worshipped God the Lord after their own fashion, in a nook of a province, and held little conventicles for kneeling, praying, and singing, were forcibly dispersed by gens d'armes, and lodged in prison. Why had they alone no participation in the so widely-extended toleration? Why should religious zeal, which had been so strongly recommended to the functionaries by their superiors, never be allowed to flourish, where it sprung forth spontaneously from below—from among the people?

Religion was thus treated quite as an affair of loyalty[2]. The submission of the subject was claimed in all religious innovations; and as they did not command but only recommended, they trusted so much the more to a compromising courtesy; thus forming in the bosom of Protestantism that strange religious courtliness which so truly characterizes our age.

Though Protestantism casts many dark shadows, yet it has much *internal* light; so that when thinking of its deficiencies we ought never to forget the mighty deeds it has achieved, and the

adopted them, they were gradually forced upon the others; nay, some were even deposed for refusing to use them in the church.

Of late years this subject has made a good deal of noise: about five years ago the inhabitants of Breslau refused to use the *Agenda*, or to listen to any preacher who used them, and in 1835, the military had to be called in at Holnigen, near Breslau, to force the people into submission. There were also disturbances at Halle and Erfurt, in 1836.

[2] *Loyalität* is almost invariably used contemptuously in German.

promise of still mightier which it contains. Was not that gigantic struggle of Luther and his glorious brother-warriors fought for the dearest interests of mankind? And can we blame them because they did not effect everything? Would it not become us much better to do what is yet wanting? The results of Protestantism have hitherto succeeded one another very naturally, connecting and promoting all, though each in a one-sided manner. We are still on the road, but we are still moving; we are not standing still; at least not all of us.

Luther purified the mud-filled fountains of the church, and simply led us back to the pure source of the scriptures. It was but natural that his immediate successors should cling to the letter. It was, again, quite natural that the dryness of the letter should produce the faith of the feelings, the pietism of Arndt and Spener. We should be as little surprised that the intellect again asserted its rights in opposition to both, when, as one extreme always calls forth its opposite, it degenerated even into the grossest scepticism and free-thinking. In fine, it was, again, but natural that the comparing historical method should oppose those onesided theories which were based upon the letter, upon feelings, or upon conception alone, and that the romantic and mystic reaction already spoken of under Catholicism should enter into union with it.

If we examine protestant orthodoxy as it existed about the beginning of last century, we must thank

the pietists, who were the first who began to free us from this belief in the dead letter, and from this acrimonious quarreling. This orthodoxy of the seventeenth century lay like an incubus upon the whole of northern Germany. We are quite horrified when we look back upon this period of our history; when we read of the controversies respecting Crypto-calvinism, &c., the accounts of the witch-trials, and those countless vulgar pamphlets in which the clergy of that time reviled, decried, and slandered one another. As that dead belief was then the prevailing doctrine, and as it was propagated in the universities and highest offices of the church by the servile character of its adherents, with the aid of royal favour, just as formerly had been the case with scholasticism and Jansenism among the Catholics, these old blocks were able to make a long resistance.

The pious feelings first rose in rebellion against the dead letter; it was not till a later period that the clear intellect followed their example. The venerable Spener[3], one of the loveliest phenomena by which Protestantism has been graced, combated the bloated viper Karpzow a century before Lessing entered the lists with the stupid Götze, the rector of Hamburg. Both times the good heart defeated the evil one; the good head the bad one.

[3] Philipp Jacob Spener, born at Rappoltsweiler, Upper Austria, January 28th, 1635; died at Berlin, February 5th, 1705: Pia Desideria; Insignium Theoria; Sermons.

Without entering into any detailed account of the ancient German church history, I shall only remark that the Pietism[4] promoted by Spener was, after it had become popular, immediately isolated in the sect of the Herrnhuters or Moravians, which had been founded in the commencement of the last century by Graf Zinzendorf[5]; thus ceasing for a time to have any influence within the Protestant Church. The dominant

[4] *Gefühlsglaube.* A belief based upon the feelings; Pietism is not always the exact meaning, though here it is.

[5] Nicolaus Ludwig Graf von Zinzendorf, born at Dresden May 26th, 1700; died at Herrnhut May 9th, 1760: The good Work of the Lord.

So much confusion prevails in the minds of Englishmen with regard to the titles of foreign countries, especially of Germany, that, with a view towards affording my readers distinct information on this point, I have obtained materials for the following note from a German friend. It is the more necessary, as I have almost invariably used the German titles instead of the English terms by which they are commonly translated.

In Germany, nobility comprehends the following degrees:—*Herzog* (duke), *Fürst* (prince), *Graf* (earl or count), *Freiherr* (baron), *Aedler* (noble), *Ritter* (knight), and those who, without any title, have the right of placing *von* (abbreviated *v.*), before their names. This *von* was originally used in the same way as our English 'of,' denoting that a family was possessed of an estate from which it derived its name. For about a hundred years, however, this particle has been used by all who have been ennobled by letters-patent, whether possessed of landed property or not.

In Germany, all the children, daughters as well as sons, inherit the rank of their parents, so that there are often a dozen *Freiherrn* or *Gräfen* of the same name.

Those *Fürsten*, however, who were members of the German empire, are the only ones who transfer to all their children

priests were cunning enough to reject those elements which they did not like, and to keep the diseased sheep in a little fold, rather than permit

alike the dignity of *Fürst*, whilst those who have been lately raised to that dignity, either could transmit it only to the eldest son (who in that case bears the title of *Graf* during the father's life), as was the case with Hardenberg, Pückler-Muskau, &c., who were raised to that dignity by the king of Prussia within the last thirty years; or the dignity was merely personal, and did not descend to the children, as was the case with Blücher, whose son, even after his father's death, was nothing but *Graf*.

Another distinction obtains among the different classes of *Fürsten* in Germany. Those of ancient houses, who were formerly "princes of the empire," and who, in consequence of its dissolution and of the formation of the Rhenish Confederacy, were mediatized (that is, deprived of their ancient sovereign power, and made subject to some more powerful potentate), preserved, among other privileges, that of *Ebenburtigkeit* (the right of equal birth), in consequence of which equal alliances may be formed between them and any sovereign house of Europe, while the other *Fürsten* do not possess this privilege.

Here it is generally imagined that the *Fürst* (prince) is of higher rank than the *Herzog* (duke). In France it is so, but the reverse is the case in Germany. There exist in Germany, as in this country, various predicates peculiar to the various ranks of nobility. I shall here subjoin the whole series:—

All members of royal families are addressed by the title *koenigliche Hoheit* (royal highness). The Grand-dukes, the Elector of Hesse, and the eldest sons of grand ducal families, are addressed in the same way, while the junior members of these families have only the title of *Hoheit* (highness). All sovereign *Herzogen* and *Fürsten* are called *Durchlaucht* (serene), (*altissimo serenissimo*). Mediatized *Herzogen* and *Fürsten* are entitled tot he same predicate (*Durchlaucht*); but only the heads of the families have a *legal* right to this title, though it is by

the infection to spread through the whole flock. Had the Pietists been isolated at the first, they might, like the Jews, have been abused as being foreigners, or been no longer looked upon as brothers.

This secession of the Pietists contributed not a little to promote, in the protestant church, the progress of those elements which were directly opposite—doubt and unbelief. German theology would certainly have offered a more powerful re-

courtesy often given to every member of the family. None of the other princes have any claim to the title *Durchlaucht*, unless it be specially conferred by letters patent, as was the case with Hardenberg, Blücher, and Putbus, while Pückler-Muskau has no legal right to it, though he is of course called so by courtesy.

Gräfen, who were formerly immediate (*Unmittelbar*), that is, who were members of the empire, are called *Erlaucht* (illustrious), whilst all other *Gräfen* and those *Fürsten* just alluded to, have the predicate *Hochgeboren* (high-born). *Freiherrn* of old houses are also, by courtesy, addressed in the same way. Other *Freiherrn* and *Aedlern* have the predicate *Hochwohlgeboren* (high-well-born). Every gentleman, or those who have no legal claim to the title *von*, are called *Wohlgeboren* (well-born). Those, however, in offices, which were in former times bestowed only upon noblemen, (using this word in the continental sense, and comprehending, therefore, our landed gentry,) are addressed *Hochwohlgeboren*.

The predicates from *Hochgeboren* downwards are used only in writing, while those above it are used when addressing orally him to whom it belongs.

The order of knighthood does not, with the exception of a very few of the highest order, confer any especial title or predicate upon its possessor.

It may easily be conceived that the number of noblemen in Germany is very large, yet the reader must be surprised when informed that there are 20,000 noble families in Prussia alone.

sistance to those principles of Voltaire, which were introduced from France, had it possessed somewhat more of the German mind, had it not banished the feelings, and given them up to the pietistic dissenters. Freethinking, like a new fashion, made its way into Germany in company with those licentious French writings which were, at that time, pretty frequently translated into German, and published in wretched print upon coarse paper. We have only to compare the highly interesting memoirs of the Prussian Freiherr von Pöllnitz with the frivolous poems of Hoffmannswaldau, in order to be thoroughly convinced to what an extent French immorality and licentiousness had gradually got a footing at the German courts, among the German nobility, and in the German towns. The talented, but now forgotten Schummel, wrote, during the reign of Frederick the Great, a book which he called The Little Voltaire, in which he showed how far French unbelief had even then spread in Germany. He mentions in it many absurd works, in which a would-be-clever blasphemy was inculcated, and tells us of the atheistical associations then existing in the German universities. Though these evils infected only the upper classes, who kept up a constant intercourse with the fashions and fashionable reading common in France, yet there soon arose a man who preached to the common people contempt of Christianity, and substituted in its place a moral religion of reason, formed upon the principles held

by Rousseau and the French philosophers. This was the notorious Karl Friedrich Bahrdt[6], first a General-superintendent, afterwards an innkeeper. His writings (On the Aim and End of Jesus, Morals for all Ranks, The Bible in a popular Tone, &c.,) excited so much attention, that the supreme court of the empire felt itself compelled, in 1778, to deprive him of his clerical dignity, and to banish him. He was an unpolished and somewhat superficial man; yet, as a martyr for what he believed to be the truth, he is in so far more worthy of sympathy than the modern crawling and hypocritical Rationalists, who, entertaining the same opinions as Bahrdt, no longer speak them boldly out, but merely give them to be understood *sub rosa*. Mauvillon[7], a man even shallower than Bahrdt, and without any of his fire, wrote an Only True System of the Christian Religion, in which he attacked this very religion. In the year 1783 was published Horus, an antichristian book, written by Wünsch, which made a great noise. But the most severe and venomous works were those of Paalzow[8] (Hierocles, Porphy-

[6] Karl Friedrich Bahrdt, born 1741, in Saxony; died 1792, at Halle, where he had for some years been an innkeeper: Translation of New Testament; Letters on the Bible; System of Theology.

[7] Jakob Mauvillon, born at Leipzig, March 8th, 1743; died at Braunschweig, January 11th, 1794: Physiocratical Letters; Introduction to the Military Sciences; translated Raynal.

[8] Christian Ludwig Paalzow, born 1753, at Osterburg, in the Altmark: also, History of Human Crimes; the Jews; Magazine of German Jurisprudence.

rius, History of Superstition, History of Religious Cruelty, &c.), who, with the rage of a sans-culotte, attacked everything connected with Christianity, and called the God of the Christians a blood-thirsty monster. About the end of last century there was published a Natural History of the Great Prophet, in which Christ was represented as a somewhat silly hero of romance.

The scientific centre of this literature is formed by the celebrated Wolfenbüttel Fragments, edited by Lessing[9], in which the most plausible objections to Christianity were brought forward with an acuteness which is really extraordinary. This work has served as an authority to all the abject, immoral, and irreligious writings which have appeared from that time down to Gutzkow; a proof how dangerous it is for nobler spirits not to take care that they do not serve as a wished-for pretext to the unclean.

Since that time atheism has changed into indifferentism, like fire into smoke.

The educated classes, being far more occupied with philosophy and poetry than with theology, soon began to incline to Supranaturalism and even to Catholicism. Atheism spread only among the lower ranks, especially after the French soldiers had disseminated so much licentiousness among our countrymen. It is a feature peculiar to the mob, that they dress themselves in the cast-off clothes of the higher ranks, and then parade them in their usual manner.

[9] The real author was H. S. Reimarus.

It is not until very lately that atheism again showed itself in the province of the Belles Lettres. Hypocrisy in theology, and prudery in poetry, have doubtless evoked this new contrast of open licentiousness. The evil example, too, of the modern French novels, which, unable to equal the delicacy of those of the Germans, endeavour to excel us at least in relative energy, by making the most of all conceivable vices; and the diseased spirit of imitation, which impels the Germans to copy even the greatest vulgarities and absurdities of our neighbours, has induced some of our immoral youth to bring again forward, as something new, that old flagitious system which is described in The Little Voltaire. Atheism and immorality, those world-old sisters, are, with a boldness truly French, recommended to us as the best and noblest guiding-stars of life, by youths who have not yet reached the age of manhood, and who, calling themselves *la jeune Allemagne*, form the nucleus of a tendency so base and worthless, that they cannot be too early or too strongly opposed. There is, however, little danger of their ever acquiring sufficient influence to be able to effect, by their moral pestilence, any serious mischief among the youth of Germany. They are a disgrace to German literature in a period so far advanced in civilization; but the danger, the pestilence with which they threaten us, will be warded off by the sound moral nature of the people.

The opinions of Voltaire had taken much deeper root in Germany; nevertheless they were

fortunately expelled as a foreign evil. Atheistical literature was, during the second half of last century, driven away by some noble-minded theologians, who armed the unsleeping moral feeling of our nation against that immorality and unbelief which had been borrowed from the French. These theologians, however, were aware that the old belief in the dead letter could help them but little; that, on the contrary, this very old straight-laced theology had produced these extravagances. They therefore directed their innovations, for which they were called Neologians, against the mere belief in the letter as much as against atheism. They wanted neither revelation in opposition to reason, nor reason as opposed to revelation, but reason and revelation together and in harmony. The three patriarchs of the new German theology, Michaelis[1], in Göttingen, Semler[2] in Halle, Ernesti in Leipzig, strove to effect this by biblical criticism, Mosheim[3] and Gellert by

[1] Johann David Michaelis, born at Halle, February 27th, 1717; died at Goettingen, August 22nd, 1791: Introduction to the Holy Scriptures of the Old Testament (English by Bishop Marsh); Mosaic Law; Ethics.

[2] Johann Salomo Semler, born at Saalfeld, in Saxe Meiningen, December 18th, 1725; died at Halle, March 14th, 1791: Apparatus ad liberalem Veteris Testamenti Interpretationem; Selecta Capita Historiæ Ecclesiæ; Treatise on the Investigation of the Canon.

[3] Johann Lorenz Mosheim, born 1694, at Lübeck; died 1735, chancellor of university of Göttingen: Institutiones Historiæ Ecclesiæ (English by Maclaine); De Rebus Christianis ante Constantinum Magnum (English by Vidal); Moral Lessons deduced from the Scriptures.

morals. They belong to the first half of last century, and had numerous disciples. The above-mentioned writings of the freethinkers were opposed by the venerable Spalding[4], in 1770, in his Confidential Letters on Religion, and in his proofs, (laid down, in the work Religion a Concern of Men,) that Christianity is the religion best fitted for men; Seiler[5], of Erlangen, wrote On the Reasonableness of Belief in the Christian Religion; J. G. Rosenmüller brought forward historical arguments to prove the genuineness of Christianity; Lüderwald and Kleuker wrote against the fanatical antichrist Paalzow; Bartels against Mauvillon; the celebrated preacher Reinhard against Bahrdt. The philosophy of Reimarus, Mendelssohn, Kant, which, though pure in its morality, was not strictly liberal; the pious and really Christian philosophy of Jacobi and Herder, and the general seriousness and dignity with which even the secular sciences and poetry were invested, entirely repressed the weak attempts of the freethinkers, and afforded a free course to theology. The rocks which had threatened it about the beginning of last century, now lay far in the rear.

[4] Johann Joachim Spalding, born at Triebsees in Pomerania, November, 1714; died at Berlin, March 26th, 1804: also, On the Destiny of Man.

[5] Georg Friedrich Seiler, born near Bayreuth, in Bavaria, October 24th, 1733; died at Erlangen, May 13th, 1827: History of Revealed Religion; Manual of Hermeneutics; Biblical History.

The old strict and orthodox belief (*Buchstabenglauben*), as well as Pietism and freethinking, still possessed representatives in the protestant theology; yet the greater toleration of the philosophical century, the progress made by society and the fine arts, and the historical course of procedure adopted even in theology, the scientific spirit, aided very much in lessening the hatred which had been engendered, and in bringing about the total suppression of the old vulgar polemics.

Among the younger Coryphæi of orthodoxy, the last of the Carpzow's in Helmstadt, Seiler in Erlangen, Zeller in Berlin, and particularly the celebrated Tübingen theologians, Storr[6], Flatt[7], Steudel[8], chiefly distinguished themselves; the more so as they were forced to combat, and

[6] Christian Gottlob Storr, born at Stuttgart, September 10th, 1746; died ibid, January 17th, 1819: Manual of Christian Dogmatics; Observations on the Arabian Gospels; Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews; Sermons.

[7] Johann Friedrich Flatt, born at Tübingen, Februrary 20th, 1759: Lectures on Christian Morals; Lectures on the Epistles of Paul; Essays and Articles in Stäudlin's Tübingen Theological Gazette.

[8] J. C. E. Steudel, born October 29th, 1779: Principles of an Apology for Christianity; On Religious Union.

[9] Johann Christoph Döderlein, born in Franconia, January 20th, 1745; died at Jena, December 2nd, 1792: Institutiones Theologiæ Christianæ; Instruction in Christianity suited for the Age.

[1] Christoph Friedrich von Ammon, born at Bayreuth, January 16th, 1766; alive, in Dresden, member of Board of Public Instruction and upper court preacher: Manual of Christian Ethics; Unchangeable Unity of Christ; On Pulpit Eloquence; Sermons.

keep themselves on a level with the Neologians. Morus, Döderlein[2], Ammon[1], Staudlin[2], and Bretschneider[3], stood about half-way between these two parties. Less in consequence of their doctrinal expositions and theoretical opinions than of biblical criticism, Griesbach[4] of Jena, the restorer of the text of the Bible, the celebrated orientalist F. K. Rosenmüller[5], J. G. Eichhorn[6], Wetstein, Matthæi, Hess, Vater, Gesenius[7],

[2] Karl Friedrich Stäudlin, born July 25th, 1761, at Stuttgart; died at Goettingen, July 5th, 1826: History of Rationalism; Compendium of Dogmatic and Church History; History of the Moral System of Christ; Contributions to History; Religion and Philosophy, especially in Creeds and Sects.

[3] Carl Gottlieb Bretschneider, born at Gersdorf, in Saxony, February 11th, 1776; alive, Professor at Halle: Sermons and Theological Works; St. Simonism and Christianity; Dogmatic; System of all Conceptions; editor of Corpus Reformatorum.

[4] Johann Jacob Griesbach, born January 4th, 1745; died at Goettingen, March 24th, 1812: Critical Edition of New Testament; Synopsis Evangeliorum.

[5] Friedrich Karl Rosenmüller, born at Hildburghausen, December 10th, 1768; died at Leipzig, September 17th, 1835: Scholia in Vetus Testamentum; Institutiones ad Fundamenta Linguæ Arabicæ; Manual of the Antiquities of the Bible.

[6] Johann Gottfried Eichhorn, born at Dorrenzimmern, in Würtemburg, October 16th, 1752; died at Goettingen, June 25th, 1827: Introduction to the Old and New Testaments; Library of Biblical Literature; History of Literature till the present Day.

[7] Wetstein, Hess, Vater, Gesenius:—

Johann Jacob Wilhelm Wetstein, born at Basel, 1693; died at Amsterdam, 1754: Critical Edition of the New Testament.

Johann Jacob Hess, born at Zurich, 1741; died ibid, May 24th, 1828: History of the Three last Years of the Life of

&c., joined the Rationalists. The numerous compilers of church histories have also acquired great merit; Spittler[8] by his impartiality and his pragmatical method of treatment, Planck[9] by a development of the doctrines of Protestantism itself, Schröck[1] by a most minute collection of historical materials, Neander[2] by a strictly scientific criticism of the doctrines of the primitive church. Besides

Christ; History of the Acts of the Apostles; History of the Israelites.

Johann Swerin Vater, born at Alt[illegible]burg, May 17th, 1771; died at Halle, March 16th, 1826: Manual of Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, and Arabic Grammar; Materials for a History of the Church; continued the Mithridates of Adelung.

Wilhelm Gesenius, born at Nordhausen, February 13th, 1786; Professor of oriental literature at Halle: Hebrew Dictionary and Grammar; History of the Hebrew Language; Commentary on Isaiah; Travels to Syria and Palestine.

[8] Ludwig Timothæus, Freiherr von Spittler, born at Stuttgart, November 10th, 1752; died at Tübingen, March 14th, 1810: Sketch of a History of the Christian Church: Attempt at a History of the State of Europe; History of the Papacy; History of Hanover; History of Würtemberg, &c. &c.

[9] Gottlieb Jacob Planck, born at Nürtingen, in Würtemberg, November 15th, 1751; died at Goettingen, August 31st, 1833: History of Protestant Theology; Sketch of History of Christian Church; History of the Rise of, and Changes in, the Protestant Creeds till the beginning of the Eighteenth Century; History of the Rise and Progress of Church Government.

[1] Johann Matthias Schröck, born at Wien, July 20th, 1773; died at Wittenberg, August 2nd, 1808: History of Religion and of the Christian Church, in forty-five volumes.

[2] Johann August Neander, a converted Jew, born at Goettingen, January 16th, 1789; Professor of theology and church history at Berlin: Universal History of the Christian Church; History of the Acts of the Apostles; On Gnosticism; Life of Chrysostom; Life of Christ; A Reply to the Work of Strauss.

these may be named Walch[3], Henke, Baumgarten, Stäudlin, Schmidt, Marheinecke[4], Augusti[5], Tittmann[6], Münter, Gieseler[7], Münscher, Füssli, Hossbach[8], &c.

The scientific spirit had now taken possession of all the departments of theology, so that all parties were equally in need of a spirit of historical and critical investigation; those of the old faith, to show that their letter possessed spirit; the Rationalists, to show that their reason had a

[3] Christian Wilhelm Franz Walch, born at Jena, December 25th, 1726; died March 10th, 1784: History of the Heresies which arose in the Christian Church (unfinished; eleven volumes published, extending to the ninth Century); Sermons.

[4] Philipp Conrad Marheinecke, born 1780, at Hilderheim: History of the Reformation in Germany; Principles of Dogmatics.

[5] Johann Christian Wilhelm Augusti, born at Eichenberga, in Gotha, 1772; professor, at Bonn; Translation of Bible; Memorabilia of Christian Archæology; Manual of Christian Antiquities; Compendium of the History of Doctrines; System of Christian Dogmatic; Contributions to the History and Statistics of the Evangelical Church (1837), &c.

[6] Johann Augustus Heinrich Tittmann, born at Langensatza, in Prussia, August 1st, 1773; died at Leipzig, December 31st, 1831: Encyclopedia of the Theological Sciences; Systematic History of Religion and Theology in the Protestant Church during last half of the Eighteenth Century; Symbolical Books; Synonymes of the New Testament; On Supranaturalism, Rationalism, and Atheism.

[7] Johann Karl Ludwig Gieseler, born near Minden, March 3rd, 1762; Professor of theology, at Goettingen: Compendium of Church History (English by Cunningham).

[8] Wilhelm Heinrich Hossbach, born at Wusterhausen, 1784; alive, consistorial councillor at Berlin: History of Spener and his Age; History of Andreas and his Age; Sermons.

foundation in scripture; and the Pietists, to show that their religion of feeling and love was consistent with revelation, and truly scriptural. Therefore, all the leaders of the different parties were great scholars, and criticism and history became the common weapons.

In all essential points the Supranaturalists, or the old Lutherans, who based their belief upon the literal interpretation of scripture, made common cause with the Pietists, those who based their belief upon feeling, and the protestant mystics, against the Rationalists, those who based their belief upon reason or thought; though, it must be confessed, the first-named parties differed very much among one another.

The Rationalists, whose principal support within the department of theology is formed by the above-mentioned biblical philologists, orientalists, critics, and historians, sought support without it from human philosophy, and, as a matter of course, from Kant, whose Aristotelian critical method, which was devoid of all enthusiasm, was best suited for them. They could find no better way of getting rid of that mysticism in religion which was so hated by them, than by following Kant in leaving undetermined the question of absolute truth, and adopting one merely relative. They said, that, as it was impossible to unriddle the mystery of the Deity, it was better not to trouble one's self about it, than to deceive the senses of men by false explanations, and thus promote the cause of superstition and of hierarchical deceit; and that, as divine things were

inexplicable, the proper conduct of man was, to honour God by morality and the use of the intellect, which unmasks illusion and falsehood. It cannot be denied that those theologian Kantists, nay, even pure sceptics, like the writer of the Wolfenbüttel Fragments, are, when merely an opposition, when not victorious, a beneficial leaven to Protestantism. The critics, the heroes of the intellect, are the angels who are sent into the paradise of the church, with the sharp flaming sword of the thinking faculties, to expel the unworthy inhabitants. In opposition to a mass which has degenerated into a coarse sensuality, into a blunted sentimentality, or into blind, unreflecting belief in authority; in opposition to a history, which, in every leaf that is opened, only proves how far we are yet behind, what a boundless prospect the mind still has before it; these men have undertaken a work, worthy of the highest exertion of the powers of the human mind, and one, in fact, which will be its most difficult problem. The senses and the power of the imagination, the feelings and all the inborn weaknesses of man, are the powers against the degenerating and corrupting influence of which they contend; and the intellect, the small standard, is the only instrument with which they attempt to measure the height and depth of the old rock. Though the manner in which the thinking faculties are employed is itself liable to corruption, yet the mere liberty of employing them is of immense use to mankind; for power is purified only when forming. Intercourse, publicity, are the immediate results

of freedom; or rather freedom consists in public thinking or speaking; for a thought enclosed in a man's breast can as little be called free as it is possible to suppress it. It is, in itself, an immortal merit, that those critics talk about all religious subjects, even though they do not do so in the most perfect manner. They maintain the eternal right of communication of thought, and make this universal right their duty; like honourable watchmen, they guard the only path by which opinions can be exchanged and convictions purified. They carefully point out every open offence which attempts to shelter itself behind the shield of religion, and bring to light those which are concealed. They compel their opponents to answer, and punish that ignorance which wishes to rule without being qualified to do so, and that cunning which conceals a bad cause in order not to be obliged to defend it. Who does not see the blessings of religious intercourse when compared with that Asiatic seclusion, under the sway of which no one knows what is the belief on the other side of the mountains which form his horizon.

There is something indispensably necessary in this testing of the intellect. Every human being feels that the intellect is an intellectual conscience, the voice of which he may for a time, but not for ever, deaden by the delusions of the senses or of the feelings. This conscience exists even in the whole life of nations, annihilating along with those delusions the seeds of injustice and misery. It is the pure mathematic and logic of the intellect, bestowed upon us to enable us to perceive and

preserve the harmony of all those powers which exist within us. It cannot, by thinking, get rid of the emanations of the senses, but it can moderate the excesses of the sensuous power; it cannot expel the strong feelings from the heart, but it can conduct the frenzied passions back within the bounds of healthy nature. If the senses should seduce us to a lifeless worship of God, if they should destroy the feelings and take captive the intellect, if the over-excited feelings should mortify the body, and attempt to stifle the intellect by condemning it to a perpetual brooding and meditation, this same intellect will perceive (*erkennen*) the disturbance of the balance, and restore it by the cognition (*Erkenntniss*). Yet the intellect itself may degenerate into a similar tyranny in wishing to rule alone; an extreme which commonly occurs as soon as the intellect has overcome one extreme of sensuousness or passion. The intellect, which diffuses a surprising light over the benighted world, in which sensual inclinations and monstrous passions are wildly intermingling—a light by which the Enormous is consumed, like the phantoms of a dream, when the eye sees the light,—has just as much tendency to become a fiery flame, which will tolerate nothing but itself. No sooner has it unmasked and cast down the idol, than it banishes the lovely mystery of the Divine out of sensuous nature; no sooner has it overpowered the madness of passion, than it denies the revelations of the heart. No sooner has it defeated the aristocracy of the priests, than it erects itself into a "com-

mittee of public safety," which declares every one headless who has God not merely in his head. Finally, and this is the acme of its fanaticism, the thinking faculty constitutes itself the Absolute,—the basis of all existence; and from its Ego decrees the existence of God or of reason, or whatever they choose to call the thing. The German theologians have, in their study of philosophy, passed through all the stages of this intellectual fever as consistently and regularly as, only more secretly than, politicians did really and openly during the French Revolution.

Men again gave up the dead word, in order to replace it with the living thought; but this progress was made in that onesided direction which had been pointed out by the Reformation; nay, it has led even to the extreme of the doctrine. This doctrine reached a height which seemed destined to destroy the belief based upon the senses, and to produce that based upon the feelings, as soon as the conception had become sole master of the word, even the sacred one. They onesidedly permitted only the thinking of God, despising as a delusion every representation, every feeling of the divine; nay, the word itself was justly considered only as an image, nothing in itself, and something only by means of the living conception, and which can never fetter the free conception. The subordination of the word to the conception was, doubtless, a great step gained; but the exclusiveness of a belief founded upon thinking, the rejection of representation (*Vorstellung*), and of feeling, was merely a recurrence to that onesided-

ness which had formerly been so common. Men believed only what they could prove like the multiplication table; and having to deduce belief from the proof, which in its turn had itself to be proved from belief, they fell into the strangest contradictions and false conclusions. Though nothing has produced such beneficial consequences as the knowledge of the corruptions of the church in past ages, acquired by means of the intellect, though the evolution of God by thinking, the reflecting on the eternal harmony of things, must always accompany true devotion, though it is precisely this which purifies, not destroys, our images of, and feelings towards, God, yet there has never been any idolatry so rude, no feeling of devotion so blunted, no slavish lip-service so awkward and meagre, as those logical proofs of the attributes of God, which strive to analyze the Supreme Being, as the mineralogist does a fossil, and whose last position—I believe, because I think! could never dispense with a preceding one:—I think, because I believe!

After the time of Voltaire and Hume, or after the publication of the Wolfenbüttel Fragments and Frederick the Great, many unbelievers, atheists, deists, and materialists, having boldly renounced the church, attacked it, or carelessly left it undisturbed. But in the mean time there was formed within the church a peculiar sort of miners, who, under the mask of the church and of orthodoxy, lived, nevertheless, in precisely the same unbelief professed by those who were notorious sceptics. These gentlemen smilingly

taught their theological pupils, that unbelief was the true apostolic, primitive Christian belief, proven by reason and revelation; Christ himself, —they do not deny him,—is, in their opinion, a good honest man; but they put all their insipidities into his mouth, making him, by means of their exegetical juggling, sometimes a Kantian, sometimes an Hegelian, now one-*ian*, now another, just as may happen to please the professor. In our learned age everything depends upon Hermeneutics. One man might become a Bonze and swear upon the symbolic books of Fo, and yet by means of a dexterous exegesis invest the stupid books with as rational a meaning as he pleased. They do not alter the word; they swear upon it, but think of something else. What if it be that this mental reservation has been appropriated as an entailed property to the Catholics alone? Ought there to be sly Jesuits among the Catholics alone? Are we not cunning people too? But I will not be unjust. There is something impure in the matter, which, however, lies probably in the means, not in the end. It is not the intention of the people to play the hypocrite; they only think it necessary to act with a good intention, so as by pious frauds to promote the true welfare of mankind. In this regular, proper, and ecclesiastical way, they wish, slowly and imperceptibly, merely by a kind of translation, to change the old folly of belief into the modern wisdom of thought. There may be, if we will, something exciting in the life-long attempts to convert, by means of exegetical grubbing, weeding, and pruning the mighty pri-

mitive forest of the Bible—which stands deeply and firmly rooted, towering to heaven, and interwoven with a thousand parasite plants, tendrils, and luxuriant flowers—into a bold, rationalistic system of a semi-Kantian or semi-Hegelian philosophy, crossed with a few yew fences, mathematically clipped, according to the French style of landscape gardening, and barely kept alive by a diminutive philosophical streamlet. It is, to say the least, tragical, when a fifty years' work is finished, and the honest labourer hopes to enjoy the fruits of his labour, to see others come, who see the ancient forest still standing, the ancient sacred wood yet uncontaminated by the touch of the axe; who say, that all that the workman had done was mere illusion—that he had cut down the forest only in his own imagination, and that the barren little yew garden existed only in his own rationalistic head.

The folly of wishing to prove, by any means, however artistical, the truth of the tenets evolved out of the Bible by *their* reason, would probably be inexplicable, were it not that the gentlemen attach to such deductions a great practical importance. The Bible and their reason being incompatible, why do they not allow them to remain separate? Why do they insist upon making things harmonise which do not and never can harmonise? Answer: though they are convinced of the infallibility of their reason, yet a certain instinct tells them, that this reason wants something to make it impressive; they do not disdain to make the Bible—that book which they them-

selves despise, which is so often a hated stumbling-block in their way, yet which is, by the people, still considered holy—a witness in their favour, by means of a proper training and interpretation. The Bible now possesses undisputed authority; they know the value of this authority, and therefore endeavour to obtain possession of it. Were it not that the Bible, by means of its spirit and letter, rules in our congregations, no Rationalist would trouble himself about the burdensome book.

The manner in which the Bible is now maltreated, in order to torture out of it the modern reason of the Rationalists, is as edifying as various. One party, at the head of which stands Paulus[9], of Heidelberg, says that the Bible narratives must be acknowledged as records of real occurrences, but that these occurrences, which were miracles merely in appearance, always admitted of a natural explanation. That Christ was at the marriage feast is true; that instead of water there came forth wine, is equally true; but that Christ did not change the water into wine, but merely substituted the one for the other, by a little piece of jugglery. Lazarus was awakened, not from death, but only from a state of asphysia, for Christ was no worker of miracles, though he may have been an excellent physician, &c. The other party denies the truth of the facts, and ex-

[9] Heinrich Eberhard Gottlob Paulus, born at Leonberg, near Stuttgart, September 1st, 1761; alive: Professor of Theology at Heidelberg. Philological, Critical, and Historical Commentary on the New Testament; Life of Christ; Exegetical Manual on the Three First Gospels; Sophronizon; Travels in the East.

plains the Bible narratives as myths and parables, in which the philosophical doctrines and myths of former ages were concealed. Following out these views, Strauss[1] has lately written a very acute work. Steffens has very wittily pointed out the contradiction in this double exegesis of the Rationalist, and has asked, "whether the wonders in a poem should be explained on the principles of physical science."

Neither of these modes of interpretation are sufficient to shake the reverence felt for the person of Christ. In spite of all interpretation upon natural principles, we see in him the Sublime Ideal of the Moral World; and that remains an eternal miracle. In spite of all mythical interpretations, we see in him the destroyer of the ancient heathenism, the founder of a new and totally different era, the new Adam, the first regenerated in the divine spirit, the father of a new spiritual mankind.

Critics do less harm than silly praters. Young Rationalists sometimes use poetical quotations to cobble up the holes of their reason. Thus, for example, one of them has found out a connection between Goethe's "King in Thule," and the line "He never drank a drop more," and the sufferings and death of Christ; thinking all the while that he was doing the Bible great honour in com-

[1] Gerhard Friedrich Albrecht Strauss, born at Iserlohn, in Westphalia, September 24th, 1786; deposed from his professorship in Berlin; alive in Stuttgart. Passages (*Glockentöne*) from the Life of a Young Country Clergyman; the Baptism in the Jordan; Helon's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem; Life of Christ.

paring it with Goethe. Worse will probably yet follow. False notions in the fine arts and philosophy are by degrees taking possession of all departments of literature, and are lying confusedly intermingled in the heads of young presumptuous *privitim docentes*, as in a box of incense.

Not to mention the older rationalists, Nitzsch, Greiling, Theiss, Kindervater, Bartels, &c., among whom the celebrated preacher Reinhard [2], in Dresden, is probably the most popular, there are many others distinguished besides Paulus. We may name his friend Johann Heinrich Voss, of whom more will be said under the head of poetry; Tzschirner [3], who did not state his opinions slyly and cunningly like Paulus, but boldly and openly; Krug, of Leipzig, who uttered thoughts still more trivial than those of Paulus, in a more pleasing style, and was, therefore, better liked by the public; the busy writer in church periodicals, Zimmermann [4], of Darmstadt, who sometimes wrote in opposition to the spirit of the age; Röhr [5], in Weimar,

[2] Franz Volkmar Reinhard, born near Sulzbach, in Bavaria, March 12th, 1753, died at Dresden, Sept. 6th, 1812. System of Christian Morals; Lectures on Dogmatic Theology; Sermons (41 vols.).

[3] Heinrich Gottlieb Tzschirner, born at Metwida, in Saxony, November 14th, 1778, died at Leipzig, Feb. 17th, 1826. Catholicism and Protestantism in a political point of view; Danger to be apprehended from a Revolution in Germany.

[4] Ernst Zimmermann, born at Darmstadt, Sept. 18th, 1786, died ibid, June 24th, 1832. Allgemeine Kirchenzeitung (General Ecclesiastical Journal); Sermons on Various Subjects; Manual of Homiletic for Preachers.

[5] Johann Friedrich Röhr, born near Naumburg, July 30th,

the Prussians Gesenius and Wegscheider [6], who have lately entered into so violent a controversy with the Supranaturalists, &c. Many hundred names might be added, but I would not name them all, even if I knew them, for they increase so rapidly, that in the course of ten years, others will have thrown them completely into the shade. It is sufficient to point out that one principle, to which they all pay homage.

Akin to the rationalists, yet without participating in any of their prevarications, is the late amiable, hypochondriacal Jochmann [7] who wrote on theology without being a priest, and who, during his whole life, insisted upon keeping his name secret—a man, unique in his own manner. In the Reflections on Protestantism, which were published anonymously by Winter, in Heidelberg, he unsparingly lays bare all the deficiencies of the Protestant, and especially of the German and English church and theology, yet all the while with deep feelings of right and truth. The talented complaints on false theology, by Steffens, likewise contain much that is true.

1777; alive: General Superintendent at Weimar. Letters on Rationalism; Description of Palestine; Literature of Sermons.

[6] Julius August Wegscheider, born at Kübbelingen in Braunschweig, September 17th, 1771; alive; Professor at Halle. Institutiones Theologiæ Christianæ Dogmaticæ; Introduction to the Gospel of John; Lectures on the Exegesis of the New Testament.

[7] Karl Gustaf Jochmann, born at Pernau, near Riga, Feb. 10th, 1790. On the French Church; On Language; On the Homöopathical System.

The Supranaturalists, those who acknowledge the supranatural in Christianity, without carping at it or attempting to explain it, nay, who even, like Schleiermacher are pleased at having to do with the Inexplicable, and who rejoice in the mystery as such, divided themselves from the beginning into those who based their belief upon the written word (*Buchstabengläubige*), and those who based their belief upon feeling (*Gefühlsgläubige*); Orthodox and Pietists. Of the former, the school of Storr, in Tübingen, we have already given an account. We now go on to speak of the Pietists, but in doing so, we must discriminate between the more ecclesiastical Sentimentalists and the real Pietists and sectarians, as strictly as we did between the more ecclesiastical Rationalists and the genuine freethinkers. For the Pietists, having at last become as cunning as the Rationalists, have claimed, and endeavoured to obtain possession of, that territory of the church, from which they had formerly either been excommunicated by the Orthodox, or had voluntarily seceded.

As Kant exercised the greatest influence over the Rationalists, so did Herder and Jacobi over the Pietists. During last century, however, Rationalism and Orthodoxy prevailed too much to allow the pietistic theologian to make any great progress within the pale of the church. Lavater[8]

[8] Johann Caspar Lavater, born at Zürich, November 15th, 1741; died ibid, January 8th, 1801. Physiognomical Fragments for Promoting a Love of, and Acquaintance with Man; Views into Eternity.

as well as Jung Stilling[9], appear to have been merely dilettanti; their sphere of action being entirely among the laity, they were looked upon as semi-dissenters. They were the first who, after Thomasius, put an end to the witch-trials, and re-established by facts that belief, which can be proved by scripture and reason alone, in a world of spirits exercising an immediate influence upon ours. Lavater preached, not merely a belief based upon the feelings, but even mixed up so much of the imagination in his discourses, that he was, even fifty years ago, suspected of Catholicism, and of having influenced the Graf zu Stollberg in changing his faith; moreover, he was a firm believer in the existence of spirits—a doctrine which, following the example of Gassner's exorcisms, was inculcated chiefly by Jung Stilling in his Theory of Pneumatology. The latter, however, added to his opinions on spectre-seeing the trivial moral, That people ought to be pious and believing, if they did not wish to be compelled hereafter to walk as ghosts. Stilling was a worthy and honest, though weak German, like many of his neighbours, but his works have an appearance of narrow and confined anguish, which has always made them intolerable to me. He preaches that same gross superstition which was manifested in the witch-trials, but then in those

[9] Johann Heinrich Jung, called Stilling, born in Nassau, 1740, died at Carlsruhe, April 2nd, 1817. Autobiography (English, by Jackson); Scenes from the Kingdom of Spirits; History of the Triumph of Christianity; Theobald, or the Enthusiast.—See For. Quart. Rev. xxi., 247—283.

olden times superstition was still powerful; people then ventured to enter into a compact with the devil, and to amuse themselves with play and dancing on May-day-night (*Walpurgis-nacht*). But that abominable weakness of the modern German culture, which can never be sufficiently branded with scorn, has retained nothing but the foolish part of this superstition, as well as of everything ancient, omitting altogether that which possessed any power. Fear now occupies the place of that courage with which our forefathers marched to attack hell; we now fly in place of fighting. Instead of those spells practised by Faust, which forced even the devil himself to become a servant of man, we now see men praying and whining with the blind anguish of boys, with gestures like those of women.

The opinions of Eckartshausen[1], are of far more importance. He not only directed his attention to visions, and not merely took pleasure in the pious shudder which they caused, but being at the same time a profound thinker, he has left to us in his *Salzbund Gottes*, a very interesting system which he has drawn from the ideas of Jacob Böhme, and the Rosicrusians... Hamann[2], who did not until lately receive his just meed of applause, seems even more original,

[1] Karl von Eckhartshausen, born at Haimhausen, in Bavaria, June 28th, 1752, died May 12th, 1803. Disclosures in Magic; Mystical Nights; Ethics for all Ranks; God is Purest Love.

[2] Johann Georg Hamann, born at Königsberg, August 27th, 1730, died at Münster, June 28th, 1788. Philosophical Writings, (Berlin, 1824).

and is distinguished, if not by his system, yet by his single flashing thoughts and his nervous strange style. Somewhat earlier in the first half of last century, Edelmann[3] preached the autocracy of love—of real brotherly love among men, in opposition to that somewhat insipid love of the Moravians to Christ, with whom they play, in fact, just as girls do with a doll. I mention Edelmann particularly, because in several manuals he is placed as a godless atheist alongside of the followers of Voltaire; a kind of treatment which he truly does not deserve.

Daub[4] and Schwarz[5], in Heidelberg, struck out a peculiar path, in attempting to league theology with the philosophy of Schelling. Daub afterwards went over to Hegel. Clodius[6], was the Protestant who showed the greatest respect for Jacobi. Krummacher[7] following out the ideas of Herder, endeavoured to work by means of Parables, which gained him great renown.

[3] Johann Christian Edelmann, born at Weissenfels, July 9th, 1690, died February 15th, 1767. Innocent Tales; Christ and Belial; Berlibung Bible; Divinity of Reason; Moses with uncovered face; Gospel of St. Harenberg.

[4] Karl Daub, died November 22nd, 1836. Theological Works; Lectures on Dogmatic; Judas Iscariot.

[5] Friedrich Heinrich Christian Schwarz, born at Giessen, in Hesse, May 30th, 1766; alive: Professor in Heidelberg; System of Education; Sketch of a System of Protestant Christian Dogmatic; System of the Moral Sciences.

[6] Christian August Clodius, born in Saxony, 1738, died at Leipzig, November 30th, 1784. Medon, or the Sage's Revenge; Poetry; Miscellaneous Writings in Philosophy and Theology.

[7] Friedrich Adolf Krummacher, born at Tuhlinburg, in Westphalia, July 13th, 1768; Parables; Prayer-book; the Centurion Cornelius.

Within these few years there has been formed out of the old orthodox theology, which still retained many adherents, as for example, Harms[8], Scheibel[9] of Breslau, (as whose pupil, Steffens lately professed the strictest observance of Lutheranism,) a new school of that critical and scientific Pietism (*Gefühlsglauben*), which bases itself upon the scriptures. At its head stands Tholuk[1]; its most zealous controversialist is Hengstenberg[2]; akin to it are Guericke[3] and Twesten[4]. Tholuk has acquired immortal merit

[8] Claus Harms, born near Dethmorschau, in Holstein, May 25th, 1778; alive: Archdeacon of Kiel (was offered the chair in Berlin, which became vacant by the death of Schleiermacher.) Sermons on Pastoral Theology; Summer Sermons (*Postille*); Winter Sermons; New Winter Sermons.

[9] Johann Gottfreid Scheibel, born at Breslau, September 16th, 1783, where he was Professor of Theology, but expelled. Controversial Works on the Communion; History of the Union of Churches in Prussia (1817).

[1] Friedrich August Gottreu Tholuk, born at Breslau, March 30th, 1799; alive: Professor of Theology in Halle. Sufism or the Pantheisitic Philosophy of the Persians; Commentary on Romans (English by Menzies) Comment. on John; Credibility of the Gospel History; On the Sermon on the Mount (English by Menzies); The True Consecration of the Doubter (English by Ryland), an answer to Dewette's Consecration of the Doubter; Life of Christ, with a reply to Strauss.

[2] E. W. Hengstenberg, born at Frondenberg, in Prussia, Oct. 20th, 1802; alive: Prof. in Berlin. Editor of the Evangelische Kirchenzeitung (Evangelical Church Gazette); Christology of the Old Testament; Introduction to the Old Testament.

[3] H. E. F. Guericke, born at Wettin, Feb. 25th, 1803, formerly Professor in Halle; expelled 1835. Manual of Church History; Symbolik; Hermann Francke; Contributor to an Introduction to the New Testament.

[4] Twesten, successor of Schleiermacher in Berlin; Doctrinal Theology; *Dogmatik*.

by his History of Oriental Mysticism, the most beautiful flowers of which he gathered into a bouquet. Hengstenberg always falls into a passion with theological errors,—a passion which I truly honour, for I have a considerable share of it myself; but Hengstenberg is intolerant, he throws away the cherry with the stone, is often unjustly angry, and has therefore only himself to blame when his labours are ineffectual. We should be able to chase the hens out of the garden, without ourselves trampling down the flowers.

Dilettanti and dissenters have of late been busy beside the church, collecting stones for a new building; in doing so, they have arrived by various methods of procedure at the same point at which Jung Stilling stopped short. The belief in spirits forms the magic circle within which the altar of the new church is to be erected. Horst[5], in his Magical Library, (*Zauber-bibliothek*) and Demonology, casts, as it were, enamoured glances into the world of spirits; but he was ashamed of believing in their reality, and therefore merely collected with historical fidelity everything that related to this department. J. F. von Meyer[6], professed his belief in the existence of spirits, not merely with courage, but even with pride, and he supported his opinions with as much philosophical profoundness, as exege-

[5] Georg Conrad Horst, born 1709.

[6] Johann Friedrich von Meyer, born at Frankfort on the Maine, September 12th, 1772; alive: President of Court of Law in Frankfort. Blätter für höhere Wahrheit, (1819—1832); Wahrnehmungen einer Seherin; Tobias, an Epic Poem; Essence of Christian Belief.

tical learning. His Expositions of the Bible, his Hades, his Papers for Higher Truth, and the Visions of a Seer, which he edited, assume the first place amid the mystic literature of our age. It is true that they contain a certain degree of pious twaddle, which expresses merely subjective feelings, connected with the deepest and richest thoughts, to get at which we have merely to allow it to run off like water from the gold sand. His pride, it is true, may sometimes offend those who think differently; but can we take amiss this pride in the mind of one, who having been mistaken by the blockheads of the day, is looked upon as a frantic enthusiast, precisely for those noblest qualities which are peculiar to him? and is not pride better than hypocritical humility? The Visions of a Seer are the fruits of magnetism, and, in as far as relates to the mind, they are the ripest which have been plucked from this new tree of knowledge. They contain a system which, intermediate between those of Jacòb Böhme and Swedenborg, serves, in a general way, to connect all those mystic systems which are so near akin; thus resembling a rainbow, which, though broken in many parts by rain-clouds, yet serves to connect them. G. H. Schubert [7], a disciple of Schelling, and a distinguished Nature-philosopher, has, in his Symbolical System of Dreams, in his History

[7] Gotthilf Heinrich von Schubert, born at Hohenstein, in Saxony, April 26th, 1780, alive: Professor at München. Natural History; Forebodings of an Universal History of Life; Old and New Sketches of Psychology; Account of a Visionary (Oberlin), or On the State of the Soul after Death.

of the Soul, as well as in almost all his scientific works on the natural sciences, endeavoured to explain the relation which magnetism bears to a higher world, and in doing so, has shown a mind as pious as it is deeply poetical, and a learning as extensive as is his practical knowledge of nature. The Sayings of the Clairvoyans, published by the Pietists of Basle, which are yet little known, form a very interesting portion of this literature. In fine, Justinus Kerner[8], the poet, and Eschenmayer[9], the philosopher, have, within these few years, attracted universal attention by their writings about The Seer of Prevorst, which have caused Görres and Franz Baader to communicate similar phenomena of ancient and modern visionaries. It is only a pity that the visions of the Seer of Prevorst have led us back, not merely in regard to the object, but even in regard to the subjective manner of comprehending the object, to Jung Stilling, that is, to the vulgar ghost stories, and fear of ghosts. This latter is a paltry world of spirits, with which the tender and sublime forebodings, which lie in magnetism, in the visions of

[8] Justinus Kerner, born at Ludwigsburg, in Würtemberg, February 18th, 1786; alive in Prevorst. Poems; Die Seherin von Prevorst; Blätter aus Prevorst; History of the Possessed of Our Age.

[9] Christoph Adolf von Eschenmayer, born at Neuenberg, in Würtemberg, June 4th, 1770; alive: Kercheim. System of Moral Philosophy; Psychology as Empirical, Pure, and Applied; Philosophy of Religion; Hegel's Philosophy of Religion compared with Christianity; Ischariotism of our days, an Appendix to Strauss' Life of Christ; Conflict between Heaven and Hell, as observed in the Spirit of a Possessed Girl.

other spectre-seers, and in the divinations of the mystics, must not be carelessly connected, and which offers but too many weak points which may be abused by the credulous, or made a jest of by the incredulous.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of our modern literature, is the spread of the doctrines of Swedenborg [1], in consequence of the translation of his works by Tafel and Hofaker, of Tübingen. These opinions, have, it is true, an internal connection with the old oriental and romantic Mysticism; yet, though originating in the south, a plant of a completely peculiar character has sprung up in the north. Swedenborg may be named the protestant Mohammed of the north, inasmuch as he not merely promulgated new doctrines, but also founded a new church. He did not, like Luther, content himself with founding upon the scriptures the old revelation and reason, but taught a new revelation which he said had been imparted to him, as to the prophet, by the immediate inspiration of heaven. In accordance with the nature of the torrid zone, the doctrines of Mohammed, are those of slavery; while, in the north, those of Swedenborg, are those of liberty, the boldest which can be imagined. They therefore suit the *poetical rationalists* (such as Goethe, who reverenced them) no less than the adherents

[1] Emmanuel von Swedenborg, born at Stockholm, January 29th, 1688, died at London, March 29th, 1772. Opera Philosophica et Miralogica; Arcana Cœlestia; De Cultu et Amore Dei; Principia Rerum Naturalium, quæ in Scriptura, in Verbo Domino detecta sunt.

of magnetism. This being the case, it is not impossible that they may yet be widely diffused and may hereafter form a powerful opposition to that popish mysticism, which will ever remain faithful to the south. The chief characteristic of this doctrine, is its consistent Protestantism, the opposition of an absolute freedom and self-determination to the predestination of mankind by God. All that man can become, either here or hereafter, he becomes of himself, in consequence of the tendency which he gives to himself; and if he does not penetrate into the higher regions, it is his own wish, he does not do so because he does not feel comfortable in them, because he prefers being surrounded with more commonplace things. In this system, all is clear, serene, and pleasant; in it we are, as it were, at home, and that wonderful Hereafter, which we dread, is divested of its terrors. There is in fact no system better suited to our age. It is, by its views on predestination, intimately related to the system of Fichte, and consequently to all the ideas founded upon freedom, which exist in modern science. Even the intercourse with the world of spirits appears in it as something very natural. Swedenborg belongs to the north, the inhabitants of which are all imbued with the magnetic power, as is proved by the visions and somnambulism common to all who dwell in high northern latitudes; for example, to the Hebrideans, the Greenlanders, the Shamanes, &c. Animal magnetism is there as common as the physical, inward light as common as the northern light; and, as this latter is a

spontaneous illumination of the earth, a translation of the planet into the sun, so is the inward light of the magnetised individual, a self-apotheosis of the man, a translation of the mortal being into the immortal world of spirits, though both on a very limited scale, and not without an illusion which necessarily lies in the converse of the relations. The northern seer, and the northern light, illuminate only the night, they are far removed from the light of day; he, therefore, who has walked in these doctrines, will, when he sees the brightness of heaven break in, feel like one, who having hitherto seen only northern lights, mistakes them for the sun, which he thereupon suddenly sees.

I am consequently of opinion, that the doctrines of Swedenborg,—however much they may, in one direction, tend to promote a clearer knowledge in regard to religious matters, and however sublime their system of morals, which is founded on freedom, may be,—will always form a contrast to the ancient romantic doctrine of that love which bestowed grace from above. Yet it is certain, that if the sorry shallowness and frivolity of theology be gradually succeeded by a deeper spirit of investigation, the system of Swedenborg will exercise a great influence.

So much for the literature of this party. There is, however, in Germany, a great number of Pietists (properly so called), or country Quietists (*Stillen im Lande*), who, possessing almost no literature, except the Bible and a few tracts, or confining themselves to the older mystics, to Böhme,

Gichtel, Gutmann, Arndt, Tersteegen, Bengel, &c., prefer praying for themselves in their quiet conventicles, to busying themselves in the literary forum. This Pietism striking its roots invisibly and noiselessly into the earth, finds various kinds of nourishment, seldom or never in new books, it is true, yet the oftener in new sensations, in the uneasiness of the age.

I see the germ of great events, where the common man, dreading the shrill discord which takes place between what is and what ought to be, flees with deep devotion to seek refuge with God. In Pietism alone men return to that inmost and deepest fountain of mental regeneration, from which wells forth a new river of life, even though the old one be dried up. All the other tendencies of our age move rather on the surface, there opposing and intermingling with one another.

As Protestantism marks the transition from the senses to the intellect, so does Pietism that from the intellect to the feelings. When this cycle has been completed, when representation, conception, and feeling have each been developed during a onesided sway, they will by a harmonious interpenetration again reproduce the idea. Pietism will one day form the transition to a new Mysticism, which will rule the whole world.

Pietism must necessarily experience three crises; we are still in the first of these. It had at first to appear linked to Protestantism, and governed by its influence, because, springing from small beginnings, it had great difficulty in supporting its existence by retaining the old forms.

This period being both the political and worldly one, Pietism will be oppressed both by the dominant church and the spirit of the age. In a second crisis, however, it will obtain the mastery over both, and fall into the extreme of onesidedness. In the third, being at length reconciled to Protestantism and Catholicism, it will found a new church.

However paradoxical this prophecy may seem to the general public of our worldly indifferent age, which is almost dead to all religious interests, to the crowds who never think of futurity, or, when they do, fill it with ideals of temporal states; still a small minority will agree with me. The few, who are in this age filled with God, do not doubt, that a time will again come,—it may be long ere it come, but it will come,—in which the interest felt for religion will predominate over every other, and that Pietism is the way to this; that in it the way will be prepared for a method, by which the new regeneration of despised faith, and the reconciliation of the religious sects, which have hitherto been separated, may be brought about.

Those, who doubt the power of a religious association, when not consolidated in a strong external church, must be informed, that the Pietists are at present really still and weak, still too much swayed by the influence of the prevailing systems, too disunited, and often too corrupt, to found a powerful church; and, moreover, that it is not consistent with the nature of Pietism, to show its power externally, and to clothe itself

with temporal power. The Pietist, living in the world of the feelings, turns away from everything external. As it is difficult to restrain the flow of the feelings, it is not easy, where only internal sensations are felt, to found a system of doctrine, far less the rigid form of a visible church. Yet the power of the feelings is sufficiently strong to extend itself independent of all external aid and protection, and to overstep the bounds of strange churches as well as to withdraw itself from external persecution. This power being invisible and unattainable, deceives every calculation of its opponents. No one can prevent it from hereafter becoming the ruling one, and when it becomes so, we shall see phenomena which no one could have anticipated.

The very commencement of Pietism shows the whole influence which Protestantism, from which it proceeded, had upon it. The first Pietists merely wished to represent pure Protestantism in the same way as the Jesuits had represented pure Catholicism. Thence comes it that they form a complete contrast to the Jesuits. Spiritual communion with Jesus, the perfect romance of the love-wrapt souls, penitential feelings, contrition, rapture, visions, and in fine, a readiness to sacrifice oneself to duty, the conversion of the heathens, missions to foreign countries, are common to both; the only difference is, that the Jesuits in doing so played a hypocritical part, as their sole aim was to increase the power of the hierarchy, while the Pietists did what they thought

good for its own sake. The Pietists at first wished only for a purified Protestantism, and had no desire to separate from the protestant church. Where this really occurred, it did so only in the name of pure Protestantism; so that the very fact of its doing so, shows the still-prevailing influence of the old system. In founding an external church, they, as well as other Protestants, paid homage, not only to the belief based on feelings, but also to a belief based upon scripture, a fixed doctrine. Thence comes it that their little churches are formed completely after the model of the Protestant ones. As the Protestants split into Lutherans and Reformed, so did the Pietists into Herrnhutters and Methodists. As the Lutherans of the north of Germany consolidated themselves into one compact and united church, and acknowledged Luther as their monarch, so the Herrnhutters did the same in the same country, acknowledging Zinzendorf as their monarch. As the Reformed in Switzerland, on the contrary, attached themselves, some to Calvin others to Zwingli, so the Methodists in England followed, some Wesley, others Whitfield.

The inferior churches, which belong to a period of transition, cannot be widely extended, nor can they ever acquire any firm footing. Of far more importance than these ordained Pietists, are the countless number of others, who, scattered all through the country, and therefore unconnected by any external bond, are so much the more firmly knit together by an internal one.

They are that mass which has not yet assumed any form; in which the formations are still in a state of transition, which has yet to purify, extend, and definitively form itself.

Many immature, corrupt, mournful, and terrifying phenomena, appear in this chaos. The faculty of the feelings (*Gemüth*), cannot yet free itself from the influence of the senses and the onesided tendencies of the intellect. These strange and contradictory influences, often produce great aberrations in, and do great injury to, the feelings, thus leading to unnaturalness and madness. The feelings are not to blame for that, but only the senses, and a false culture of the intellect, which use and abuse those immense powers which lie in the feelings. Even deceit, hypocrisy, vanity, and selfishness creep in. This is the reason that we find among the Pietists sensual, corrupt men, who carry on a really immoral intercourse with the objects of their glowing devotion; poor sinners who take refuge in the arms of the pietistic grace and regeneration, for the same reasons which caused some of their friends to become Catholics; half-educated enthusiasts, who, by their interpretations of the scriptures and of the prophecies, craze the head without warming the heart; in fine, hypocrites of every sort, especially among the lower classes, shop and innkeepers, who, in a religious way procure purchasers and customers; poor adventurers, who strive to earn a subsistence in some easy method, and coquetting women, who, under the name of a penitent, wish to play the

part of sinning Magdalens. All these abuses must be ascribed, not to Pietism itself, but to the position in which it is now placed. The spirit of the world, to which Pietism succumbs, thus scorns and mocks it.

Many Pietists endeavour to escape this worldly spirit, by withdrawing, as far as possible, from everything earthly, and no longer thinking about the world. This is Quietism in Pietism, its extreme, the most onesided aberration of which it is capable. This Quietism is most congenial to the dispositions of the lower classes, because the pride and arrogance of ignorance is most easily assumed by those who are really the most ignorant. Worn-out people of the higher ranks also attach themselves to Quietism, hoping to find in it some pleasure even when labouring under the utmost impotence.

The worst are the bloody pietists, men whose imaginations are totally corrupted by the images of the wounds of the Lamb. A butcher's-stall is, in truth, no altar. These bloodshedders are the complete contrast of the Rationalists, yet both are equally absurd.

Man ought to be equal in the eyes of God as in the eyes of the law; but as an individual citizen, favoured by talent and fortune, may acquire a larger fortune than his neighbour, so in religion a man endowed with spirit and gifts, may add something to his own store, may place his own ideas of the Deity in a somewhat more striking point of view, and may erect to them a somewhat nobler temple in his own mind. It would be, at

least, the grossest terrorism of equality, to condemn us to look upon our God as that weak being which the Deists consider him, and to infect all sound healthy men with the religious hectic of Rationalism. Yet this abstraction of all religious life would not be so abominable as that cannibal-like delight, with which our Pietists, who seem to have sucked in that blood extracted from the rationalists, besmear themselves and everything they touch with blood.

Yet none of these aberrations prevent Pietism from spreading more and more, and even from rising in the estimation of the educated. As a religion of the feelings it is become indispensable to those, who can no longer be satisfied with the dead Orthodoxy or Rationalism of the Protestants.

Pietism finds most adherents among the lower classes, partly because they are less corrupt than the higher, and partly because they have not so much participation in the enjoyments of earth as thereby to be induced to forget heaven. Where the slow poison of immorality, and the presumptuous wisdom of the world, have not penetrated very deeply, the feelings, yet fresh and vigorous, are capable of the highest and most enduring rapture. On the contrary, where necessity, want, contempt, and slavery, outwardly prevail, men love to seek internal freedom, internal happiness. They, to whom earth offers nothing, seek heaven. Ought we then to blame and condemn that internal vivid glow, which is the characteristic of

the great body of the Pietists, and which in a friendly manner protects them from the nipping influences of life; that blooming sense for love, which takes refuge in small communities because the larger refuse it admittance; and that inward elevation which confirms to the pious soul the last remains of human dignity, when lowliness, poverty, and vice have conspired to crush it. The great body of the Pietists is composed of the lowest classes and of the poor. Is it not a noble trait of this people, that they find within their own breast that star which guides them in the night of life? Is not this despised piety the only protection against brutish apathy and baseness, as well as against those frivolous or desperate resolutions which lead to revolutions? One circumstance is at present peculiarly favourable to the spread of Pietism, the want of public life, and that selfishness which undermines private life. Whilst the Englishman occupies himself with his all-engrossing politics, the Frenchman with his social enjoyment, the Italian with his natural dispositions, the German is compelled to find a heaven within himself. The tedium of political life, the perfidy of society, often combined with the monotony of nature and of domestic life, cause him to cherish as indispensable both the rapture felt in the pious overflowing of the heart, and that community which participates in similar feelings. There is, too, connected with this feeling a peculiar longing, which has always been a characteristic of Germans of all parties, namely, to form

a secluded community of saints, of elect, of apostles of one idea. This was and is the strongest connecting bond of the Separatists.

We have, however, seen how a new Mysticism has been recently formed, partly in the very bosom of theology, and partly on the side of philosophy, poetry, and the natural sciences, which though not yet inseparably connected with those elements of Pietism which dwell in the lower classes, is still allied to, and gives indications that it will one day be interpenetrated by them, and thus obtain a footing among the people. It is to be hoped, that when this deepfelt religious want among the people comes into contact with the educated classes, the church will gradually be regenerated from its deepest spiritual centre, and from its very origin.

We see how Catholics, as well as Protestants, equally incline to this centre, so that the schism of the communities can be healed only from within, and must fall asunder, as a shell broken in two halves does, as soon as the contained kernel attains its full size, and becomes ripe.

Mysticism has justly been denominated the Night of Life. Night has its ghosts, but also its stars. As soon as morning appears, bringing with it the bustle of business, with all its claims upon our attention, we no longer think either of the ghosts or of the stars. Mystical writings can attract but little attention during the present state of political excitement; indeed, this excitement was not necessary, for there formerly prevailed in literature such a commotion, that the works of

quiet and mysterious night were in consequence almost forgotten.

It is very well to complain of ghosts; but it is far best to laugh at them. But why do we blame even the calm stars for continuing to shine uninfluenced by clouds or sun, even when we cannot see their rays? Let us honour the business of the day; but what have those eyes of heaven, which are ever awake above us, done to us, that we should find fault with them? Every one blesses the hours of the night, during which he, full of longing, looks up to the stars, and down into the yet deeper starry heaven of his own soul.

All ages, and especially our own, have in their Mysticism something which is ghostlike, yet, at the same time, malicious and ridiculous. The most mischievous of all the political devils has hitherto always worn the dress of the pious hermit. Many pious minds have again, out of sheer despair, withdrawn from a world in which the devil so visibly dwelt, into internal contemplation, where that hypochondria, which is the natural consequence of solitude, has produced within them those diseased fancies, which were afterwards made a mock of by the world. In fine, our own vanity has discovered in that mysticism which is not genuine but which is merely assumed for the sake of appearance, a convenient method of assuming an important and fashionable air. Many who would fain have found out this method by intellect and wit, if they had had either, pretended to despise this intellect and wit, and gave out that they had found totally different revelations in the

depths of the feelings. The complaints against Mysticism are generally justified by suchlike abuses.

Though the Noblest is always the most exposed to desecration, yet only the brutality of an evil disposition, or a weak stupidity, can confound the noble essence with its counterfeit. We may, if we please, scorn the ghosts of night, but we should honour sacred night itself. When the sun sets, the eternal stars become visible; when each day's work is finished, there awakes within us the consciousness of another, an eternal life. The mind looks from the surface into the depths, from the visible effects into the mysterious causes and consequences, from the Present into the Past and Future. Yes! there is an unfathomable depth of things! there is a God, an Eternity, and man himself being of an origin as profound, is destined for something higher and nobler than every-day occurrences. Those exertions, therefore, of the human mind, which are connected with the idea of this higher and eternal order, when compared with which our little existence vanishes, are not mere phantoms and fashionable appearances, which, like Ossian's cloudy phantoms, career over the mountains. No! the rock of faith stands eternally unmoved and firm amidst this wild aerial chase, and when the mist again sinks, the sun will greet the summits of the mountain.

We have heard little of mysticism since the time of Swedenborg, in the so-called "illumination period" of the philosophical century. Eckart-

hausen, Jung Stilling, Lavater, were of minor importance. Mystic profoundness has but lately been again revived, as a religious tendency has again taken possession of the minds of men. Deceive ourselves as we will, it is a fact, that some of the modern mystical writings have surprised even the cleverest men of our age; and by what means? Goethe says, very correctly, in Wilhelm Meister's Indenture, "Seriousness comes on us by surprise," (*der Ernst überrascht uns*). This is, in three words, the confession of a whole age. Yes, it is seriousness which takes by surprise all to whom religion had become merely an habitual amusement, or a butt for their wit. We had placed ourselves in the most comfortable situation for æsthetically enjoying, as from the pit of the theatre, the heroic deeds of the ancient martyrs, the alluring charm of the legends, and the poetic depth of some visionaries, but it never occurred to any of us, that that kind of poetry could again become reality, and really enter into our every-day's life. Placing the saints, the prophets, and seers on a level with the knights of olden times, we imagined that a modern prophet would bear the same relation to the old ones, as Don Quixote did to the older knights. We were right in a certain sense, for it cannot be denied that the church, as well as chivalry, has had its Don Quixotes. But religion is not of so transitory a nature as the feudal spirit. The ladder of all ages cannot reach its bottom. It cannot be exhausted; it cannot die. It is nothing but an op-

tical deception, when it recedes from men into a mythical distance. Its spirit is always present, for it is always in us.

The higher significance which belongs to Mysticism and Pietism, has very lately been acknowledged, not only among ourselves, but even in France, by the political abuse which certain parties attempted to make of it. In Germany the Legitimists, in France the Republicans, sought to make a tool of the Pietists. Here we calculate upon their love of quiet, their humility, and their obedience; there they reckon upon their fitness to become enthusiasts, upon their souls which glow as in a crater. But the influence of Pietism upon politics is reserved for a later period; the influence of politics upon Pietism is now preparing the way for it.

Let us now return to the proper literary department. That the protestant party should have a *juste milieu*, is conceivable: that, in a period of religious indifference, it should play the principal part, is natural.

Midway between the Rationalists and Supranaturalists, yet above both, stands Schleiermacher[2] and his wide spread school. He gave to both faith and reason their due rights. He made the Orthodox better acquainted with reason, by showing them that it was in the letter; and he informed the Rationalists, that they did not require,

[2] Friedrich Ernst Daniel Schleiermacher, born at Breslau, November 21st, 1768, died at Berlin, February 12th, 1834. Dogmatics of the Christian Church; Sermons on Religion; The Christian Faith; Sketch of a System of Morals; Translation of Plato.

for the sake of God, to carry their puny reason into the Bible, for that there was already reason enough in it,—more in fact, than they had any conception of. He effected a mutual reconciliation between reason and faith, between philosophy and Christianity. In the same way he allowed to pietism its due; and though he, as a Protestant and strict thinker, excluded those phases of feeling which are connected with the imagination and the passions, yet he looked upon the moral feelings as the chief source of religious life.

Thus he created a theology, which, being related to the three parties which had hitherto been dominant, was suited to receive as adherents, on the one side, the most educated, on the other, the weak and peace-loving of all parties, and to grant to the present, at least, a provisional peace,—an Aristocracy of Moderation. But those very opinions which have made Schleiermacher so deservedly respected by the present age, have prevented him from acquiring any religious profoundness. He is the teacher of the higher classes alone, not of the people. He is a dexterous advocate of God, but he is no prophet. We can allow to him the greatest theological, as we do to Goethe the greatest poetical, talent; but there is with him more form than substance, more the pointing out or concealing of the matter than the matter itself. Schleiermacher says the best that can be said *on* divine things; but this is not God; it is only his clothing. He possesses the most perfect religion, but it is translated out of the indicative into the subjunctive. Having traced the straight

line through many crooked ones, as well as the unconditional through numberless conditions, he arrives at the illustration, "it is so, or it ought to be so," by too many benevolent and scientific digressions, that he may not force anything upon us of which we are not thoroughly convinced. His intellectual enthusiasm kindles by means of a wonderful preparation of logical formulas (as it were optically by a burning mirror of ice) the holy fire of Christian-platonic love. Paulus says: Think, that you may not feel, that you may not be seduced into error by the dim world of the feelings. Schleiermacher says: Think that you may feel. But this thought feeling is a somewhat cold feeling, a dead bride, whose red roses have all become white. There is more real warmth in the old catholic hymns, in Paul Gerhardt's pious ballads, in the very simplicity of many an old *postille*[4], than in the marble halls of this classico-romantic, west-eastern Protestantism. And is this peculiar religion for the educated, this regard to the higher classes, which, in gaining them over to religion, is compelled to sacrifice the old simplicity of faith, quite necessary? I hope religion is still as much worth as Shakspere, who, as is well known, suits equally well the educated and uneducated. Ought the educated to be really more susceptible to a philosophy which flatters their capacity, than to a theology of terror which humbles their vanity? I vote for the ter-

[4] *Postille*, a sermon for the people.

ror. A truth, which does not shake the fashionable mind, which does not seize it as with a giant's grasp, is, in its eyes, no truth. Excite piety in others, not, however, by pliant phrases, but by stern truths, which speak simply and do not lay the mantle into artful folds; and do not concern yourselves with the educated alone, with the fashionable, upon whom you can really produce no effect, but work upon and for the people. If you wish to revive a feeling for religion, free the imprisoned church, and give back to the people their old rights; fight like true warriors of God for the freedom of the protestant communities, but do not bend your wise and proud heads before every trifling and worldly motive.

Schleiermacher has done much service to the cause of the moral and scientific phases of Christianity, by introducing into theology a taste suited as much to the sublime object, as to our present stage of civilization. This I admiringly acknowledge. In as far, however, as he has founded a great school, it is to be lamented that his theology presupposes, in too great a degree, a social aristocracy, and possesses too little cordiality, simplicity, and rationality; and further, that it is too contemplative, too cold in its temperature, too discreet and polite, that it excites too little, and punishes too little. The Lord, it is true, is greater when he approacheth in the soft breeze, than when he comes riding on the wings of the whirlwind: yet, "to everything there is a season," says the wise Solomon; and the Lord bloweth

only at the proper season, when all is well ordered, when he approacheth the happy and the noble; but when he seeth the mighty ones of the earth and their pride, when he considereth the misdeeds and the wrongs of the nations, then he cometh terrible in the tempest, and hurling out his thunders before him. Alas! our clergymen no longer become wroth; this is the most humiliating thing we can say of them. They care not what befals either themselves or the flock committed to their keeping; they are truly gentle and timid. We cannot properly say that they are servile, for to be so they would require some spirit; they are merely weak; they do with a sweet air whatever they are told to do; they turn everything to the best advantage, yet cover the greatest crimes with the mantle of christian love; they can, if they are called upon, palliate everything as an instance of the divine mercy, or, at least, as a gracious dispensation; they find in the Bible texts which justify everything, and preach on them with the most serious devotion in the world; nay, they would scourge and crucify Christ, if Herod or Pilate were to order them, and instead of reviling and mocking the sufferer, they would look on quietly and softly with loyal satisfaction and a self-complacent smile.

Were the school of Schleiermacher to employ the same spirit in trying to become popular, which it manifests in the defence of its scientific positions, it would probably acquire a long-continuing sway. Its principal adherents at present

are, Dewette[5], Sack[6], Lücke[7], Gieseler, Umbreit[8], Ullmann[9]. The four last have, as editors of the Theological Essays and Reviews (*Theologische Studien und Kritiken*), taken the first place as theological journalists; they exercise their sway with as much learning as impartiality, but with too little fire; and it is fire, fire which our wet cold theology requires.

O that I could protect myself from this theological water! I pause involuntarily; I feel disinclined to enter deeper, yet I dare not pass over in silence our devotional literature (*Erbauungsliteratur*).

This boundless literature, which is thoroughly inundated with water, owes its luxuriance partly

[5] Wilhelm Martin Leberecht Dewette, born 1780, at Ulla, near Weimar; formerly Professor in Berlin, whence he was expelled for writing a letter of condolence to the mother of Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue; now Professor of theology in Basel. Critical Introduction to the Old and New Testament; Sermons; Manual of Christian Doctrinal Theology; Christian Ethics; Lectures on Religion; Theodore, or the Doubter's Consecration; Heinrich Melchthal.

[6] Friedrich Samuel Gottlieb Sack, born at Magdeburg, 1738, died at Berlin, October 2nd, 1817. Sermons; On the Union of the Protestant Parties in Prussia.

[7] Gottlieb Christian Friedrich Lücke, born at Egeln, near Magdeburg, August 23rd, 1792; Professor of theology in Göttingen. Sketch of the Hermeneutics of the New Testament; Commentary on the Writings of the Apostle John; Recollections of Schleiermacher.

[8] F. W. C. Umbreit. Commentary on Job; Philological and Critical Commentary on the Proverbs of Solomon; Theology.

[9] C. Ullmann. Critical Examination of 1st Peter; The Innocence of Christ; John Wessel, a Forerunner of Luther.

to the universal inclination of Protestants to *make words*, and in part and chiefly to the industry with which books are manufactured for sale, for all ranks, sexes, and ages.

During last century, this mania for reading and writing displayed itself in mere sermons; during the present, on the contrary, more in books for domestic edification, in preparatory writings for those about to be confirmed, in religious books for schools and for instruction, in a theological literature for children and ladies.

Sermons were still characterized by that old protestant seriousness which sentences and punishes, and which, being fearfully coarse and wishy-washy, overwhelmed poor souls like a second flood. Our sermons cannot get rid of a certain monotony, because, in consequence of their Sunday and holiday routine, and of the aristocratical restrictions imposed upon the preacher, who has studied and is paid for the purpose, they cannot attain unto that enthusiasm which characterized the sermons of the primitive Christians as well as those of the Camisards, Methodists, &c.: to this must be added our political censorship, that courtierlike and loyal twaddling, by which our temples are so frequently, indeed now almost without exception, desecrated and degraded to mere hortatory police courts. As a general rule, not priests but prophets ought to preach; that is, not the paid *ex officio* twaddler, but the orator who is inspired by the importance of his subject. Sermons would then be fewer in number, but better in quality. The spirit must

as surely be killed in this prescribed, commonplace wordmaking, as in the exaggerated ceremonies of the catholic worship. What a countless number of sermons have, ere this, been preached in Germany, England, and Holland; and how many of them are worthy of being read by posterity?

Our most celebrated preachers since the middle of last century have been, Jerusalem, Ribbeck, Klefecker, Hacker, Cramer, Häfeli, Reinhardt of Dresden, Schott, Hüffel, Dräsecke, Ammon, Veillodter, Marezoll, Goldmann; more recently the eloquent Seubert, &c. &c. &c. None of them have returned to the honest bluntness of Luther; the stern protestant muse dare not lower her dignity by imitating the clever jests of an Abraham a Santa Clara; more has been effected in the prolix style of the whilom elegant Roman consul Cicero, which Schleiermacher has again led back into the more graceful language of Plato. Moderation, kindly impressiveness, and winning persuasion, are the universal characteristics of our sermons, with this difference, however, that one man adds more, another less water; now and then a severe reproach creeps in, like a rush among the flowers; but none of these preachers are prophets, so that the pulpit will never become to them the fiery chariot of Elijah. Yet whence could they have derived the spirit to become so? They are not the chosen of the people, they are nothing but well-drilled servants of the state; they are privy-church-councillors, (*Geheime-Kirchenräthe*), ge-

neral-superintendents, (*Generalsuperintendenten*), upper-consistorial-counsellors, (*Oberconsistorialräthe*); in short, their offices, as well as their duties, dating from the antechamber and secretary's office, were any one, under such circumstances, to attempt to become a prophet, it would be in direct opposition to all subordination, and all the regulations of the service.

The writings intended to instruct and edify, are the dregs not only of theological literature, but of German literature in general. I cannot think of them without anger; and though anger may be a bad testimony to the justness of my criticism, yet I must say, he who cannot become angry at certain books, is incapable of being, and unworthy to be, a critic. The authors, unfortunately countless, in this branch of literature, who are everywhere springing up like weeds, may be divided into good-natured canters, who really hope by their impressive exhortations, their directions, their guidings, their caressings and tutorings, to be able to better this world; and into speculators, who write pious books because they meet with a ready sale.

Among the former class are some very distinguished names. The ease with which men can play Sir Oracle, induces almost every one in Germany, who has got a living, to offer his sage advice to the christian world. In every little town and village, the advisers sit by thousands with raised forefinger, like the Brahmins under the banyan-trees; but the Brahmins have at least the virtue of being silent, and of merely thinking

their part, whilst with us there is a clattering going on like that of ten thousand windmills in motion.

I will not deny the great merit which many theologians, such as Zerrenner [10], Niemeyer, Schwarz of Heidelberg, Dinter [1], Niedhammer, Hoppenstedt [2], &c. have acquired by their labours for the use of schools; but the interference of so many other clergymen in literature for the young, could not possibly have any other effect than that of degrading religion, and enervating education. The most repugnant, however, is the pious reading for ladies, which is connected with that for children, and in which clerical coquetry appears combined with every sort of insipidity and silliness, so that, well-peopled as my imagination is, I cannot compare this most contemptible of all male creatures to any other form than that of a protestant, sweet-smiling *Salbader* [3], playing Sir Oracle before his children and the ladies.

The Devotions of Sturm belong properly to the same class as those of the pious Arndt, in like manner as the songs of Gellert do to the old

[10] Heinrich Gottlieb Zerrenner, born 1750, at Wernigerode, in Prussia, died 1811, at Halberstadt. Deutscher Schulfreund, 1791—1811, 46 vols.

[1] Gustaf Friedrich Dinter, born at Berne, February 29th, 1760, died at Königsberg, May 29th, 1836. Catechetical Rules; Tales; Malvina, &c.; Works on Education, &c.

[2] August Ludwig Hoppenstedt. Songs for the Children in Primary Schools.

[3] *Salbader*, a canter, one who talks sweet nothings about religion.

protestant ones. The first modern *toilet-priest*, was Hermes, who was the first to introduce a difference between the devotion of educated ladies and that of the rest of the female sex. Then, in the happy period from 1780 to 1790, came Johann Sintenis[4], whose Father Roderick, and Hallo's Happy Evening, formed the commencement of that long and boundless series of pious nothings concealed in the form of novels. He was followed by Demme, with his Farmer Martin and his Father. In 1792, Stephani[5] wrote a moral play for the young, called Misanthropy and Juvenile Repentance, in which he made use of the sentiment of the great moralist Kotzebue[6]. Then followed Ewald[7], with his Edificational book for Women, with his Art of becoming a good girl, a good wife, and a good mother, as well as his Art of becoming a good boy, a good husband, and a good father, &c.; insipid books, to which Jury furnished the engravings, and

[4] Johann Christian Friedrich Sintenis, born at Zerbst, in Anhalt, 1750, died ibid, January 31st, 1820. Sermons; Religious Novels; Oswald the Old Man; Elpizon, or On Immortality; Man in the Sphere of his Duties; Archives of Education in Germany; Manual of Religion for the young of the higher classes.

[5] Heinrich Stephani, born at Gmuend, in Bavaria, April 1st, 1761; alive. System of Public Instruction; Sketch of the Science of Education; Books for Children of various kinds.

[6] Kotzebue's Play, Misanthropy and Repentance, better known in England under the name of The Stranger.

[7] Johann Ludwig Ewald, born 1748, died at Carlsruhe, March 19th, 1822. Also Solomon; Letters on Mysticism, &c. &c.

which deserve to be preserved for more than one reason, because they show to what a height German effeminacy, domestic mawkishness, Philistine sentimentality and servility could reach. Ehrenberg [8], who could not write enough for the fashionable female world, gained a great celebrity by such works as his Addresses to the Educated of the Female Sex, Euphranor, Pictures of the Soul, Female Sense, Hours of Agatha's Life in the Country, &c. &c. The like did the celebrated Wilmsen [9], with his countless writings for children, his Hersilia's way of Life, Euphrosyne, &c. &c. &c.; Girardet, with his Hours of Devotion, Letters of a Mother to her Daughter; Grumbach, with his Siona, Pictures from the World of the Sentiments, &c.; Spiecker, Friedrich, Gebauer, Serrius, &c. &c. &c.

Among the poets, Krummacher acquired real merit by his beautiful Parables; Knapp [1] and Spitta also wrote deeply impressive religious hymns. An immense number of Morning and Evening Sacrifices, Poetical Prayers, Paraphrases of the Lord's Prayer, &c., were written by Witschel [2] and his imitators. Why should we not

[8] Friedrich Ehrenberg, born at Elberfeld, December 6th, 1776; alive. Wirklicher Oberconsistorialräth and Hofprediger, Berlin. Prayer-books for Ladies; Sermons for Ladies, &c. &c. &c.

[9] Friedrich Philipp Wilmsen, born at Magdeburg, February 23rd, 1770, died May 4th, 1831. Also, German Children's Friend (Berlin, 1802. 126th edition in 1834); The Earth and its Inhabitants; Eugenia, &c. &c.

[1] Aug. Christian Knapp. Poems for the use of Christians.

[2] Johann Heinrich Wilhelm Witschel, born May 9th, 1769.

be satisfied with the Lord's Prayer, and the noble old language of the Bible? why must we dilute it into sugary verses? Hardened as I am against the numerous insipidities of German literature, I must confess that I cannot contain myself when I see any one thus toying with God's own word. Had but one done it, had Witschel alone given the warning example of religious insipidity, all might have been very well; but it is really too much, that there should every year appear so many soothing, effeminate, whining, eye-upturning, coquetting, foolish, tricked-out collections of hymns. Their authors are commonly clergymen, who make themselves of importance in boarding-schools, as I myself know in several cases. These sentimentalists think, that, because they have got young ladies before them, to whom politeness and tenderness must always be shown, God's word must also be attenuated, diluted, and sweetened for them. The language of the Bible appears to them too rough and unpolished; they, therefore, merely extract from it, as from powerful mountain herbs, a drop of essence, which they sweeten with sugar, put into fine post, with a nice motto, and give to the dear pupil as a blessed bonbon. In this way, a thorough knowledge of religion is smoothly imparted to the tender blossoms of the town, of the boarding-school, or of the court. The God of terror, the thunderer upon Sinai, must not

Hermolaus; Nights on the Rhine; Pantheon for Ladies, &c.

frighten the darling girls; he therefore folds his lightnings neatly together, and changes his thunder into softly-flowing measures. The awe of the grave, and the torments of hell, must not terrify the dear girls, they are therefore covered by an antique sarcophagus, with bas-reliefs à la Matthisson, and a beautiful genius quenches his torch with graceful movements. The prophets speak like Canon Tiedge, and the Saviour like the preacher Witschel, instead of the latter attempting to speak like the former. The most repulsive feature connected with such devotions is the ever-recurring reflection of innocence on itself, the uninterrupted self-addressing of the pure: Remain pure! I think, that if anything could tend to produce in the mind of pure and innocent youths, forbidden thoughts, these stupid well-meant hints would be the very means. For heaven's sake, never tell innocence that it is innocence. In the strangest contradiction with this maxim, stands the eternal self-accusation of sinfulness. Let us imagine a young innocent maiden, one of those who, at the time of their confirmation, are commonly presented with such books; let us imagine such a one reading on the one page: 'O God, I thank thee that I am so innocent; how sweet, how lovely, how pure, how good, how pious, how dear is innocence; O may I ever remain innocent, may I guard against everything which might sully the mirror of my innocence, &c.:' and then reading in the very next page; 'We are all sinners, even I am a sinner, and thou, O Lord, hast taken away from me my

burden of sin,' &c. What ought an innocent maiden to do with the one, and what with the other? Fortunately, she commonly skims over both, in the way in which such books are commonly read.

We all know that the more a man prates about his feelings, the less he has of them, and that a sensation, the expression of which he sees printed before him, is on that very account so much the seldomer felt within the breast; we have, therefore, always maintained, and shall always maintain, that the twaddle about feelings which we find in books, is nothing but an ass's bridge for the slothful feelings, a conductor which carries off real sensations, a mere protestant repetition of the rosary; for as certainly as a young Catholic girl generally runs heedlessly over her paternoster, so surely will the young Protestant skim feelinglessly over the sentimental phrases in the sweet protestant devotional books. Indeed, this fore-feeling which is printed in the books, restrains the real feelings of the breast far more than is done by the merely objective incitements to feeling which exist in a rosary; for, if a man see before him, printed letter for letter, the subjective feelings which he might probably have taken the trouble of exciting, he certainly will not take the trouble; and a young Catholic girl who reads something about the *Mater Dolorosa*, may still be moved by it, but it is impossible that the young Protestant can be so, who is obliged to read in a book: O how moving this is! O, what do I feel at that! O how my heart is moved at

this! O what woe does this excite in me, &c. &c. Who would not be moved by reading in the Bible the plain simple objective narrative of the death of Christ? but who, I ask, who was ever moved by reading Tiedge? who, pouring out his wishy-washy sorrow, like drops out of a wet sponge, boasts of it, and thus solemnly begins: Let this song, this woful song, be dedicated to thee, O woe! Yet what further need we to know, than that in spite of all the innumerable sentimental whinings which we find in those writings intended to aid us in our devotions, and for the use of children, our generation has evidently become careless about sentimentality; it is dry, ironical, and even to a certain extent, cold and hard-hearted, whilst former ages, which did not talk so much about the feelings, were really milder. This applies especially to the young. The more the milk of human kindness is extracted from their hearts, the drier their hearts become. Feeling, and again feeling, is daily inculcated; and what is the result? Dry old-fashionedness, and nothing but old-fashionedness.

Attempts have of late been made to reanimate the feelings, which are so deficient in energy, by means of *singing*. This is a praiseworthy attempt. Cheerful singing having in it something beautiful, which cheers and elevates the heart, is an excellent conductor for carrying off the effects produced by the tiresome reading of insipid devotional books. The protestant hymn books were filled with tasteless insipid hymns; and the ever-

increasing dulness of the consistories took care that the little they contained of ancient fire and ancient vigour should be carefully expunged. Men even dared to make new church-hymns; but to accommodate them in some degree to the existing ones, they were necessarily tame and insipid. Some fled to the oldest, which still possessed some authority; and Rambach and Langbecker were particularly distinguished by their study of the history of church-music; yet the complete emancipation of good taste from the trammels imposed upon it has not yet taken place in this department; this must be hoped for from our posterity. They act best who, like the noble and energetic Kocher, promote private singing associations (*Privatsingvereine*), and introduce to the notice of the public choruses and hymns, which, being good examples, must at length force themselves into and be incorporated with the church. In general, all good must proceed from among the people themselves, from their sympathies and feelings. Nothing more can be expected from the easy-chairs of the old consistorial counsellors.

Among the religious, yet at the same time pedagogical novels, Choice and Guidance, by Wilhelmi, and Heinrich Melchthal, as well as Theodore or the Sceptic's Consecration[3], by Dewette,

[3] See Dr. Pye Smith's Introductory Preface (p. 27—29) to Ryland's Translation of Tholuck's Guido and Julius, or the True Consecration of the Doubter: (a work written in reply to, and designed to counteract, the dangerous errors brought forward by Dewette in his work;) where an outline of the opinions broached by Dewette, in his work, may be found.

have obtained universal applause; a feeling, however, in which I, for one, am far from participating. I honour the good intentions of the author: but what is the use of such books, which, if they exercise any influence at all, rather tend to enervate that strength which the young of our age have acquired, than to ennoble their morals? I shall afterwards take an opportunity, when treating of the romances for ladies (*Damen-romane*), to speak of prudery and the unnatural condition of the present state of female knowledge. At present I shall only remark, in regard to religion, that it is something very simple and very powerful; that it is the same for all men, of every condition and age; and that, therefore, one religion for the educated, another and a different one for ladies, and a literature which inculcates these peculiar religions, hoping thereby to assist or to flatter the ladies, is naught, cometh of evil, and is stupid. Keep but the Ten Commandments, and you will not require this prudish, would-be-wise, governess-like twaddle about morality. Read your Bible and keep your heart in the right place, and you will not require to be prepared as by a blunt razor, for the celebration of the Sunday by the Sceptic's Consecration. All these books, worthy curate of the brainsick knight of La Mancha, wouldest thou burn them all?—All, all, and some more!

The principal work, the real Bible of this modern edificational and religious-conversational literature (*Erbauungs-und religiœsen Unterhaltungs-literatur*), is the celebrated Hours of De-

votion. This book was condemned by the truly pious of all creeds, as a Bible of the Devil; whilst, on the other hand, it was greeted with joy by the indifferent, and half-believers, as the most convenient way which had ever been discovered of getting to heaven. It deserves its celebrity, its friends as well as its foes. It is really an important book; and if there be common-placeness in the devil, it is a genuine and authentic work of the devil. Its author is the universal book-maker Zschokke[4]. The report goes, that the catholic priest Keller[5] wrote it, and that Zschokke merely revised it. Be this as it may, Keller was only a disciple and a champion of Zschokke, who must be looked upon as the first propagator of the north German Rationalism in the south; around him, therefore, congregated the remnant and aftergrowth of the Bavarian Illuminati, as well as the younger Leipzig and Heidelberg Rationalists; and both joined in strewing palms before him as the saviour of the true enlightenment. Brains so speculative as those of Zschokke soon saw what the age needed, and what taxes might be levied from the theological *juste milieu*. It appeared, indeed, very christian-like, to found a

[4] Johann Heinrich Daniel Zschokke, born at Magdeburg, March 22nd, 1771; alive at Aargau, in Switzerland: History of Bavaria; History of Switzerland; Novels and Tales; Miscellaneous Writings; Pictures of Switzerland.

[5] Georg Keller, born at Bormsdorf, in the Black Forest, May 14th, 1760; died December 7th, 1827: Catholic Theology; Ideals for all Ranks; Moral Pictures; Hours of Devotion; and Continuation.

Christianity which, shunning all party distinctions, extracts, as it were, the pure kernel of Christian feeling and doctrine out of the many rinds of creeds and parties in which it is incased. But the Hours of Devotion are far from being such a burning aquafortis as to be able to refine the pure gold of Christianity from every admixture. Everything in the work is calculated for the purchaser; it merely wishes to please everybody, and is arranged to suit the taste of the reader, not to accord with truth. In order to attain this end as completely as possible, the author, himself a believer in all sorts of creeds, has made two books out of one; one for Protestants, another for Catholics. In the one he acknowledges some prejudices of the former, in the other some of the latter, which contradict each other. Which is in the right? that's all one to him. Perhaps both are wrong: perhaps, but that's also all one to him. "I tell both of them that they are right," says he, "therefore both pay me." This man would write Hours of Devotion for the Chinese and Thibetians; in the one he would praise Fo, in the other the Grand Lama. That is of no consequence, provided both sell.

The Hours of Devotion are a mere bookseller's speculation, calculated for the half-educated public, which allows itself to be imposed upon by self-sufficient Illuminati and twaddlers about the feelings, who say that the blunt language of the Bible and of Luther is indelicate, who now wish by fine fashionable phrases to corrupt the sympathy felt for religion; and who, in fine, are

now become so pliant, that they consider religion as nothing but a matter of habit, to which it is, consequently, desirable to have always at hand a devotional assistant, which may in all cases think and feel for them,—a religious machine, which requires merely to be wound up to play on all possible emotions,—a book which we merely require to read to be persuaded that we have really thought or felt something. It was a matter of course that such religious furniture should be made to suit every house; the editors, therefore, "begged leave to announce to the nobility, gentry, and public in general" (*einem hohen Adel und verehrungswürdigen Publicum ergebenst angezeigt*), that they are able to serve Catholics and Lutherans, Calvinists and Zwinglians, &c., each with his own particular emotions, and all at the lowest possible rate: thus we had first an edition for Catholics, and now we have one for Jews.

As in a manufacture of steam-chocolate, we can purchase pure cocoa, Vanilla, double Vanilla, Iceland-moss, eating chocolate, &c., so here are to be had pure practical reason, sentimentality, *hoppel-poppel*[6] or the heart, double *hoppel-poppel* to be stirred with a spoon, bitter morals

[6] Hoppel-poppel is a kind of beverage much used in Germany, composed of rum, warm ale, and the yolks of eggs. The proportions of the ingredients depend upon the taste of the individual.

Jean Paul somewhere, I think in his *Dämmerungen* (Twilight Glimmerings), suggests that "Hoppel-poppel or the heart" would be an excellent name for a novel devoted to the description of the customs and follies of the present day.

sweetened, honeyed repentance, and nicely prepared sops for the conscience, to be eaten dry. Religion, having thus very prettily coincided with modern industry, the articles of belief, which had long been mere dead stock, are, by these new preparations, again become saleable articles.

What a book! how truly does the author term it a "long felt want," and that not of himself alone! How like a narcotic does this slow sweet poison creep into the soul, melting the heart and reins into a weak and spiritless pulp. A smooth hypocritical language flows like honey from his lips; the priest lays aside his pride, the serious stole, and becoming the dear intimate friend of the family, presses their hands *so* warmly; iron morality binds flexibly as a corset to the tender bosom; devotion becomes a black mourning dress, which heightens the charming complexion; enthusiasm is laid on like rouge. How useful does this rouge appear—this wretched painting of a cunning virtue and coquetting fear of God—which tells us how much good it does, and which never goes down on its knees without putting the gown into the nicest folds. How courteous, religion, the old disciplinarian, has become; how prettily, yet all the while without compromising one's self, we may now banish the pointed severe Gothic style and take refuge in a little cheap domestic chapel; how suited to the age, what a "long felt want" of this cultivated century is supplied by a book, which prays for us, designs well by us, feels for us, and which we are merely required to *read*. If people go on at

this rate, the time will soon come when a truly religious life, pious devotion, the enthusiasm of love, honour, and justice, incitement to action, will evaporate in a framework of empty smooth words, in the same way as they were formerly lost amidst the external ceremonies of Catholicism. Words are no better supporters of spirit than are outward symbolical actions. A system of current and pliable notions may simulate a true religious life, as well as that rigid system of mere external observances. Repentance, good intentions, may be stifled by the jumble of religious reading, as well as by the splendour of sacrifices and church penances. People will as easily fancy that they have done what they have merely read, as they will be satisfied with the telling of their beads. Virtue itself becomes a mere reflecting upon virtue; nay, even reason, of which so much is spoken, being but the empty word, the majority of those brokers, carping critics, advice givers, friends of the family, warners and reasoners, produce nothing but a mournful deadness of the feelings, or a sophistry opposed to that sacredness, which, when intrusted to the people, becomes brutality.

PHILOSOPHY.

NO nation, with the exception of the Hindoos, possesses so great a luxuriance and such a depth of philosophical ideas, as the Germans. This has been acknowledged even by other nations, and we are praised for our much-thinking, as it leads us to neglect business, which our neighbours understand so much better. During the last fifty years especially, we have indisputably maintained the first rank in philosophy.

For this high state of culture we are indebted to the combination of two circumstances. First, philosophy did not free itself from the trammels of theology, nor thinking from those of belief, until after the Reformation: the age of theological controversies was succeeded by that of philosophy, not in Germany alone, but throughout all Europe. But in the second place, this century fell upon the most inactive period of German history, a period of external ex-

haustion after religious wars, and of the most deplorable disorder of the whole German empire. Thus we, besides being naturally inclined to thinking, had a double inducement to turn to the mind that activity which was prevented from manifesting itself outwardly, and to meditate. Our various mental exercises necessarily tended to the attainment of the highest philosophical principles, first, because an intellectual energy so pre-eminent as that of the Germans, necessarily proposes to itself the most difficult problems, and secondly, because all the various paths of cognition, from whatever external departments of science they may have proceeded, tend to a highest cognition as their ultimate aim. Whenever a nation betakes itself to thinking, it begins to investigate into the laws of thought; as soon as its thirst for knowledge has collected a number of facts of various kinds, it will begin to inquire into their causes; as soon as it has successively unfolded all the sciences, it will begin to search for their mutual relations and connections. Reflection, whatever object it may commence with, always ends in philosophy. Whatever falls within the sphere of knowledge, is connected with a radius, and attracted towards the centre. This is the path which the intellect is always forced to pursue in its progress. But however invariably the idea of perfect philosophy be placed before the thinker as his ultimate goal, and however much he may feel himself constrained to aim at nothing but a complete knowledge of all things, to attain as it were unto the intellect

of God, the attainment of this goal which would make us equal with God, is impossible; and there lies too, not only in the way in which we philosophize, but even in the mere circumstance of our philosophizing, an internal contradiction; for the striving, itself alone, is our goal. There are many philosophies, because there can be no philosophy, that is, none in all respects true; and these philosophies are only methods of philosophizing, because they are conditioned, not by the goal, but by the way.

Man questions, and answers questions by putting others, until he come to a last question. Philosophy was at first looked upon as nothing but an art of answering questions; now, it is with more justice considered an art of putting them. The first question can be answered only by the answer to the second. Men asked: What is? then saw themselves compelled to ask: Does that which I think exist? and again: How came I to think, and how is it that I think? Thus has one German philosophy been built upon the others. Men, inquiring of each science which was then in vogue, the way to philosophy, have either made the supreme question in one science, the supreme one of philosophy, or have expected philosophy to give an answer to the former. Thus questions have been multiplied, and at the same time have become more definite and simple.

The Germans did not formerly entertain this liking for philosophy; or, if they did, they betrayed their secret attachment to it only in a certain involuntary systematizing of the imagination,

in their Gothic architecture, and in their great allegorical chivalrous poems. The mind, which was not yet fit for the unfettered exercise of thought, availed itself of imagination, to shadow forth its depth and inward harmony. Among the Germans, feeling generally prevailed over intellect, even till the time of the crusades. Doubts were but seldom, and even then, but feebly, uttered against that belief, which not only kept the feelings of the people in obedience, but satisfied their longings, nay, even excited them to a fervent glow of love, ecstacy, and desire for action. This enthusiasm of feelings discharged its accumulated, and as it were, electrical power, in the crusades; a discharge, however, which produced an as it were chemical separation of the powers hitherto kept in combination in the feelings. On the one hand, the god-devoted love was fanned into a holier glow, which was ever on the increase, by the rich nourishment which it found in the East; thus forming Mysticism: on the other hand, enthusiasm cooled down to a cold prosaic reflection, which, likewise proceeding from the East, was fostered by the spirit of the Aristotelian philosophy, thus forming Scholasticism. Neither Mysticism nor Scholasticism accomplished the separation of thought from belief,—a result which was not attained till after the Reformation: they developed their contrasts only within the church. Mysticism borrowed from thought the form, inasmuch as it endeavoured to represent God; and Scholasticism borrowed from belief its object, inasmuch as it

did not dare to offer to thought an aim unconnected with the tenets of the church, and to emancipate science as such. In this strange union, both were forced to change their poles. Mysticism, though entirely theological, freed itself from the narrowed and always narrowing tenets of the church, striving after liberty of thought; whilst, on the contrary, Scholasticism, although it was to all appearance already an independent philosophy, was, with a few honourable exceptions, almost entirely composed of dialectics and sparrings about the most capricious and absurd pretensions, which the church, now more degenerate than ever, used for its own advantage.

In this distinction lies the cause why the Germans, a deep-minded and liberal people, were the first and most energetic supporters of Mysticism, while they were the most determined opponents of Scholasticism, until the latter was forced upon them, along with the universities (which were then mere popish institutions, and before the rise of classical studies no better than the jesuit colleges of later times), from Italy and France, in consequence of the victory of the un-German Guelphs over the true German Ghibellines. The Germans, however, still felt disgusted with this barren Scholasticism, which served merely to promote the interests of the popish and French policy. It maintained its position only during the fifteenth century; and the noble Huss fell as its victim. Undermined on one side by the modern German Mystics, headed by Tauler, on another by the Humanists, the revivers of the ancient classic lite-

rature, on a third by the promoters of the natural sciences after the time of Theophrastus Paracelsus, it fell an easy prey to the attacks of Luther; and though revived in the dialectics of the Jesuits, it has ever remained a stunted plant in comparison with the noble tree of the Protestant theo-philosophy.

A new tendency was introduced into philosophy by the great discoveries in geography, astronomy, and physics, during the fifteenth century. Men endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between the principle of nature and that principle of mental life which had formerly been looked for in the revelation of the Divine; they mystically identified, in a mystical manner, the powers of nature, which had been discovered in astronomy and chemistry, with the powers of the human soul; they sought after a philosopher's stone, in which the seeds of all material and mental power were supposed to lie hid. Theophrastus Paracelsus occupied himself with physics; the deep-minded Jacob Böhme with psychology, in accordance with the idea of a philosophy of nature. They have both been unjustly despised; especially the latter, who has been looked upon as a theologian rather than a natural philosopher, and therefore from a false point of view. Though they were unacquainted with the immense number of physical experiments made during the eighteenth century, yet they evidently possessed profound and philosophical minds, and the outline of a comprehensive and consistent system.

The manner of philosophizing, which has been again adopted by modern times, could not then prove successful. The prevailing attachment to astrology, alchymy, chiromancy, and superstition of every kind, gave to the philosophy of nature an appearance of absurdity, and often subjected it to the most unworthy treatment. Theophrastus Paracelsus forms the transition to Empirism. His rich detail of physical experiments, intermingled, though they were, with the wonders of the pagan pharmacy and of sympathetic cures, paved the way for more accurate and more comprehensive investigations, in consequence of which philosophy alone was thrust into the background. Meanwhile, the more that the physical portion of the natural sciences was disjoined from abstract philosophy, the more closely did the mathematical portion combine itself with it. The science of mathematics was quite suited for the intellect, which was daily growing colder and colder; so that though it reduced on the one hand the contents of philosophy to a meagre atomic theory, yet it was on the other hand exceedingly advantageous to philosophical forms.

The intellect, which had become presumptuous after it began to think with mathematical accuracy and precision, and the hatred felt for the old superstition, engendered a systematic unbelief, which at one time, under the form of a dead mechanical atomic theory, at another as pure materialism, gained ground in England and France as a religion of reason or nature; and though itself only

a scholasticism of doubt, was yet in direct opposition to the old popish scholasticism. The Germans, though infected by both, tolerated neither; and as the German mystics had in former times attacked the old scholastic systems, so in like manner did the German philosophers now combat the new scepticism. The great Leibnitz[1], who lived during that period which connects the age of astrology and magic with that of the strict sciences of modern times, combined the warm living glow of those dark ages with the clear light of ours. Though penetrated with the deep feeling of belief, he possessed the full vigour of his thinking powers. A lively faith in God was the rock upon which he built; but his preordained harmony of the universe (*Harmonia præstabilita*) betrayed no symptoms of the dim religious gloom of the old mystics; it shone in clear transparent light, like a temple of marble on a mountain-top.

Among his followers, Bilfinger[2] returned into

[1] Gottfried Wilhelm, Freiherr von Leibnitz, born at Leipzig, July 3rd, 1646; died at Hanover, November 14th, 1716. Essai de Théodicée sur la Bonté de Dieu, la Liberté de l'Homme et l'Origine du Mal (1710); Tract. de Arte Combinatoria; Codex Juris Gentium Diplomaticus; Systema Theologicum; Methodi Novæ; Protogæa.

[2] Georg Bernhardt Bilfinger, born at Kannstadt, in Würtemberg, January 23rd, 1693; died February 18th, 1750: De Origine et Permissione Mali, præcipue Moralis; Dilucidationes de Deo, Anima Humana, Mundo et generalibus Rerum Affectionibus; De Triplici Rerum Cognitione, Historica, Philosophica, et Mathematica.

the depths of mysticism, while Wolff[3] explained the broad principles of Leibnitz, measuring them out accurately, and clipping them in accordance with the fashions of the schools. None of the others are worth mentioning. Leibnitz was soon worn threadbare; and his weak disciples could not oppose and repulse that materialism and scepticism which daily gained ground. But empirism here, again, as in other cases, supported speculation. The world then made great and astounding acquirements in actual knowledge; a circumstance which had a reflex influence upon philosophy. External light was concentrated from all quarters upon the dimly shining sun of philosophy.

After men had, in proportion as the middle ages receded, become bolder and bolder, and had entirely rejected the path of revelation as the last fetter which hindered their progress,—after they had, by unwearied study, become better acquainted with the phenomena of nature,—after they had learned how to use mathematics dexterously, and had applied them to logic, and logic to morals, which in their turn were practically employed by Protestantism, as well as by the Roman jurisprudence,—after art had bloomed out anew, and æsthetical questions were everywhere mooted,

[3] Christian, Freiherr von Wolff, born at Breslau, 1679; died at Halle, April 9th, 1754: Theologia Naturalis; Philosophia Practica Universalis; Jus Naturæ; Philosophia Moralis; Thoughts on the Powers of the Human Intellect; Essay on the Knowledge of Nature and Art; Views of Natural Things.

—in fine, after the feelings began to be more acutely analyzed, in consequence of the love shown for music, of poetical sentimentalism and Moravianism, then so much in vogue,—then, at length, the way was sufficiently prepared for a combination of all the various organs by which we perceive nature and mind, the Temporal and Eternal; a combination and criticism of all the ways of philosophizing which had hitherto been proposed. Many acute psychologists, Mendelssohn, Reimarus, Platner, Meister, Zimmermann, Abbt, Garve, Sulzer, &c., endeavoured to collect facts upon which to base a system of inductive psychology. The system of the philosopher of Königsberg comprehended and completed all their labours. Kant, who is as much distinguished by the power of his intellect as by that exalted situation which he occupies on the pyramid-like heap of all earlier thinkers, was the founder of this great era of German philosophy, from which the last century is called the philosophical century. Kant built his system upon anthropology. He examined those faculties of man, by means of which he perceives everything. He showed that we cannot discover what the world is, but only how it is that we perceive it. His philosophy was the Criticism of Reason.

We must here say a few words of the elder empirics. The noble Jew, Mendelssohn[4], the friend

[4] Moses Mendelssohn, born at Dessau, September 10th, 1729; died at Berlin, January 21st, 1786: Phædon, or the Immortality of the Soul; Lectures on the Existence of God;

of Lessing, one of the acutest and wisest of moral philosophers and experimental psychologists (*Erfahrungs seelen lehrer*), was worthy of having been the prototype of Nathan the Wise. Would that modern Jews would take him for a model. Though he suffered much from the barbarity of the Christians, yet he defended himself only by one cheerful jest. When he was summoned to the court of Frederick the Great, and the doorkeeper would not admit him, because he took him, not for the celebrated philosopher, but for a common Jew, he merely said, "Well then, I am come to chaffer." This dignified moderation of the sage gained for him an universal respect, such as our modern hotheaded Jews will never acquire.

Reimarus[5] has never been excelled as an observer of animal nature,—a science which is of immense importance in the study of that of man. Platner's[6] Aphorisms, though far from being so original and acute as those of La Rochefoucalt, contain much that is striking, and even yet worth remembering. I always find pleasure in reading

On the Origin of the Inequality found among Men; Miscellaneous Philosophical Writings; Jerusalem, or Religious Mythology and Judaism.

[5] Hermann Samuel Reimarus, born at Hamburg, December 22nd, 1694; died ibid, 1768: Theory of Reason; The Principal Truths of Natural Religion; Observations on the Instinct of Animals; The Wolfenbüttel Fragments.

[6] Ernst Platner, born at Leipzig, June 11th, 1744; died ibid, December 27th, 1818: Philosophical Aphorisms; Anthropology for Physicians and Sages; Manual of Logic and Metaphysics; Quæstiones Medicinæ Forensis.

Meister[7], the honest old Swiss. How much common sense had this man in the midst of a corrupt age; and how rich is he in interesting examples from real life! The work of Zimmermann[8] the Swiss, on National Pride, is a masterpiece for all ages. In his work on Solitude he is more onesided, more sarcastic, and too strong in his feelings of dislike to the middle ages, the historical connection of which he did not sufficiently value; yet even this book contains many things worth knowing. The third Swiss, Sulzer[9], has the merit of having, by his Lexicon of Art (*Kunstlexicon*), disseminated a taste for, and knowledge of the fine arts; but he had not a philosophical mind. Abbt's[1] Academical Treatise on Merit owes its unmerited celebrity partly to the circumstance of his being first named in all the alphabetical catalogues of celebrated German authors.

[7] Leonhard Meister, born at Nefftenbach, in Zürich, November 12th, 1741; died at Cappel, October 18th, 1811: Contributions to the History of the German Language and National Literature; Characteristics of German Poets; Celebrated Men of Switzerland.

[8] Johann Georg, Ritter von Zimmermann, born at Brugg, in Berne, December 8th, 1728; died October 7th, 1795: On Solitude; On National Pride.

[9] Johann Georg Sulzer, born at Winterthur, in Zürich, October 5th, 1720; died February 27th, 1779: General Theory of the Fine Arts; Observations on the Works of Nature.

[1] Thomas Abbt, born at Ulm, November 25th, 1738; died November 3rd, 1766: On Death for One's Country; On Merit; &c., &c.

We must make particular mention of Garve[2], the poor martyr to study, who gained his title to the name of philosopher less by original or profound thoughts, than by the noble courage with which he bore his bodily sufferings. He wrote a commentary on Cicero's work De Officiis, fancying, like others, that he could characterize the German peasant; but in doing so he forgot the lost dignity of the people in the oppression of the class. In connection with Garve, we may mention Dalberg[3], the author of a good philosophical work, called Consolation for Sufferers.

The many and various attempts of such men to explore the conditions of the human mind, and to advance the progress of civilization, were all excelled by Kant; who, though he could take a comprehensive survey of all the knowledge and of all the mental and moral struggles of his age, yet remained faithful to the spirit of this age.

The system of Kant[4], though a triumph of the

[2] Christian Garve, born at Breslau, January 7th, 1742; died December 1st, 1798: On Society and Solitude; On the Connection of Morals and Politics; Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of National Wealth; On the Existence of God; Principles of Ethics.

[3] Carl, Reichs-Freiherr von Dalberg, afterwards elector of Mainz; born February 8th, 1744; died (after having been first grand-duke of Frankfurt, and archbishop of Regensburg, in the cathedral of which he is buried, with his last words as the inscription on his tomb: Liebe, Leben, Gottes Wille), February 10th, 1817: Principles of Æsthetics; On the Influence of the Sciences and Arts on Public Order.

[4] Immanuel Kant, born at Königsberg, April 22nd, 1724; died ibid, February 12th, 1804; Criticism of Pure Reason

human intellect, was, in reality, only a magnanimous resignation, a Socratic confession: I know that I know nothing. This system was consequently nothing but the most profound confirmation of the long-harboured doubt, and one quite suited to an unbelieving age. Kant, however, was far from doing homage to French unbelief, with all its immoral consequences. He led man to look into himself, to inquire into the moral law within his own breast; so that a refreshing vivifying breeze pervades his whole bright philosophy. But because he, in his proud resignation, renounced all desire to know eternal things, and fixed the limit of human thought, Jacobi arose beside him, saying that a second source of divine cognition lay beyond thought in feeling; namely, in belief, which was but little valued by Kant. Herder likewise participated in this opinion, in opposition to Kant; but these men became somewhat misty and confused, as they were deficient in that mystic profoundness in which thought and feeling have a common origin; and as it is as impossible to construct a philosophy with feelings alone, as to build a house with mortar alone without stones.

Kant surpassed all the thinkers of his age, inasmuch as he expressed more fully than any

(English by Richardson and Hayward); Criticism of Practical Reason; Criticism of the Judgment; Only possible Method of proving the Existence of a God; Religion within the Bounds of Pure Reason (English by Semple); Metaphysic of Ethics (English by Semple); Anthropology; Physical Geography.

other the spirit of his age. The philosophical century wished for an earth without heaven, a state without church, a man without God. No one has shown so plainly as Kant how under those limitations the earth may yet be a paradise, the state a moral association; and man, by means of his own reason and regulated powers, a noble being. He would have exalted pure *humanism* to the rank of religion, could so jejune a conviction ever have had the wonderful effects of religion. Kant attributed too much importance to reason: the world requires far less than this reason, but it also requires something more.

For a moment, it appeared as if Kant's criticism had fixed the utmost limits of philosophy; yet they were soon transgressed. It was observed that Kant had really deviated from the true aim of philosophy, in despising absolute knowledge, and proving that there could be only a conditioned one. But why do we philosophize at all, if our ultimate aim be not to know everything? The proper aim of philosophy will always be the absolute knowledge of the primitive cause, being, and destination of everything. This curiosity, which cannot be rooted out of men, reassumed its prerogatives after Kant, when men, though obliged to proceed upon his system as the last one, pursued their speculations in ways which were diametrically opposite to his. Kant, assuming a subjective knowledge of the objective world, had placed both in such a relation to each other, that when we perceive an object, it is only according to the subjective laws of our own

reason; and that the object, though it appear to us only under subjective conditions, may yet have some real and independent essence (*etwas an sich*). It being seen that this could lead to no absolute knowledge, a division took place among the absolutists. Some became absolute subjectists, who utterly denied that separate and independent existence (*Ansichseyn*) of the objective world, which Kant had left undetermined; others became absolute objectists, who made the subjective perception dependent upon the nature of the object; a third party assumed an absolute identity between mind and nature, the subjective and objective world, the perception and its object. Finally, Kant having acquired a complete knowledge of the different organs of human reason, rendered equal justice to each of them. He looked more than others upon the whole mass of the faculties of the mind, and reduced them all to one general symmetry; in other philosophers, peculiar organs were highly developed, which were in their turn onesidedly exhibited, with the utmost clearness. One man having a greater sympathy for nature, another for morals, a third for logic, each onesidedly unfolded his whole system in accordance with his particular views. The consistency which Kant introduced into this party strife is its most important feature; all subsequent systems of philosophy either flow from, or are opposed to his. All philosophical divisions depend upon the contrasts between conditioned and absolute knowledge; between the subjective

Ego and the objective world; and those between the individual organs of the Ego and their corresponding series in the objective world."

With regard to the first of these contrasts, there necessarily arose, after Kant's criticism, a dogmatic absolutism, which, it is true, imitated Kant in criticising, but which sought not the limits but the goal of absolute knowledge. Kant had separated the Ego from the outward world, and placed it in a mere relation, the cause of which he left unexplained; this, therefore, was a spur to succeeding philosophers to search for the absolute cause; and, in it, for that unity which was wanting. Whilst a tolerably numerous school still remained directly attached to Kant, which by the extension of its anthropological investigations, as well as by the acuteness of its criticisms, gained much merit, other bold minds went further. They endeavoured to construct the Absolute, the Kantists criticised the Rolative. Their doctrine is dogmatism, that of the Kantists criticism. They answer the question What is? demonstratively. The Kantists continue to ask, How do we perceive? Undoubtedly science is promoted by both. Absolutism is an eternal evolution of the powers of the soul by the instrumentality of genius; criticism confirms their equipoise. If the critical philosopher demonstrate how far the human mind can penetrate, it is well that the absolutist should accomplish it. Though each philosopher must, at the end of his struggles, say with Socrates, The greatest wisdom is to

know that we can know nothing! yet no one who believes this at the outset will ever become a philosopher.

The absolutists, however, having differed among themselves about those very contrasts of subject and object which Kant's system of relation had determined, their doctrines have been unfolded in an historical sequence, which corresponded with the other tendencies of the age. As Protestantism and the French encyclopedists still lorded it over the age—as logic and morals were the order of the day—as the mind was constantly gaining new victories over nature and her mysterious powers—we cannot be surprised that a *genial* man like Fichte met with enthusiastic applause when he reduced the whole of philosophy to a subjective moral law, abolished the system of relation of Kant, did away with objective nature, and acknowledged only an absolute subject, a mental Ego. As such a onesided system required the utmost logical acuteness to support it consistently, the *formalism* of philosophy was again greatly enriched. It required no art to deny the system of Fichte, but it required art to refute it; and every succeeding system inherited its acuteness, like spoils of the enemy. Fichte's onesidedness, too, was favourable to morality, inasmuch as it could not be met with in a more exalted form than in his system. But this extreme could not be long maintained: nature and art took up arms against Fichte. Nature, like a philosophy which could be moulded into any form, unfolded itself to boundless investigation. The very objects of

nature ranged themselves into a system. The discoveries in organology did away with that mechanical philosophy, which had, as a contrast, furnished aid to the idealists. The spiritual principle of nature could no longer be mistaken; therefore the old pantheism was again adopted. All now became enthusiasts in art; and as beauty is always either directly or indirectly connected with material nature, this nature now became the object of universal attention. The human mind again glided gently down from these inhospitable heights, to the green bosom of mother earth.

In this state of things, the great Schelling, having reassumed that Kantian relation between subject and object which had been abandoned by Fichte, raised it to absolute identity. It was natural to expect that he would again give an undue importance to the object, to material nature; and many of his ignorant antagonists, misled by this false inference, have decried him as a mere natural philosopher. He was opposed, however, not only to Fichte's subject, but also to his one-sidedness in general; and though he founded anew the philosophy of nature, yet it was nothing but one part of his dualistic doctrine of identity. Mind and nature are, in his opinion, only emanations, phenomena, expressions of the Divine idea. He therefore brought the system of idealism into a parallel with that of materialism; thus neutralising the extremes of both. This is Spinozism, only in a higher degree. The promises of Spinoza could not be fulfilled till after Kant and Fichte had erected their systems. An equally

great mind, however, was necessary to be a Schelling before, or a Spinoza after Kant.

This genealogy, however, cannot explain the deep import of Schelling's philosophy. Spinoza himself merely translated a far more ancient and profound mysticism into the classic language of modern philosophy; Schelling, leading us back to this ancient mysticism, re-opened the gates of the Theosophy of the middle ages and the ancient east. This was, in general terms, the transition into the romantic from the classic culture which had hitherto prevailed, to the exclusion of all the others. The world-old Oriental idea of the mystic unity of those contrasts which, though absolutely separated in the world, are all united in God, could not produce its most abundant crops till modern times, when, in consequence of the circle of human knowledge being now immeasurably enlarged, it contains a variety of heterogeneous things, illusions and systems, which could be arranged and classified only by means of such a transcendental philosophical idea. Schelling borrowed this idea from past centuries, but the art of applying it to our rich age belongs to him and his talented disciples.

There is nothing in the world which, in so far as it is linked to either side of his dualistic system, and has correspondent and opposite, may not find its natural place in the philosophy of Schelling; nay, every other philosophy must be considered subordinate to this one, because each naturally and necessarily appears as a onesided opinion opposed to the others. Whether the philosopher proceed from

the consideration of himself, of mind, or of matter, of sentiments and feelings, or of intellect and thought, —whether he confine himself within self-appointed limits, or range to the utmost length of his fancy; all these tendencies are fore-shadowed to him in Schelling's philosophy, which comprehends all, symmetrically arranges all, and uses all tones contrapunctistically. The eclectic, who examines every system, here finds the adjustment of the extremes. He had observed that each philosophy endeavours to exclude all the others; here he finds them all united. The mathematician, who considers the sum of philosophy as a sphere, finds in the philosophy of Schelling the magnetic centre which at once separates and connects the opposite poles of the doctrines of the subjective and objective, of the philosophies of mind and nature. Schelling's philosophy participates in this advantage with the ancient system of emanation held by the Hindoos, with the symbolical numbers of the Chinese, with the Jewish Cabbala, with the mystic systems of the middle ages down to the time of Jacob Böhme and Valentine Weigel, the former of whom contended for unity, the latter for dualism, in identity. Schelling did nothing but transfer a primeval system of thought to the present age, which seemed to have forgotten it, even though it had much need of the regulating principle.

The importance of this principle may, probably, be most clearly seen by considering the difficulty of applying it, and that tendency of man to fall from the uniting centre to the circumference. It seemed as if men could not be satisfied with the

inwardness and deep-seated harmony of the system of Schelling. When his disciples, proceeding from his centre, turned their attention to the infinite variety which is to be found in the world, they immerged themselves in its fulness and beauty, and confounded some point of this circumference—that which happened to be the focus of their own inclinations—with the true centre. This applies most directly to the two principal factors of identity, matter and mind. The school of Schelling has split into two leading systems, which are in accordance with its two internal powers. Oken has given the predominance to the material pole, and placed the identity of mind with nature in the mental character of nature. In his view, matter is nothing but the fragments of mind; mind, combined matter. Hegel, on the contrary, has given the predominance to the mental pole, and placed the identity of mind with nature in the material character of the mind, in the objective entity of notions, in the exclusive and absolute entity of the notions based on thought and of their law, of the higher logic, in the physics of logic. Oken's entities are notions, Hegel's notions are entities. Thus the German philosophy, up to the present day, presents a consistent system of systems, and is moulded into a certain circular form.

The remaining philosophers of modern times diverge, like branches from these main stems, in the various directions in which the current of the age draws them. Whether the German attempted to exalt to the rank of philosophy that in which he,

for some reason or another, took the most lively interest, or whether he, proceeding upon philosophical principles, endeavoured to transfer a deep-felt idea into the natural sciences, into politics, education, art, or poetry, both are indifferent; both took place; in both were manifested the philosophical mind of the German, as well as his propensity to employ his mental powers in the most various ways. It is a noble quality of the German, that he, though all enthusiasm for one object, can yet, from love, illusion and active inspiration, exalt to the Absolute, and deify, what is single and onesided. The most energetical development is always the most onesided.

The onesided cultivation of one branch of human knowledge is, in all probability, of most service to philosophy precisely where it seems to recede from it. If we devote an undue and onesided study to one object we are apt to overrate its value, an inferior step comes to be considered as the highest point, the part as the whole, the second as the first, or as unique; but were it not for this vehement overvaluing, we very probably should not penetrate so deeply into the object, or develope its powers so thoroughly; and were it not for this minute preparatory labour it would not be possible, even for the comprehensive mind, to find out any harmonious connection of the parts with the whole.

In the system of Kant, onesidedness was a characteristic rather of the principle than of its arrangement. He was as manysided as he could find sides in the culture of the century. His

mind was the philosopher's stone of his age. Paying homage to all the tendencies of the mind, he exercised a beneficial influence over all. He raised himself to the summit of that protestant enlightenment and culture, which characterized his whole age. After him it became necessary to fall, partly into onesidedness, partly into the opposite,—into the romantic-catholic element. The pure product of the Reformation, he comprised, in the noblest sense, its good and noble sides, just as at the same time in France, the atheistical and material school of scorners fell into the dark side of unbelief and clever immorality. As all the culture which succeeded the Reformation was based upon criticism and empirism, so also was the system of Kant, which, consequently, had a beneficial influence upon theological exegesis, upon investigations into nature, and upon the inquiries into systems of government and education, and which mutually influenced and was influenced by the modern poetry, which, imitating life and nature, had come into vogue after the age of Lessing, Wieland, and Goethe. The universal toleration which, after the death of Frederick the Great, had emanated chiefly from Prussia, the strivings after an universal culture, the interest taken in everything foreign, the indulgent examination of the views of all parties, the predilection for the analytical methods of procedure, the striving after utility, popularity, and the enjoyment of social life, were, in the hands of the noble Königsberg philosopher, developed and diffused to that great extent, for which last century was

distinguished. An anthropological and critical method had about the same time begun to prevail in France and England. Rousseau's sentimentality, Voltaire's intellectual power, Swift's satire, and Sterne's humour, all appealing to human nature, overthrew old prejudices. These men, with Diderot, Goldsmith, and Fielding, having penetrated into the literature of Germany, the effects which they produced stand in direct relation to the anthropology of Kant. Stiff forms having been cast away, the human heart and the ties of social life having been more minutely examined, delineations of customs, psychological novels, idyls, dramas of domestic life (*buergerliche Schauspiele*), satires, humorous extravagances were published, in all of which might be traced the echo of the fundamental principle of the Kantian philosophy, the examination of the human mind, humanity, and also attacks upon the false notions of past ages. This might be called the Flemish school of philosophy in contrast with the Italian school of the earlier mysticism and the later system of Schelling. This peaceful, happy period, from 1780 to 1790, foreboded nothing of the storm produced by the mad enthusiasm of the French Revolution, of the fortunes of the empire, and of the ultramontanism of the Restoration: prosaic, accommodating, prejudiced, and provincial, it saw a short world-historical idyl, which was, as it were, an interlude to be succeeded by a great tragedy. Kant was the ruling genius during this domestic peace of that good old period.

Jacobi[5], though proceeding upon a principle opposed to that of Kant, arrived at the same result. Kant addressed himself to those in whom the intellect was predominant; Jacobi to those in whom the sentiments: both, however, to the educated, to men imbued with the spirit of the humanity and social culture of the eighteenth century.

Both have left behind them disciples, who, however, because they were not themselves the inventors of the systems, could acquire but little authority, and have confined themselves chiefly to defending their leaders against, or reconciling their principles with, the opinions of modern philosophers.

The first who attempted to reconcile the system of Kant with that of the later natural philosophers, were the elder Reinhold[6] and Beck[7]. They felt that Kant having, in consequence of his subjective cognition, left undetermined the certainty of things, we must necessarily come to an object. Reinhold, therefore, attempted to prove

[5] Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi, born at Düsseldorf, 1743, died March 10th, 1819: On Divine Things and their Revelation; Hume and Belief, or Idealism and Realism; Letters on Spinozism; Letters to Fichte.

[6] Karl Leonhard Reinhold, born at Wien, October 26th, 1758, died at Kiel, April 10th, 1823: Letters on Kant's Philosophy; Attempt at a New Theory of the Faculty of Representation (*Vorstellungs-vermögen*); Contributions towards Correcting the Past Mistakes of Philosophy.

[7] J. Sigismund Beck, professor at Rostock: Illustrations of the Critical Writings of Kant; Sketch of the Critical Philosophy; Commentary on Kant's Metaphysic of Ethics; Manual of Logic.

from representation the reality of the object or the thing represented—a dangerous attempt; which he himself afterwards recalled, as Schelling's doctrine of the identity of the subject and object was more evident. Beck went even a step beyond Schelling, arguing for the production of all things out of intellect—the reality of notions; but he was thrown into the shade by the greater amount of evidence brought forward in support of the system of Hegel.

Fries[8] and Krug[9] maintained with greater consistency the principle of Kant; both relying less upon speculation in itself, than upon its practical results. Fries continued to disseminate the noble humanity of Kant, and endeavoured, sometimes not without a poetical spirit, yet always filled with the consciousness of the moral nobleness of the altered culture of the age, to accommodate it to the romantic, and especially to the political notions of the new century. His Julius and Evagoras, in which he speaks as if inspired like a Plato, was that which was of the greatest service towards the attainment of this end. Purity and beauty

[8] Jacob Friedrich Fries, born near Magdeburg, August 23rd, 1773; professor in Jena: Manual of Psychological Anthropology; Manual of Practical Philosophy; Julius and Evagoras, or the Beauty of the Soul; System of Metaphysics; New Criticism of Reason.

[9] Wilhelm Traugott Krug, born at Rudis in Saxony, June 22nd, 1770; alive; professor of theology in Leipzig: Fundamental Philosophy; Systematic Arrangement of the Sciences; System of Theoretical Philosophy; History of Ancient Philosophy; Sketch of a New Organon of Philosophy, &c. &c.

in moral, freedom and justice in political life, were the ideals, which he, almost the only true patriot among our philosophers, acquired eternal fame by recommending.

Krug imitated Kant in striving to attain an all-sided popularity; yet, however praiseworthy the principle of diffusing philosophy among the people was, Krug was far too plebeian in his attempts to put this project into execution. He, by a superficial manysidedness, which, though copied from the encyclopædia-like mind of Kant, nowhere equalled it in depth, flattered the half-educated, who, when they find a leader, are so willing to join in chorus with those who assail that deepmindedness of men whom they cannot comprehend; nay, he sometimes went even so far as to attack those who thought differently from himself, and he made himself very conspicuous in assisting Paulus and Voss in their attacks upon the poor romanticists and mystics. An oracle to all provincial pedants and inferior minds, he has neither advocated an universal humanity, nor toleration and respect for great minds, but only a rationalistic party pride. In fine, having sold his philosophy to political purposes, he became one of the best liberal-clamourers, as long as clamouring was permitted; and one of the most timid eavesdroppers, so soon as it was put a stop to. His late mockery of the noble Polish cause has at length rendered popular that contempt which has long been entertained for his tendency by the upper classes.

Within these few years, Kalker[1] has further developed the categories of Kant, and the *formalism* of his doctrine; Beneke[2], the real, living fountain of the Kantian system, which can be bounded by no outline,—the empirical psychology.

The adherents of Jacobi exerted themselves chiefly to effect the union of philosophy with religion; the acknowledgment of a cognition of the divine in nature, in addition to the mere cognition by the abstractions of the intellect. Clodius, Christian Weisse[3], Köppen[4], and others, till the time of Krause[5], developed this opinion

[1] Friedrich Kalker, professor at Bonn: Primitive Laws of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful; Tabular System of Philosophy; On the Import of Philosophy.

[2] Friedrich Edward Beneke, born at Berlin, February 17th, 1798; alive; professor of philosophy there (succeeded Hegel): Inductive Psychology; System of Psychology; Kant and the Philosophical Problem of our Age.

[3] Christian Hermann Weisse, born 1801; alive; professor of philosophy at Leipzig: On the present Position of the Philosophical Sciences; On Beauty; On the Idea of the Divine; Principles of Metaphysics; System of Æsthetics.

[4] Friedrich Köppen, born at Lübeck, April 21st, 1775; professor of philosophy in Erlangen; Schelling's System, or the Whole of Philosophy; Of the Absolute Nothing; Philosophy of Christianity; Confidential Letters on Books and the World; On the Aim of Philosophy.

[5] Johann Christian Friedrich Krause, born at Eisenberg, May 14th, 1781; died September 27th, 1832: The Type of Mankind; Lectures on the System of Philosophy; Lectures on the Principal Truths of Science, with their Relation to Life; System of Ethics.

in very many forms, and traced it back to Leibnitz.

Everything connected with Kant and Jacobi belongs essentially to the culture of the eighteenth century; to that culture founded by the study of the classics, and that humanity promoted by an universal peace. The new century, in which the ideas of Fichte and Schelling began to supersede those of Jacobi and Kant, was disturbed by the political spirit of the age, and by the revival of the ancient romantic and mystic spirit.

Fichte[6], as the representative of the French Revolution, or rather of its echo in Germany, forms the transition to the romanticists. He came immediately after Kant, as the stormy period from 1790 to 1800 succeeded the peaceful one from 1780 to 1790. The transition from the moral system of Kant, which, though no less pure, is moderate, and I may say tolerant, to that of Fichte, which is haughty, nay, tyrannical, has still to be seen. Fichte's system can be properly explained only from the revolutionary spirit of his age, and from the circumstance that the aim of that revolution, at least in the imagination of its originators, was to erect an Utopian republic of virtue. Men were seized with a strange enthu-

[6] Johann Gottlieb Fichte, born at Rammenau, in Ober-Lausitz (Saxony), May 19th, 1762; died at Berlin, January 29th, 1814: The Theory of Science, or Scientific Theory (*Wissenschaftslehre*); Principles of the Theory of Science; On the Ground of our Belief in a Divine Government; System of Ethics; Principles of Natural Law; Addresses to the German Nation.

siasm. They dreamed of a supreme moral order of the world, of an universal republic of free and equal citizens, all thoroughly honest and moral; and the French, the most fickle, most immoral, and, in a certain sense, the most sensual of people, arrogated to themselves, in a moment of genial intoxication, the part of introducing this stoical republic of virtue into the world. Fichte had the same end in view; but he never thought of using such people for the purpose. It is evident that he has investigated the moral principle of revolutions more profoundly than any other philosopher.

Fichte, being altogether a moralist, all his works relate to real life; yet they are written in such a learned style, that no one, who does not belong to his school, can understand even his Addresses to the German Nation. This bold and ardent mind longed for the dictatorship and terrorism of virtue. Opposing absolute virtue even to heaven, he would not permit it to accept the guarantee of religious authority. Succeeding generations were to be rendered independent of every adventitious support, by a giant-strong will in their own breast. His fundamental principle,—"that alone exists, which man does; that alone deserves to exist, to which he compels himself by the power of his will; and that alone can man wish, which beseems his independent Ego: honour to himself, justice to all!"—gleams like the flaming sword of an angel in the paradise of human life, which is degraded by weakness, sensuality, and falsehood. If there be in Fichte's

principle a philosophical error, yet its application is the truest and best. The error lies only in the exclusiveness of the principle, not in its consequences. As the noblest system of morals can be deduced only from Fichte's principle of the supreme freedom of the will, so must every good moral system be deducible from his principle. A higher philosophy, however, may reconcile the principle of the freedom of the will with that of necessity. The noble error of Fichte was therefore adhered to by all the friends of the French Revolution, and by that countless number of enthusiastic youths, who would not give up their dreams, even after the French had been roughly awakened by that dear-bought experience which came too late. A crowd of politicians, critics, and pedagogues, having adopted the principles of Fichte, the Turner-state[7] must be considered as the last onesided excrescence of the system of Fichte. This system, though very valuable, and often remarkable for its moral enthusiasm, has, in practice, almost always ended only in folly. Its supporters being, as might have been expected, almost all young men, it long found them among the old, when these last were, as was the case during the late danger and liberation of Germany, animated with a spirit of youthful intoxication. This fiery rapid influence, like that of a meteor, which vanisheth quickly away, is the most estimable point of the system of Fichte. Among the poets, Schiller's mind is the most congenial to his

[7] See vol. ii. p. 37.

in its ethical and practical tendency. Both examined their own proud bosoms, and called forth the manly will to combat the sensuality and weakness of the age; both fought gallantly for freedom, honour, and virtue; both sunk early in the stream against which they contended. Independent of this ethical tendency, however, and having a reference merely to the philosophical system of Fichte, no poet has followed him, except Novalis; who, deriving from it his greatness, atoned for his over-bold divine dream with an early death. Fichte's highest position—"the Ego is God,"—was unfolded to the world by Novalis, in that stupendous anthropomorphism, which we have hitherto rather gazed at than comprehended, in his posthumous works. He added the second position, "God wills only gods," (*Gott will nur Götter*); so that the world appeared to him nothing less than a republic of gods. We must, at least, confess, that Novalis considering himself, in the sense of this system, as really a god (though only a poetical one), and king of the universe, has made the whole world the scene and object of his poem, in a more comprehensive manner than any of those poets who preceded him.

Fichte's philosophy experienced exactly the same fate as the projected republic of virtue in France. It suddenly disappeared from the stage, and men no longer liked to speak about it; probably out of shame at having imputed to it so much virtue.

Even before Schelling, two men, undeterred by

the unsuccessful attempts of Reinhold upon the principles of Kant, to find the link which connected thinking with its object, endeavoured to discover it upon independent principles. Bouterweck[8] endeavoured to produce a fourth system opposed to all the three which were at that time in vogue; those of Kant, Jacobi, and Fichte. In opposition to Kant he assumed an absolute existence, which is pre-existent to all thought, which is at the same time (in opposition to Fichte) an objective, and (in opposition to Jacobi) a new pure philosophical axiom, and not merely the old known God. Bardili[9] sought to simplify the matter by reviving the system of identity of Spinoza and Valentine Weigel, that is, the absolute primitive unity of thought with its object. But his language was obscure, and he made no allusion to the historical application of his system, in which its chief value consists. It should be proved, that, not only the discovery of the simple principle of the world, but also its reference to the facts of nature, of history, and of mind, is concerned; and thus it

[8] Friedrich Bouterweck, born at Okin, near Goslar, April 15th, 1766; died (professor at Göttingen) August 9th, 1828: Aphorisms; Principles of Speculative Philosophy; Æsthetics; Introduction to the Philosophy of the Natural Sciences; On the Metaphysic of the Beautiful; System of the Philosophical Science; History of Spanish Literature; History of German Poetry and Eloquence; History of Modern Poetry and Eloquence.

[9] C. G. Bardili, born at Blaubeuren, 1761; died at Stuttgart, 1808: Principles of Logic; Elementary System of Philosophy; Sophylus on the Ethic Powers of Nature; General Practical Philosophy.

was reserved for Schelling[1] to effect the complete regeneration of the old idea in the sense of the new æsthetical and historical tendencies of the age.

Schelling marks the reaction of the middle ages against the modern times, which do homage to the ancient classical culture. We had, notwithstanding the extraordinary activity of mind which, after the Reformation, prevailed throughout the civilized, and particularly in the protestant, parts of Europe, been betrayed into a remarkable one-sidedness. In consequence of profound thought and study, we, as it were, voluntarily desisted from the study of the history of the world, of the general connection of earthly things, in order to restore an ideal world of dreams, the prototype of which—if we ever adopted one from the past—was the ancient life of the Greeks and Romans. Here alone did men see any brightness: all the rest of history was darkness and desert, comfortless barbarism. Despising the past ages of our own nation, we misapprehended and scorned even the exalted, beautiful, and charming features of the so-called barbarous ages—of the un-Grecian East and the Catholic middle ages. We were so

[1] Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph von Schelling, born at Leonberg in Würtemberg, January 27th, 1775; alive; professor of Philosophy in München, privy-councillor, and president of the Royal Bavarian Society: First Sketch of a System of Natural Philosophy; Ideas towards a Philosophy of Nature; On the Soul of the World; System of Transcendental Idealism; Philosophy and Religion; Bruno, or on the Divine and Human Nature of Things.

completely blinded, that even the wonders of the Gothic architecture no longer made any impression upon our hearts; that we despised those things which daily met our eyes, as the works of an extravagant, tasteless, and barbarian imagination; and so in other respects. All the wisdom and poetry of the East being rejected along with that of the middle ages, he who praised them would have been considered a fool. Such a total destruction of historical sympathy, a stagnation of those pulses of life, which had beat without intermission during the whole course of the history of the world, was necessarily nothing but a transient disease, a onesided and temporary lethargy. The blood, moved by a sudden shock, again began to circulate. This impulse was imparted to European life by the French Revolution; and after we had again began to think of the past ages, the characteristic spirit of which had been so long mistaken, the scales fell from our eyes, and we said that we had been blind to all the wonders of the past. In connection with this political counter-revolution or restoration, there now succeeded, as is always the case in this world of extremes, an overvaluing of the middle ages, and of the east, in opposition to classic antiquity and modern Protestantism. But, independent of this romantic fanaticism, it was an immense acquisition to culture, which had hitherto been onesided, that it began to entertain just notions regarding ages hitherto unknown or misapprehended, and their surprising new opinions; and that by a comparison of the classic with the romantic it first obtained a proper

standard. It confirms, moreover, what has been said of the wonderful faculty which the Germans possess of exalting everything to philosophy, that scarcely had the reaction commenced against the classical scepticism, when, in Schelling, a philosopher arose, who, at the first glance into the disenchantment, expressed, in one single sunlit idea, the most profound and comprehensive views of the new culture.

By far the most important result of Schelling's philosophy seems to be that impartial epic view of the world which it carries along with it, and which is more and more responded to by the laity, in consequence of long experience having cooled the passions, and of the endlessly complicated contradictions having produced a certain degree of toleration and indifference. In Schelling's system each party is opposed by some other: dualism is proved to be natural, its contradictions being deduced from a primitive necessary contrast. This system is altogether opposed to everything exclusive, to all absolute dominion of one view, and to all unrestricted persecution of others. It endeavours, in the physics of the mind, and of history, to secure to every mental entity, whether it be a character, an opinion, or an event, the same rights which are in common physics secured to every material essence. It looks upon the epochs of history as seasons, upon nationalities as zones, upon temperaments as elements, upon characters as creatures, and upon the expressions of character in feeling and actions as necessarily founded upon nature, and as various as instincts. Accord-

ing to this system a growth and a mysterious instinct, a variety and an arrangement exist in the mental world as well as in nature. This new epic view recommends itself to all who have made a more extensive inquiry into life. In it alone does the endless conflict of opinion find peace, and every contradiction the simplest and most natural solution. Many clearsighted men have, without being acquainted with Schelling or his system, been of themselves led by a long experience to this point of observation. After a long life, they have looked back upon all that they have seen and surveyed, striven for and abandoned, lost and found; while doing so, the wild drama in which, in blind pursuance of their onesided aims, they formerly bore a part, appears to them changed into a quiet epos; and they sit down at the side of the poet, surveying the long past, and themselves in it, like one looking from a mountain down into a calm valley. The prevailing indifference felt towards religion, and that extensive experience in politics and history, which refutes and justifies all parties, have supported the epic, calm estimation of the world-strife; and even in poetry it has acquired an extensive province in consequence of the immense increase of novels in the style of Walter Scott. The historical novel pays homage to the idea, inasmuch as it takes a most impartial view of all ages, nations, and parties; and it will gradually be compelled to do so more and more.

The whole political contest of modern times may, in its ultimate principles, be traced back to

the contest between the *right of reason* and the *historical right*. The latter, conservatism, has hitherto maintained itself more by means of an in-dwelling natural power, a *vis inertiæ*, than by logical argumentation. It has been very weakly and very awkwardly defended. We either deduced this right directly from God, thus making privileges objects of superstition, or we did not inquire at all, being satisfied with mere possession. In these circumstances the right of reason gained in theory in proportion as it lost in practice. A tacit agreement was entered into, that the right of reason was a problem which it would be long before men could solve. We granted to reason the honour, but reserved for the existing and acknowledged unreason the advantage. Not only freemasons, illuminati, French republicans, and idealists (*Ideologen*), but even princes and ministers paid homage to this opinion. The right of reason was universally acknowledged, but it was also universally suspended. Even its enemies could bring no stronger arguments against it than its impracticability, its attack upon vested interests, which are founded upon the historical right, and its alleged irreligion, in so far as the present state of possession has been consecrated.

Schelling's philosophy was the first that led to a far different view of the right founded upon reason, and that upon history; a view which was carried out less by himself than by his disciples Görres, Friedrich Schlegel, and Steffens, by whom it has again been promulgated in many

modern historical and political works. The philosophy of Schelling must, to preserve its consistency, reject the right founded upon reason as well as deism, and exalt the right founded upon history to a sole dominion, as it imagined God living and acting in history. It completely renounced that right founded upon reason, at which men ever grasp but never attain, and supposed, if I may use the expression, a metempsychosis of right, through all nations and ages. Mankind, not being destined for uniformity, the character of nations and ages has, in consequence of the distinctions of sexes and races, of climate and occupation, of temperament and mental faculties, of age and fate, been variously moulded in respect to religion and morals, to æsthetics and science, as well as in respect to right. It appears foolish to ask of the old Hindoos and Greeks, of the knights and monks of the middle ages, or of the Arabians, of the Chinese, or Negroes, the answer to a question regarding right, with which civilized Europe has but lately become acquainted. The opinions regarding government, royalty, political freedom, the subordination of the various classes of society, had first to be formed; they have had to pass through many stages of development, which, however, are all onesided; yet in each stage they were suited to their age and to the culture, the belief, and the wants of their respective places. As each climate produces peculiar plants and animals, in like manner were nations, with their conditions, religions, morals, and arts,

acclimatised to their respective ages; the whole course of the development of man was, therefore, natural.

I myself hold that opinion, which, considering historical events as mere natural phenomena, is as little qualified to judge of political institutions by that absolute right of reason, as of the flowers of a garden by an imaginary ideal plant, or the varieties of music by a primitive theme. But I must declare myself opposed to that principle of stability, which men have so causelessly attempted to connect with that organic view of history. Many talented men have atempted to eternalise the Existing, falsely imagining that anything in nature could be eternalised but nature itself as a whole. The life of nature consists in change, in eternal transformation. This, in fact, is the true doctrine of Schelling. On the same grounds on which we justify the past, we must justify, the changes of things and movement—the eternal revolution of the world. It would be a complete inversion of the system of Schelling, were we to make the justification of the past a reason for condemning the future. The principle would always remain favourable to freedom, even though Görres, Friedrich Schlegel, Baader, —nay, even Schelling himself, had attempted to give it another meaning.

We have, however, already seen that the disciples of Schelling did not imitate his universality and allsidedness, but fell back into onesidedness, according as they were carred away by any par-

ticular tendency of the age. The dualism of his system itself, which separates into its two poles, nature and mind, here in Oken, there in Hegel, is connected with divisions in the systems of his pupils, which are of still more various kinds.

The commencing reaction towards the middle ages, having seized upon men's minds, without themselves being aware of it, the contrasts of long past centuries returned, without their ever dreaming of such a thing. That philosophy of nature, of which Oken was the chief supporter, had been joined by the doctrines of the inward life and of animal magnetism, as well as by those great discoveries, which had, shortly before, been made in outward life, in astronomy, physics, and chemistry. In this state it corresponded as perfectly to the Paracelsian and Rosecrucian doctrines of the middle ages, as the mental philosophy of Hegel, which evolves itself merely in the thinking of thinking, did to the old system of nature, maintained by the opposing scholasticism. Between and above both, the pure mysticism of the middle ages was again adopted by Görres and Franz Baader.

As, however, the middle ages had passed away, those mental tendencies, in which its vitality had again manifested itself, were compelled to unite with, and to serve the prosaic reality of, our modern life. This occurring in science and in poetry, as well as in politics and theology, produced strange literary phenomena. Schelling had many distinguished disciples, but no one of them bears the least likeness to the others.

Oken[2] endeavoured to apply the ideas of Schelling exclusively to the natural sciences; hoping, by so doing, to obtain a more distinct knowledge of that boundless field, which was daily increased by new discoveries, and to impart a crystalline transparency to the inward life of nature. We shall speak more at length of this great thinker in the chapter on the Natural Sciences, as he is far more of a naturalist than of a philosopher. He brings prominently forward the material part of the world; nay, he goes so far to maintain that the mind is nothing but the emanations of material life; he does not, like Schelling, place the ὑπο μοχλιον, or primitive centre of the world, halfway between the material and mental poles, but towards the one side, in the material pole; thus giving to this one the preponderance. But this philosophical onesidedness is merely the result of an enthusiastic love of the natural sciences, in the absence of which it would probably have been impossible to construct a system so beautiful as that which Oken has constructed. The rare political independence which this distinguished scholar maintained amidst the political turmoil of his time, deserves the highest praise. He voluntarily resigned his professorship in Jena, and chose an anxious and unsettled life, because, as

[2] Lorenz Oken, born at Offenburg, grand duchy of Baden, August 2nd, 1779; alive; professor at Zurich, Switzerland: Manual of Natural History; Compendium of Natural Philosophy; Sketch of a System of Geology; Works on Mineralogy, Botany, &c.; The Isis (a periodical), 1817 34.

a professor, he could no longer be permitted to continue his liberal periodical, "Isis." How can we reproach with gross materialism a man in whom the mental principle of honour was sufficiently powerful to outweigh the attachment to material advantages and enjoyments? How many spiritualists occupy our chairs, to whom the mental principle of honour is entirely unknown; and who are quite satisfied, if, decorated with an order, they be permitted to sit comfortably amidst the grossest materialism of external life.

Steffens[3], likewise an original naturalist and a zealous disciple of the celebrated Werner, being chiefly engaged with his Internal History of the Earth, embraced the philosophy of Schelling in consequence of his geological inquiries. Those points from which his speculations proceeded, are still clearly visible in his chief philosophical work, Anthropology. Having, like all the other disciples of Schelling, adopted his master's real-ideal contrast, his brilliant imagination, combined with his rich knowledge of all the phenomena of nature, imparted to his treatment of the system an originality, which the principle itself no longer possessed. Sometimes, however, his imagination carries him away; and we often fancy that Phœbus

[3] Heinrich Steffens, born at Stavanger, in Norway, May 2nd, 1773; alive; professor in Berlin: Anthropology; Contributions towards the Natural History of the Interior of the Globe; Principles of the Philosophy of the Natural Sciences; On False Theology and True Belief: Novels—The Four Norwegians; Walsith and Leeth; Malcolm; The Revolution.

or Phaeton is guiding the fiery chariot of his eloquence. But he was not merely a philosopher. The German fatherland owes a debt of gratitude to him, the Norwegian, for his noble and gallant conduct during the liberation war in 1813. Steffens, by his spirit-stirring speeches for liberty, drove the students into the field of battle. At a later period of his life we have great difficulty in determining what are his characteristic features, for they vanish whenever we attempt to delineate them. Steffens, like many others, put, during the few first years after the restoration, a new construction upon his former enthusiasm; he denounced those same youths, whom he had shortly before electrified with the name of freedom; he attacked Germanism (*Deutschthum*) and gymnastics (*Turnwesen*) with æsthetical arguments, which, by their absurdity, destroyed even what was sacred; and he permitted himself to be so far carried away by his new opinions, as to write, in defence of the historical principle, the immortal *sottise* "labour is enjoyment to the peasant; enjoyment is labour to the nobleman." After the patriotic and political struggle had been settled, in a way which Steffens might consider as conferring a triumph upon him, an ennui seemed to seize the nation. In the evening Sontag sung and Taglioni danced. During the day, the streets were so quiet, that the passers-by could hear what the preachers were saying in the churches. For want of something to do, theological controversies were again resumed as an innocent toy; people being well aware that they would be thrown

aside as soon as aught more amusing offered itself to their notice. Yet, no! it was not mere play. Many, very many, sought in heaven those things which they could not find on earth; in particular, a fatherland. In short, many took an interest in theology, who otherwise would never have thought of such a thing. Steffens, a thorough poetical philosopher, a poetical politician, the most determined enemy of the dull and stiff Germanism and gymnastics (*Deutsch- und Turnerthum*) became all at once, not a poetical catholic, a mystic, or a pietist, but a dry, dull, and stiff orthodox defender of Lutheranism. Yet scarce had people ceased to wonder, when Steffens, again laying aside his black vestments, put on the coloured garb of romanticism, and wrote historical novels, in the popular style of Walter Scott. Thus he has wandered about, like the last of the Normans, seeking adventures in the realm of the German literature, as his ancestors formerly did on the great ocean.

Steffens is possessed of an original mind, and is an eloquent author. He has far more power over the German language than many who have been born on this side the Sound. He involuntarily imitates Jean Paul; that is, similies force themselves upon him, even where they are not necessary. He is more of a poet than a thinker; yet the circumstance of his having poetised too much in his philosophical works, is not compensated by his having philosophised too much in his novels.

With him, if I am not very much mistaken,

originated that favourite phrase of the northern German literati, "*ein vornehmer Geist.*" He, in so far as I know, was the first who used this fatal expression, which not only points out, but even widens that breach which divides our literature into an arrogant, corrupt, and unpopular aristocracy, and a turbulent, importunate, and uncivilized mob. Such party words always do a world of harm.

While Steffens endeavoured to reconcile the principle of Schelling with that internal fickleness and external Goethian would-be-gentility (*Vornehmthuerei*), which was becoming more apparent in northern Germany and among the Protestants, Görres, on the other hand, had, by imbuing it with the depths of his truly romantic feelings, brought it into connection with the Catholicism of southern Germany. As such, we have already treated of Görres.

As Görres remained too Catholic for many, Franz Baader, by adopting the doctrines of Jacob Böhme, again connected Catholic romanticism with modern Protestant mysticism. The modern Protestant belief in ghosts (*Geister-seherei*) and magic were also supported by Franz Baader.

Friedrich Schlegel[4] was, like Görres, no abstract philosophiser; he preferred applying the

[4] Friedrich Schlegel, born at Hanover, March 10th, 1772; died at Dresden, January 12th, 1829: The Athenæum; Philosophy of History; History of Ancient and Modern Literature (English by Lockhart); Philosophical Lecture; Language, Literature, and Wisdom of the Hindoos; Lucinda (a Novel).

principles of Schelling when treating of history, politics, and art. In Friedrich Schlegel, who is one of our most profound, though, at the same time, one of our most impure thinkers, was combined the capability of discovering truth with the criminal boldness and epicurean weakness of denying it. This remarkable man, supported by his brother, who was more occupied with the letter, and in connection with Schelling and the philosophers on the one hand, with Tieck and the poets on the other, with Görres and the ultramontanists on the third, with Gentz and the political renegades on the fourth, has exercised a great influence. But he has merely increased the confusion of notions in Germany, instead of clearing them up by the perspicuity of his mind and the many-sidedness of his culture. He sold his mind; thus robbing himself of his last weapon, truth. If modern history resemble a comedy of Beaumarchais, in which sickly and peevish old age in vain undertakes to cure blooming youth, Friedrich Schlegel plays the part of Basilio, who sells his advice to old age.[5] He has, in fact, borrowed from the noble and eternally true system of Schelling the respect for history, only in order to be able to contend with greater sophistry against the other part of the system,—the respect for what is growing[6]. He has again thrown down

[5] See The Marriage of Figaro.

[6] *Das Werdende.* We have no single word which can express *werden.* It combines within itself the notions of present, past, and future. Thus *das Werdende* signifies something which has

the old cathedrals and castles of the middle ages in order to heap them upon modern times, and thus annihilate the new race. The century was protected by—dishes, under the dainty burden of which the great gastronomist met with a very modern death[7].

Adam Müller[8], his shadow, imitated him in the department of politics and of art, became like him an apostate, and died after him, because he drew his spirit from him.

Ast[9] honestly and disinterestedly endeavoured to apply that principle of Schelling to the treatment of history and art; but he acquired no great fame, for he was too noble to fashion his system according to circumstances, or to hunt after personal advantages. This, however, should make him be respected by us. His works, though not much read, contain many excellent ideas. The desire, or, perhaps, rather the philosophical necessity, of drawing conclusions, has often led him

existed, does exist, and will exist, yet which is all the while in a state of change and transition.

[7] Friedrich Schlegel enjoyed the reputation of being a great gourmand. It is generally believed that he died in consequence of a surfeit, produced by eating too much of some favourite dish.

[8] Adam Müller von Nittendorf, born at Berlin, 1779; died at Wien, January 17th, 1829: On the Necessity for a Theological Basis to the Sciences of Government and Political Economy; Staats-anzeiger (a periodical).

[9] Georg Anton Friedrich Ast, born at Gotha, 1776; alive; professor of Philosophy at München. Life and Writings of Plato; Platonic Lexicon; Sketch of Philosophy; System of Æsthetics.

to insert historical facts and æsthetical phenomena violently and at their wrong positions in the known system of the real-ideal contrast; still oftener, however, his fine tact has enabled him to recognise their true situation, and his History of Philosophy, his Æsthetics, and his History of the World, will afford useful and beautiful hints to every future thinker who undertakes to write a philosophy of history or of art.

Wagner[1], of Würzburg, attempted zealously, disinterestedly, and consistently, to promote the doctrine of symmetrical contrasts, in the same way as the philosophy of the All. He begins in a truly poetical manner, viewing the whole All as an eternal marriage and espousals of the two principles of the world, in opposition to those disciples of Schelling, who, like Görres and Schlegel, considered them as rather at eternal war. But the development of this noble idea shared the fate of all exaggerated logical deductions. Moreover, the Tetrad, which proceeds simply from the Binad, is on that very account not that feature which, as is usually the case, deserves to be pointed out as the proper characteristic of the system. The marriage, the espousals of oxygen and hydrogen, which, when followed into the mind, presents itself in all possible transforma-

[1] Johann Jacob Wagner, professor in Würzburg: On the Nature of Things; System of the Ideal Philosophy; Journal for Science and Art; Mathematical Philosophy; Dictionary of the Platonic Philosophy with a Sketch of the System; Homer and Hesiod.

tions and mental refinements, is the characteristic of Wagner's system.

Troxler[g] likewise acknowledges dualism, the opposition of two principles. He is one of the most peculiar phenomena in our literature, expressing in himself a great real-ideal, practical-speculative contrast. Actively engaged in the political revolution of Switzerland, he there advocated democracy in the midst of democracy, and would have preached it in the third power, had he been able to raise it to the second. But his philosophical system hovers in a calm height, far above the petty turmoil of the petty revolutions of Basle, Lucerne, Berne, or Argau; so much so that it appears to have nothing in common with them. Yet Troxler has modified his former views and approached in some respects nearer to the free and proud system of Fichte, without, however, giving up Schelling's doctrine of contrasts. He merely removes the absolute identity of the contrast back again into the Ego of Fichte. He assumes an inward living unity, as it were, a germ of the world, which contains within itself, and thus produces out of itself, everything, in opposition to that inanimate ideal unity, which is nothing but an alternate elevation and depression of the poles. As the whole tree is in the seed,

[g] Ignaz Paul Vital Troxler, born at Bero-Münster, Lucerne, August 17th, 1780; alive; professor of Philosophy at Bonn: Logic, the Science of Thought and the Criticism of all Cognition; Lectures on Philosophy; Glances into the Inner Life of Man; On Life and its Problem.

and the seed in the tree, so, in like manner, is the world, notwithstanding its variety, in the truest unity; and as all the powers and phenomena of the world proceed from that internal unity, so also do they all point to, and bear testimony to, that power of thought which is far from being onesided. The following is Troxler's profound and aspiring system:—The unity of all things exists in the human mind; in it lies the abyss, as well as the whole nature of the Divine. Man can cognize everything only in himself and through himself. He is connected with God through Christ, not in a mere historical manner, but directly and essentially. He is not merely externally connected with nature through the sensory (*die Sinnlichkeit*), but all nature is comprehended in his sensory. The unity of both, of all, is in his soul. The soul is the primitive, all-evolving, all-comprehending. The innermost centre of the soul is the feeling; the opposite, in which it is reflected, is the sensory. Two powers of the soul, two ψύχαι, continually revolve in opposite directions round these two foci; the one, descending from the feelings, supersensuous, spiritualizing the sensuous; the other, ascending from the sensory, subsensuous, sensualizing the spiritual. To these two fixed foci, and to these two ever-moving powers, he assigns all the faculties of the soul, and all the phenomena or things which are made external and which correspond with them.

Several other disciples of Schelling have, in a similar manner, subordinated the two contrasts to that higher unity which unites them, not returning,

however, with so much pride as Troxler to the Ego of Fichte, but, on the contrary, humbly seeking, in relation to Christian mysticism, that primitive cause of things, that supreme unity in a God far exalted above us.

Eschenmayer pursued this course. This pious and reverend veteran confesses in the last edition of his Psychology, that in his views on nature (the empire in which law rules), he has always remained faithful to Schelling and the school which he founded, but that he has adopted different views respecting the Divine, the empire in which freedom rules. He has always separated the creature from the Creator, seeking God neither in nature alone, like Oken, nor in mind alone, like Hegel, but above both. Though he thinks that he is obliged to declare expressly that God is free, and bound by no law, yet such an honest declaration must appear strange to the unprejudiced reader, were it not really necessary; for many philosophers have argued that God is not free, but bound by a law, nay, that he himself is law, unchangeable necessity.

Creation, according to Eschenmayer, praises its Creator in pure three-toned symphonies. These are mind, nature, life:—in the mind are thought, feeling, willing; in nature, light, heat, gravitation; in life, reproduction, irritability, and sensibility; and the three ideas, truth, beauty, virtue, are the normal centre of the whole creation. In these he recognises the law of the material creation, beyond which he permits freedom to exist; nay, he even goes so far as to argue, what no natural

philosopher had yet ventured to do,—that freedom exists, not merely in the mind, but even in nature. He thus assumes, in addition to the earthly conditioned gravitation and darkness, another, which is unconditioned beyond this world, in hell; and, besides this earthly conditioned light, another, which is unconditioned beyond this world, in heaven.

G. H. Schubert, who is as pious as amiable, but who must not be confounded with the Petersburgh astronomer, arrived at almost the same result. Adopting, like Oken, an independent course of inquiry in his arrangements of natural phenomena, he has, in a manner peculiar to himself, and in opposition to Oken, assumed, not only an eternal approximation of the inferior creatures to the higher, but also a retrogression of the higher to the lower; and in order to cause the bright blossoms of a fair system to shine forth, even from the midst of decay, he has, in general, pryed out with pious care the mysteries of nature, precisely where she conceals her secrets, or where she appears diseased and disgusting, and seems unwilling to be inquired into. This inclination necessarily leading him to animal magnetism and its revelations, his last philosophical opinions about God and the All are really based upon the well-known distinction between mind, soul, and body, which is common to the clairvoyantes. He endeavours to confirm this doctrine, principally by that experience which is founded upon nature, while Eschenmayer illustrates it in a more speculative manner.

All these disciples of Schelling have leant to the objective, real, positive side: some have, like Oken, directed their attention to material nature, others, like Görres and Schlegel, to history; others again, like Eschenmayer, Schubert, and Baader, to revealed religion: in short, all have held by something positive. It was, however, a logical consequence of the contrast, that the subjective, ideal, negative pole of Schelling's system should in its turn be onesidedly elevated; and the same consequence required, that the northern Germans should enter upon this work, seeing that the southerns, who were in every respect more positive, had fostered the positive philosophy.

Hegel[3], though born in Swabia, was fitted only for the atmosphere of Berlin. He required men before him, who are not enchanted by the powerful impression of a beautiful mountainous country, but who, according to Goethe, "speculate amidst barren withered heaths;" who are little liable to be carried away by the spirit of history, by noble monuments and remembrances, or by a peculiar nationality; and who, acknowledging merely a state, a state-machine, state-servants, and state-subjects, have long been accustomed, in consequence of their climate as it were, to call everything, except themselves, negative.

Hegel, following Fichte, again adopted the

[3] Georg Wilhelm Hegel, born at Stuttgart, August 27th, 1778; died at Berlin (having succeeded Fichte there as professor of Philosophy), November 14th, 1831: Encyclopedia of the Philosophical Sciences; Lectures on Æsthetics; Philosophy of Religion; Science of Logic.

subjective pole as a centre; but Fichte's centre was a noble energetic Ego, desiring nought but good; Hegel's centre was a mere cogitating, diminutive Ego, which "speculated amidst withered heath," little, and self-sufficient. Knowing well what would best suit the age, he reduced Fichte's fervent emotion to a cold heartless pride, his enthusiastic youthful luxuriance to a would-be-wise emptiness; and thus became the philosopher of the Restoration, as Fichte had been that of the Revolution.

All other philosophers had acknowledged God, the creating and upholding primitive power, as the eternal love, the noblest and wisest moral will, or eternal beauty, the all-uniting harmony, or, at least, the inexhaustible energy, the fulness of the Creator. Hegel was the first who made God a mere speculatist, who, led by an evil spirit round the waste of his heavenly heath, does nothing but think, and, indeed, thinks only thinking.

There is in this madness a certain degree of honest simplicity. The heroic nations of ancient times could not imagine God otherwise engaged than in wars and conflicts. The old Brahmins, sitting motionless under a tree, with their eyes fixed upon one spot, imagined that God must also be as still. The tender monks and nuns having no object upon which to bestow their love, transferred it to God, thus originating those romances between the loving on this side the grave and the loved beyond it, which Saint Theresa and Angelus Silesius have so beautifully described. Slaves saw in God a severe master; poetical minds saw

in his creation a work of art, the poetical ideas of an everlasting poet; architects look upon him chiefly as the architect of the fabric of the universe; criminals as the supreme judge, &c., &c. It is therefore very natural to expect that "a fellow who speculates, led about by an evil spirit, like a beast upon a waste barren heath,"[4] should imagine God to be a mere speculatist, a thinker of thinking.

This system is a complete self-deification of Hegel, for he makes no distinction between himself and God; he gives himself out as God, for he says expressly: "God does not know himself, does not exist, until he arrives at a consciousness of himself in men; a consciousness which in other men, for example, in Christ, is obscure, and manifests itself like a model only in representations; and that he arrives at a clear consciousness, at the fulness of his being only in a philosopher who is acquainted with the only true philosophy;"—that is, in Hegel himself, in his own person.

Thus we may have upon the throne of the world, as God, a withered pedant, a stiff squinting professor, a tiresome bombastic scholastic, a man filled with feelings of the most repulsive envy, one who takes an interest in the most trivial academic polemics,—in a word, a German pedant. The ancients placed a Hercules or an Alexander among the gods, but no Thersites. Only among the people of the mummies do we find a dog-headed Anubis and a diminutive withered Horus.

The whole affair, however, is quite natural. It

[4] Faust, Act II., Sc. VI.

is not the vanity of Hegel alone, it is a natural consequence of the whole tendency of the age, that a German pedant should pretend to be God. During the age of chivalry, heroes were gods; during that of the hierarchy, God became a second pope; it was therefore to be expected that in the age of learning, he would become a scholar, and that Germany, the land of learning, would produce him. I should be sorry, did my panorama of German Literature want this principal figure. Hegel marks the highest point of the misdirected mania for learning, of this great craze of the modern Germans. In him the evil reached its culminating point, in form as well as in spirit; for his language is, by its obscure bombast, its tediousness and stiffness, just as his system is, by its arrogant and contemptuous, yet unsatisfied, peevish and sickly pride, the most perfect expression of that learned abscess which has now come to a head.

Hegel's philosophy would in all probability have attracted but little attention, had it not obtained political adherents and patrons. And how did it do so? Did not the god-professor look down upon the kings of this world? I know not; but certain it is, that attendance upon Hegel's lectures was highly recommended, and that the Hegelians were favoured in the filling up of situations.

The Hegelian system presented itself as a political scholasticism, furnished with almost the same weapons as the ancient ecclesiastical scholasticism. As they had to deal, not with facts, nor

with convictions, but merely with notions; as they drew nothing from religion or morals, but all from logic, it was in their power to play with notions and positions as they chose, to prove everything or nothing. The system became an absolute dialecticism without contents, without object; a mere means of explaining every possible object in any way men chose. In this relation the notorious position of Hegel: "all that is, is in accordance with reason," was principally used to prove that our present condition is absolutely the one most in accordance with reason, and that therefore it would be not only revolutionary, but even foolish, nonsensical, and unphilosophical to find fault with any part of it.

This new scholasticism returned even to the old distinction between the initiated and uninitiated. The abstruse language of Hegel, the affected obscurity in which he enveloped even the simplest propositions, in order to stamp them as oracles, were means intended to form an insurmountable wall of separation between the initiated and the profane.

He has, therefore, made a right and proper use of the folly of those who imagined that they were drudging for their own vanity, while in reality they were promoting that of others. Few have become greater adepts in the art of mystifying. Now that he is dead his disciples dispute about what this or that oracular saying really meant. Something of the same kind has taken place with Schleiermacher, and with Goethe. These men having been often pleased to express themselves

somewhat vaguely on the most important questions, the Berliners have always made it their business to admire, with the most serious air in the world, that which they understood least; each, however, making his neighbours believe that he understood it, whilst he himself was afraid that some of them might have really comprehended it.

The Hegelians carried their folly so far, as to consider it a mere condescension to the inferior powers of the conception of men, to compare Hegel with Christ, and to think that they did honour to the latter in calling him a forerunner and apostle of Hegel; a subordinate messenger, who, by mere representations and appeals to the feelings, pointed out and foretold, as it were symbolically, the far more exalted Hegel, who was afterwards to come in the might of the notion (*Begriff*). This folly was carried so far, that Friedrich Förster, a man from whose historical spirit of investigation better things might have been expected, said, at the grave of Hegel, that he was, beyond all doubt, the Holy Ghost himself, the third person of the Godhead. To such lengths the vanity of a coterie may lead its members,—yet perhaps only in Berlin.

It is a striking characteristic of the age, that the Hegelians look kindly and graciously down upon Christ, whilst they look up with reverence to Goethe, as to something still higher. Hotho, for example, in his strange Preparatory Studies for Life and Art, showed, that man's chief aim ought to be to immerge into the mind of Hegel, yet that

through him an admission to the still higher joys of heaven was to be found in the mind of Goethe. Lerminier[4], a Frenchman who is, in other respects, far from being silly; and who was then in Berlin, has repeated him, and told his countrymen: "Si Hegel a consommé la philosophie de son pays, Goethe en a consommé la litératur. En verité, on croiroit avec ces deux hommes avoir abouti à toutes les possibilités de la pensée."

Among the latest philosophers who have attempted to strike out an independent course, we still observe the old contrast. Herbart stands on the subjective, Krause on the objective side. Herbart[5], of Königsberg, has undertaken to collect and harmoniously combine all the subjective tendencies of our philosophy. He does not despair of being able to bring even Kant and Hegel into unison. He imitates Kant in basing his system upon empirical psychology, yet, by a mathematical construction of notions, he returns to an objectivity of thinking like Hegel.

Krause, going back to Leibnitz, imitated him in making the living real God the principle of the world, and deduced from him all the primitive notions which other philosophers consider on and for themselves, independent of God, as the Absolute. Looking continually at the relation which

[4] Jean Louis Lerminier, born 1803: author of Au-delà du Rhine; Etudes d' Histoire et de Philosophie; Philosophie du Droit.

[5] Johann Friedrich Herbart, born at Oldenburg, 1776; alive; professor of philosophy at Göttingen: Encyclopedia of Philosophy; Universal Practical Philosophy; Introduction to Philosophy; Introduction to Psychology; Universal Metaphysics.

philosophy bears to life, he always applied it directly to nature, history, morals, and art, and did not, like other philosophers, keep it at an abstract height above life. His aim was an "universal association" (*Menschheitsbund*), which he expected would fulfil all the noble hopes of his philosophy. But he found little sympathy, because his language was less clear than his mind, because he wrote prolixly and heavily, and because his brother freemasons persecuted him even till his death, taking good care not to spread his fame by recommendations and praises. He had, by the publication of some old, innocent documents connected with freemasonry, heavily offended the lovers of mystery.

The assiduity with which the history of philosophy has of late years been studied, with the view of finding in it a new basis for further speculations, is very estimable. Those shallow studies which are confined within the bounds of a school, have far less apparent importance than that genial enthusiasm for new systems, which has been so prevalent during the last thirty years. Genius being asleep, we cannot do better, until it awakes again, than supply its place with assiduity.

Among the histories of philosophy, that written by Tennemann[6], in accordance with the views of

[6] Wilhelm Gottlieb Tennemann, born at Brembach, Erfurt, December 7th, 1761; died at Marburg, September 30th, 1819: History of Philosophy (1—11), unfinished; Manual of the History of Philosophy (English by Johnson); System of the Platonic Philosophy.

Kant, has obtained the greatest fame; that by Eberhard [7], in which Jacob Böhme is reproached with being a shoemaker, is the most superficial. All the systems which deviate from those of Kant having been examined in a onesided manner by Tennemann, the parties neglected by him were more profoundly treated of by Rixner [8], and in the most comprehensive manner by Ast, a disciple of Schelling. Windischmann's [9] great work, Philosophy in the Progress of the History of the World, is exceedingly interesting, yet it ventures too far beyond those mysterious boundaries which begin where philosophy ceases. He is in his inquiries still tinged with the spirit of the East. Much light has been thrown upon the history of the ancient philosophy, and of that of the middle ages, by the theological investigations of Neander, and by the endeavours of our philologists to become acquainted with the Indian and Persian systems. Within these few years Ritter [1], and the younger Fichte [2], have distinguished themselves by impar-

[7] J. A. Eberhard, born at Halberstadt, 1738; died at Halle, 1809: History of Philosophy; Apology for Socrates; Ethics of Reason; Theory of the Arts and Sciences.

[8] T. A. Rixner, professor at Amberg: Aphorisms from Philosophy; Theologia et Philosophia Indica, etc.; Manual of the History of Philosophy.

[9] K. J. Windischmann, professor at Bonn: Ideas on Physics; On the Self-Annihilation of the Age.

[1] Heinrich Ritter; alive: History of Philosophy (English by Morrison); History of the Pythagorean Philosophy.

[2] Emmanuel Hermann Fichte, born at Jena, 1797; alive; professor at Bonn: Contributions to Characteristics of Modern Philosophy, intended to reconcile its principles; On the Con-

tial surveys of the philosophical systems from a purely historical point of view. The latter, benevolently recognising all that is good, and valuing even the meanest part, if it but contribute to increase the whole, is, though not possessed of the same warlike energy as his father, yet of the same noble sentiments. The younger Reinhold[3] has written a history of philosophy as onesidedly Kantian as those of Tennemann and Eberhard.

Though the tide of German philosophy has now turned, (the flood beating on the French coasts,) though our enthusiasm has subsided, and calm reflection, or even remorse, have made their appearance, yet philosophy will continue to occupy its high position alongside of religion, and above all the other sciences. Our age is swayed by science, science by philosophy. In the new hierarchy of the intellect, the philosophical chair is the apostolical one, and the philosophers are the cardinals. The results of all the departments of our mental activity are collected in philosophy as in a centre; all the saps are sublimated in the flower. Variety always tends to unity; and the more certain it is, that the Germans have a tendency to all kinds of cognitions, the more natural

trast, Culminating Point, and Aim of the Modern Philosophy; Life and Remains of J. G. Fichte (his father); Religion and Philosophy in their Present Relation; Journal of Philosophy and Speculative Theology (periodically).

[3] Christian Ernst Gottlieb Reinhold, born at Jena, January, 1793; alive; professor of logic and metaphysics: Manual of the Universal History of Philosophy; Theory of the Human Power of Cognition and Metaphysics; Manual of Philosophical Psychology and Formal Logic.

is it that they should regulate them and reduce them to the simplest possible results. Indeed, it seems, as if the universal longing after knowledge were but the secondary manifestation of our nature, philosophical deepmindedness being the first, as if we could not find the circumference until an invisible centre had been formed. Our philosophy proves, that Germany must not be looked upon as a mere lumber-room for holding all sorts of knowledge. Even the most diminutive object that enters the horizon of our observation, is immediately drawn by invisible threads towards the centre of philosophical cognition. The richer is the object of that observation, the deeper is that centre. By assuming the broadest basis, we are enabled boldly to stretch to its utmost length the lines of our philosophical operations, and thus our heroes are daily penetrating deeper into the unknown world of spirits.

There is, however, also a darkish side of German philosophy. The philosophers were not all genial minds: there is also a philosophical mob—apes and caricatures of genius, who attempt to form a pleasing medium between the contrasts of philosophy and the age. In them philosophy has partaken of that universal pedantry of the learned, not only in the forms of language but even in opinions. It, too, has worn a hoop-petticoat. Instead of being profound, it was long merely subtle; instead of being natural, it was artificial; in place of being straightforward, it was ceremonious, courteous, and prolix; in place of convincing us, it long merely conversed with us; nay, it even like

poetry, long quoted the ancients, and bound the cothurnus on its feet in place of elevating itself. Like every other branch of literature, it afterwards fell into the opposite extreme. It became divinely unpolished like the chivalrous romances; it was affected with a longing after nature and originality, like ladies and students, poets and virtuosi. It cast away all reverence for authority, and began to think anew; but its thoughts were often not worth the trouble of thinking. Having at last summoned to its assistance the feelings and the imagination, it performed a Bacchanalian dance to the soft cooing tones of the flute, or to Turkish music, around the altar of truth, or stammered forth incomprehensible oracles out of mysterious mists. Emancipated from the school-room, from the long-tailed Orbilius[4], it is old enough to enter the school of love, to throw itself with enthusiasm into the arms of the beloved one. Yet independent of these actions of the many, some great geniuses have, with a masculine intellect, anticipated their age, and observed with a smile how people treated their thoughts with a childish idolatry.

The greatest fault of our philosophers is their pedagogical presumption, which no Lucian has yet scourged with sufficient severity. It is, indeed, ridiculous to see wise men pecking at one

[4] Orbilius Pupillus, schoolmaster, first at Beneventum and then at Rome, was for some time the teacher of Horace, who has immortalized him for his severity.

> Memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo
> Orbilium dictare.—Epist. Lib. II. i., 70-1.

another like angry cocks, and then immediately after mounting to the nearest roof, where they crow, with proudly stretched-out head, and look down upon the little world.

Scarcely one of our philosophers is understood by the people[5]. They have borrowed a foreign terminology from the Greeks and scholastics; they long wrote in Latin, and even now they take the greatest delight in coining new words. Though this has procured for them the greatest reverence from the people, and lent to their most ordinary common-places an air of deep wisdom, yet it estranged the great mass of the public from philosophy, making it be looked upon as altogether an affair belonging to the school. Oken, who is as much distinguished for his patriotism as for his learning, inveighed with the greatest zeal against this foreign terminology, but without effect; nay, even without being himself able to avoid it. The difficulties of philosophical language are rendered still more perplexed, by the peculiar and capricious use which each individual philosopher makes of the various terms. If we open their philosophical works, how different are the names which we meet in Leibnitz, Wolf, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. The foreign words, however, are, notwithstanding their

[5] Mr. Hayward, in his notes to Faust, relates that Hegel being once asked to propose a toast at a public assembly, the toast-master was obliged to decline giving it, because, after various attempts, he found it impossible to understand what the professor meant.

diversity, still the most intelligible; the Germans, with their similarity, and in consequence of their various uses, are, the plainer they are in themselves, the more unintelligible in philosophy. Whole volumes have been written about the true import of such expressions as *Vernunft* (reason), *Verstand* (intellect, understanding), *Geist* (spirit, mind), *Herz* (heart, feelings), *Gemüth* (sentiments, feeling), *Gefühl* (feelings), &c. Even yet no universal code of language has been adopted. The difficulties of language have kept on an equality with those of thought. The faculty of thinking, having effected its release from the old obscurity by immense exertions, and only by degrees, was therefore compelled to create a new language for every new discovery. A tiresome, circuitous, and prolix manner of representation (*Darstellung*) was unavoidable, because it first directed men to simpler notions. Nothing is acquired with greater difficulty than what comes afterwards to be looked upon as a matter of course. The great majority of philosophies, indeed, to a certain extent, all the earlier ones, are merely preparatory studies. The great Keppler had to cover many hundred folio pages with figures before those simple well-known laws, which every one now comprehends without difficulty, were the result of his ironlike assiduity. The same holds good of many German philosophers, especially of those before Kant. Though we neglect, with an æsthetical aversion, the dry and often deceitful calculations of the intellect, yet we must confess that they were necessary. The

most striking feature in almost all our philosophies is the scientific form, which takes pleasure in parading systematic tables, sections, and paragraphs. How far do we fall short of the majesty of the oriental dogmatism, of the grace of the criticism of Plato. Yet this dry systematizing is, probably, indispensable; for some attempts to imitate Plato, (of the Kantians, for example,) are very imperfect productions. Görres uses the most dignified philosophical style; for his system possesses the most exalted unity, because it is entirely mystic, and contains in its variety the greatest profusion of beauties; because the mystic unity is unfolded in an interpenetrating symbolicism of spirit, nature, and history. This gives to the writings of Görres their scriptural energy and oriental splendour. When we have, by study, penetrated into his spirit, we fancy that we are in an immense majestic Gothic cathedral, in which the high walls, pillars, and vaults, are wonderfully intermingled, yet all connected with one point; the whole wall built up with images of stone; and that there hovers over the whole a manifestation of the Holy One—the majesty of an invisible God; while in the temple a trumpet-blast, which is his herald, is sounding. The sacerdotal unction and prophetic thunder-voice of Görres are quite in accordance with the spirit of dogmatism. This ought always to be, and really is with Görres, the effect of a plastic natural instinct; an involuntary pure revelation of the inborn idea; and, as in the poet, the strictly natural growth of an individual flower of the mind, which,

under the most varied methods of cultivation, preserves that predominant natural faculty which determines its own character. Dogmatism being thus engaged in a perpetual ecstatic creation, it is no good sign when it awakes out of its prophetic visions, and begins to criticise itself. Criticism alone may and ought to dispense with this enthusiasm, and separate the thought, the objective product, from the subjective creative glow. The dogmatics, in consequence of yielding too much to the critical philosophers, have changed their blooming gardens into fastnesses, and have inundated them with their critical reflections, to preserve them against attacks. Görres, having permitted himself to range most boldly and widely, stands as high above, as he is isolated among, all other philosophers. Nature effected a similar phenomenon in Jacob Böhme; but this wonderful flower bloomed only in the night. In Novalis, the inborn nature struggled against the foreign forms, yet without wholly vanquishing them. As the elements separate more and more, dogmatism will find, in the organic plasticity of a Görres, the most unfettered, the noblest, and most national development; criticism, on the other hand, will be compelled to unfold those Platonic forms, which are most in accordance with its own polemic character.

When we examine those effects which philosophy has had on the subordinate sciences and on life, they appear quite natural, and founded on the character of philosophy; because it prescribes to every kind of cognition, as well as to every

action, a supreme law. Philosophy has immeasurably promoted universal culture, by having everywhere centralised and simplified it. It has, even with all its onesidedness, cast the most brilliant light upon the individual branches of science and of life; thus always giving the key-note to the various voices of the age. Being only learned, it has not, it is true, elevated the great body of the people to its own height; yet it has, by its influences upon the other departments of literature, been the indirect means of disseminating many noble ideas and beneficial maxims. On the other hand, all the deficiencies, errors, and contradictions of philosophy have been put into practice, according as individual sciences have been treated in accordance with the principles of different philosophies. True principles having been often falsely or partially applied, others have, in order to shun those faults, imagined that they could dispense altogether with philosophy, and therefore preferred a spiritless empirical method of proceeding, to the emptiness of vague theories. On the one side, we see shallow fellows harping upon the philosophical note, so as to conceal their deficiencies in solid acquirements, or even to boast of their ignorance. That which is most intelligible is delivered in high-sounding phrases, which, being commonly borrowed, serve rather to obscure the matter. Miserable scraps of this or that philosophy, which the student has brought from the university in his note-book, are introduced into theological, historical, pedagogical—nay, even into poetical works. He who is de-

ficient in necessary experience, in the required knowledge of details, avails himself of a surrogate of philosophy, and fancies that he is doing wonders when he is speaking in a high tone. Many a poet, who cannot impart an appearance of nature to his hero, furnishes him with philosophical phrases. Even schoolmasters now and then teaze their boyish pupils with the trash of a crude philosophy. On the other side, we find some highly learned men, of mature experience, who care little or nothing for philosophy, which they take every opportunity of despising and scorning, because they cannot reconcile its contradictions, and because they often know very well upon what insecure foundations many speculators build their airy castles. These men are joined by the pedants and shopkeepers, who, having reached only addition in the great arithmetic of life, heap together only the single facts of experience. They collect and relate, without caring about either cause or effect. Calling themselves practical men, they exercise great power on the schools and the offices of state. Many men of genial, poetical, pious, and cheerful dispositions, oppose philosophy, because they dislike its strictness, or systematic form. In fine, the orthodox of all persuasions keep up a continual skirmish with the philosophers. We, therefore, must not be surprised at finding so many calumnies, so many scoffs, levelled at philosophy.

Goethe's Faust, and many other expressions of this author, have done philosophy much harm in the eyes of the people. With regard to what he says about learned pedantry, he is always right.

If the philosopher, like the heroic Archimedes, cannot be disturbed in his investigations and inquiries by danger of death, far less by the blame of a poet, the poet, in his turn, the favourite of nature, may, at the side of this nature, defend her inscrutability; that eternal talisman by which she charms and sways us. He may, like a tricksy Cupid, defend his Venus, and thus dazzle and perplex the importunate philosopher. The contest between philosophy and poetry, which is as old as the world itself, will never degenerate into animosity; on the contrary, the noble alternation of our highest faculties remaining, he who feels himself more nearly related to poetry or to philosophy, may choose according to his own pleasure.

Every great philosophic school has corresponded to one ruling tendency of the age; first, producing it, and then reproduced by it. We can but rarely discriminate whether a man has had more influence upon his age, or his age upon him. Great minds are merely the mirror of the age, by which they are polished.

Though we must allow ourselves to be instructed in individual branches of science, by every one who has performed anything distinguished upon an isolated path, yet we ought to direct our looks to those universal minds, the polar stars of heaven, around which the greatest sphere revolves. There is, it is true, an eternal gulf fixed between the wisdom of God and that of men; yet there is a spot where the human mind stands highest, and where it gains the most extensive and richest view. Hail to that genius

in whom a love of nature, moral power, acuteness of intellect, and a deep feeling heart are united into one supreme unity; in whose purely-tuned soul the notes give a full sound, in which the harmony of all life is prefigured. Minds like those of Kant, Schelling, Görres, show us what the world is, by mirroring it in their minds, and what the mind is by mirroring it in the world. The more that we learn of the world, the greater do our minds become; the greater our minds are, the greater do they make the world. The highest triumph of the philosopher is, that he, by the manifestation of an inward power, creates the world anew by cognition, and moulds it like a work of art; that he becomes more unprejudiced the more he comprehends it; that the burden of knowledge enables his genius to soar most easily. The highest triumph of philosophy, on the contrary, is, that it never becomes universally acknowledged in any one form; that it always makes the cognition of the world depend upon the peculiarities of mental natures; that it represents the world as mirrored in the mind of a single individual; that, consequently, the greatest philosopher does not exclude a greater. Philosophy may be compared with music. Philosophers play upon the world. Now and then we perceive the most wonderful and most beautiful melodies. We pity the pupils who are not masters of the instrument; for the sweetest-toned flute is, to the unskilled, nothing but a piece of wood. But who that is a master of the present, believes that the source of the tones can be exhausted and dried up by his

art? New masters always inherit the instrument, which can never be worn out. Flowers join flowers, men join men. Heaven is arched out of many stars, and the temple of God rests upon many pillars.

What we must *not*, in future, expect from philosophy, is,—First: an interunion of the pure opinions of the intellect. I never admit that philosophical abstractions bear the same relation to one another as mathematical ones, and can, consequently, be made to agree. Number and magnitude, which are the objects of mathematics, are there; but philosophy has to seek for its object. The former has to do with forms; the latter with the matter itself. Philosophy can always agree only about logical forms, which are of universal application; never about the deficient matter. There must, at last, be only one logic; but so long as men can think, there will never be only one metaphysic. For where does the intellect seek the matter? The intellect of one man seeks it in one place, that of another in another; so that, at last, every man has a differently disposed imagination; which, imperceptibly influencing the similarly organized intellect of every man, treats as it chooses the ever permanent forms. No man has a different logic from his neighbour; but every one has a different metaphysic, because he has a different imagination. Secondly: far less will a perfect union ever take place between the systems based upon thought and the claims of the feelings in love, longing, and devotion. The intellect will always wish to make everything

clear; the sentiments will envelop everything in mystery and wonder; and thus they will always work beside each other, without ever crossing or uniting. Thirdly: philosophy will least of all ever attain its end. We shall not, while on earth at least, know everything, see everything, with God's own eyes, as it is and must be. A holy mystery, a wonder, an enigma, which can never be solved, will ever remain, however much we may advance, however much more distinctly we may learn to think, and however much the longings of our feelings may be purified and ennobled.

What we have to expect from the future higher discoveries in philosophy is as follows:—first, an immense number of unforeseen systems; for the inventive imagination being inexhaustible, the forms founded upon thought are, the more they are unfolded, the more easily moulded by the imagination. It is probable, that the reaction of the feelings against the intellect will lend wings to the imagination, and that the pre-eminently logical period, from Descartes to Hegel, will be succeeded by one in which the imagination will predominate, and for which, indeed, the way is even now being prepared in the transition of the nature-philosophy to mysticism. Even the predilection shown for the old oriental symbolicism, which has lately become predominant, is connected with it, as is the striking religious tendency of our century. If philosophy has, often enough, striven to make religion more intelligible, religion, in its turn, will certainly make philoso-

phy more sentimental and figurative. Should this, as is possible, be carried to an extreme, it will naturally produce shallow opinions as its counterpoise. Secondly; contrasts, instead of being abolished, will have their differences more sharply defined. We shall, probably, come to know more about ourselves and the world; but then we shall more distinctly perceive,—first, that we cannot construct a bridge leading to heaven; that all our knowledge and actions are limited and confined; and secondly, that all the instinct and charm of our mental existence consists in contrast, the mutual influence and struggle between the feelings and the intellect; and that it is as little in our power, as it is our duty, to unite them, as to abolish the existing contrast between the sexes, and out of a male and female to make an hermaphrodite, or a sexless neuter. This knowledge will have the beneficial effect of causing us, for the future, not to despise or condemn the one for the sake of the other, but to take simultaneous pleasure in both;—in the boldest freedom of thought, as well as in the most amiable humility of the feelings. Thirdly; in progressing towards a new epoch of philosophy, we have reached that turning point, from which we may, by looking back, obtain the best survey of the past course of philosophy. It seems probable, likewise, that philosophy and history will henceforth be treated in a clearer and more comprehensive manner. The results which remain of all the truths and errors of individuals—these are the principal advantages gained by philosophy. Though no single

philosopher can ever satisfy us (can he ever satisfy himself?) yet a great picture of all human philosophies, placed alongside of those pictures which the histories of religions, of art, and of politics, present to us, is a most interesting and instructive spectacle for the human mind. We gaze at the sun, and he dazzles us; but, if we look behind us, we see the boundless landscape which is illuminated by this sun: that sun, which is invisible even when most bright, is truth; and this goodly landscape, is the history of philosophy, the wondrous panorama of individual minds; which, bolder than the common artist, impress their stamp upon the whole world; thus representing only themselves in the innumerable images of the world.

THE END OF VOL. I.

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CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I.

Page xi. l. 18 from top, for 'Cunta' read 'Cantu.'
p. xvii. l. 17 from top, read 'G. an Wendepunct zweier Jahrhunderten.'
p. xxix. l. 15 from top, for 'Hingstenburg' read 'Hengstenberg.'
p. xxxiv. l. 10 from top, for 'Gustuf' read 'Gustaf.'
p. 11. l. 4 from top, for 'readers' read 'much.'
p. 16. l. 2 from bottom, for 'mine' read 'mire.'
p. 24. l. 11 from bottom, for 'nature' read 'nation.'
p. 26. in note, for 'Zimrosk' read 'Zimrock.'
p. 29. l. 3 in note, for 'ordinances' read 'ordinary faculties.'
p. 30. l. 6 from top, for 'if' read 'though.'
p. 31. l. 19 from top, for 'but' read 'we now.'
p. 39. l. 5 from bottom, for 'but' read 'yet.'
p. — l. 3 from bottom, before 'think' insert 'only.'
p. 41. l. 8 from bottom, for 'has expressed' read 'really employs.'
p. 43. l. 9 from top, for 'in' read 'on.'
p. 45. l. 9 from bottom, for 'entspriesste' read 'entspriesst.'
p. 50. l. 7 from top, for 'rejected' read 'reject.'
p. — l. 8 from top, for 'prevented' read 'prevent.'
p. — l. 9 from top, for 'fell' read 'fall.'
p. 64. l. 19 from top, for 'went' read put.'
p. 72. l. 10 from top, for 'romances' read 'romantic ballads.'
p. 74. in note, for 'hellsbrahlenden' read 'hellstrahlenden.'
p. 82. l. 8 from bottom, insert 'his' before 'heirs.'
p. 89. l. 11 from top, for 'Literature' read 'Lectures.'
p. 96. l. 7 from bottom, insert 'for' between 'than' and 'what.'
p. 105. l. 15 from top, for 'should' read 'though.'
p. — l. 17 from top, insert 'should' before 'sweep.'
p. 108. l. 5 from bottom, for 'comfort' read 'voice.'
p. 117. l. 6 from bottom, for 'allured' read 'abused.'
p. — l. 2 from bottom, for 'hollow' read 'shallow.'
p. 122. in note, for 'belder' read 'bilder.'
p. — in note, for 'saüli' read 'saüle.'
p. 125. l. 6 from top, insert 'in' between 'but' and 'so.'
p. 126. l. 16 from top, for 'lies' read 'lie.'
p. 130. l. 15 from top, for 'excrecences' read 'excrescences.'
p. 134. in note, for '1752' read '1832.'
p. 137. l. 17 from top, dele 'the' before 'promoting.'
p. — l. 20 from top, for 'this' read 'his.'
p. 140. l. 9 from bottom, before 'whilst' insert 'and which'
p. 147. l. 6 from top, insert 'the' between 'in' and 'mental.'
p. 158. l. 1 from top, for 'talk' read 'task.'
p. 196. l. 9 from bottom, for 'asphysia' read 'asphyxia.'
p. 198. l. 6 from top, for 'privitim' read 'privatim.'
p. 299. l. 10 from bottom, dele comma after 'seems.'

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